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THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

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The Old White Sulphur Springs Building

Frontispiece

THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

The traditions, history, and social life of the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs

BY

WILLIAM ALEXANDER MacCORKLE, LL.D.

Late Governor of West Virginia

AUTHOR OF "SOME SOUTHERN QUESTIONS," "THE MONROE DOCTRINE," ETC., ETC.

THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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To Frank Trumbull, Chairman of the Board of Directors; George W. Stevens, President, and Decatur Axtell, Vice-President of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company,—a rare combination of practical genius, splendid executive ability, and never-failing courage and honesty,—who, severally and collectively, have wrought most potently to restore the broken porticoes of the South, lift up her fallen columns, and bring back to her broad harbors and sunlit seas the Lost Armada, which, under the blessing of God, will carry to all peoples in all climes the marvelous products of her fields, mines, and manufactories, this book is most sincerely inscribed as a token of the kindly regard and high esteem of the South.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

		PAGE
FOREWORD		11
CHAPTER		
I	"ON THE WAY TO THE WHITE SULPHUR"	15
II	THE COUNTRY OF THE WHITE SULPHUR	26
III	TITLE AND HISTORY	49
IV	CLIMATE, WATERS, BATHS, CURATIVE RESOURCES	69
V	THE WHITE SULPHUR, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS SINCE	95
VI	JOURNAL OF A LADY	130
VII	THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS IN 1839	170
VIII	THE COLONEL'S STORY	209
IX	BATTLE OF WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS	263
X	THEIR PILGRIMAGE	295
XI	"THE TREADMILL" AT THE WHITE SULPHUR	331
XII	THE WHITE AS IT IS TO-DAY	346
XIII	GOLF AT THE WHITE	356
XIV	THE GEOLOGICAL CONDITIONS	365
XV	THE WHITE SULPHUR AND THE SOUTH	395
	INDEX	409

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Old White Sulphur Springs Building . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

Map of White Sulphur Springs and Vicinity 15

White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., from the West 16

New River Canyon, Gauley, W. Va. 21

Hinton, W. Va., from the West 24

A Glimpse of the Old White Sulphur Buildings and Part of the Lawn . 26

Colonel Aaron Stockton's Stage House at Mouth of Ganley River, Now Owned by His Granddaughter, Mrs. Margaret Williamson . . . 32

Dan Nihoof 34

White Sulphur Springs in 1857 49

Georgia Row 53

Caldwell Cottage Grounds 55

White Sulphur Springs in 1853 from a Sketch by Porte Crayon . . 57

North Entrance to Old White Sulphur Springs Hotel 63

West Front of Old White Sulphur Building 66

The Spring House 69

One of the Beautiful Tennis Courts 72

A Lawn Party on the Grounds 74

The Bath Building 79

Part of the Greenbrier and the Bath Building 84

Map of Hotels, Grounds, Parks and Golf Courses, White Sulphur Springs 89

The Spring House in the Olden Days 92

Map of Roads and Trails, White Sulphur Springs 95

South Carolina Row 130

Baltimore Row 133

Another View of South Carolina Row 136

Colonade Row 138

FACING PAGE

Paradise Row 146

View from the Grounds of the White Sulphur 170

The President's Cottage 185

Beaver Dam Falls 204

Entrance to White Sulphur from the Railroad 209

Overlooking White Sulphur Battle Field, Dry Creek 263

Looking Over Battle Field Toward the White Sulphur. In the Far Center the Intersection of the Two Roads Where Hardest Fighting Took Place 265

On Extreme Left, Seat of Confederate Batteries. House Next to Hill in Far End, Seat of Federal Batteries 267

Looking Toward Road by Which Confederates Approached . . . 269

Dixon House, Used as Hospital 273

The Gorge Which Is the Approach to the Battle Field, by Which the Union Forces Approached the Field 278

Junction of Anthony's Creek and the James River and Kanawha Turnpike. The Road in Center Was Filled with the Dead and Wounded. The Old House Has a Shell Hole in the End of It 282

A Confederate Officer's Saber Found on the Battle Field the Day After the Fight. Now in the Collection of Ex-Governor MacCorkle . . 294

One of the Portals of the Greenbrier 346

The Greenbrier 347

The Golf House 356

The Lake, One of the Hazards of the Golf Course 358

A View of the Upper End of the Golf Course 360

Another View of Golf Course 363

The White Sulphur in 1853. From an Oil Painting by E. Byers in 1853 395

Account of Henry Clay 403

Account of Commodore Decatur 405

Bond of the Old White Sulphur Springs Company. Part of the Wreck of the War 406

FOREWORD

IT may seem strange to those that do not know the relation the White Sulphur Springs have ever borne to the South that one earnestly engaged in professional pursuits and occupied in business life should undertake the writing of its history. However, the White Sulphur is so interwoven with the life of that section,—so intertwined with its history, sentiment, and feeling,—that the undertaking is worthy of any one. Indeed, the Springs offer a very engaging subject, and my only regret is that my time has been so occupied in other matters that I have hitherto been unable to give proper thought and consideration to the history of an institution that has played a part so important in the life of the Old South.

It was at the request of my friend, President Geo. W. Stevens, that I assumed the office of historian of this noted resort.

It is especially fitting that at this time the history of the White Sulphur should be prepared. Conditions are changing, and with them the Springs, upon which vast sums have been ex-

pended in order to make them an international resort.

The place is typical of the change of the South. New things have come to us, and possibly better things. New people are in our hills, valleys, and cities, new people are scattered over the fields of the South, and possibly they are better for the work that is before us. The last few years have made the change in the White Sulphur almost as complete as that which the times and the conditions of the present have made in the South. Still, to those of us whose years touch the receding days of the Old South, and who saw the glint of the vanishing sunlight of the romanticism of that day, there is a feeling akin to sadness at the realization of this change. However, everyone who knows believes that the days that are coming will be better than the days that are gone.

Compiling a work of this kind puts one under great obligation to many people, for much labor is involved in the preparation of a book that deals so largely with tradition and the statement of fact rather than with the written word.

I acknowledge with thanks my indebtedness to the Hon. G. E. W. Wood, of Romont, W. Va., who has preserved the history of the James River and Kanawha Turnpike, its route, and stage houses; to Mrs. I. C. Cabell, for her reminiscences of "The Treadmill" at the White Sulphur; to the

Hon. John A. Preston, of Lewisburg, W. Va., for his assistance in the preparation of the chapter on the War; to Mr. George Krebs, the expert geologist, of Charleston, W. Va., for information upon the geological conditions of the White Sulphur; to Mr. Decatur Axtell for his very many kindnesses in furnishing material; to Mr. John D. Potts, the able and courteous General Passenger Agent of the Chesapeake & Ohio, for his many courtesies in the preparation of the pictures in the book; to Hon. Henry Gilmer, of Lewisburg, and Hon. C. W. Osenton, of Fayetteville, and W A. Mastin, of White Sulphur, for much information; to Maj. Randolph Stalnaker, of Wheeling, a native and lover of Greenbrier, for many interesting facts; to Gen. Roger A. Pryor for his consent to use the chapters from "The Colonel's Story," written by Mrs. Pryor, which, through the courtesy, too, of the publishers, The Macmillan Company, I am permitted to embody herein.

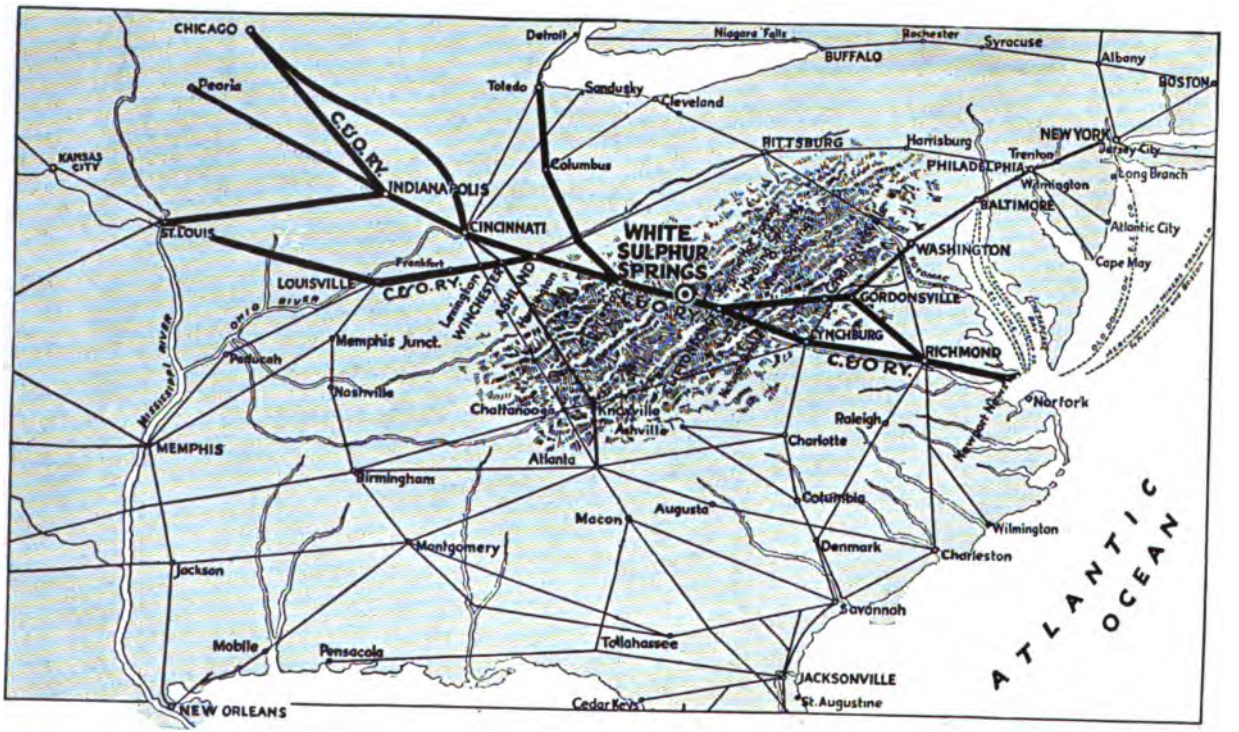
I am also under obligation to Messrs. Harper & Brothers for their courtesy in permitting the use of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's chapter on the White Sulphur, which is taken from "Their Pilgrimage," a novel that was copyrighted by Harper & Brothers, 1886, and by Susan Lee Warner, 1914. The leaves from a "Journal of a Lady During a Season at the White Sulphur for

the Year 1837," were taken from an old book written by Mark Pencil, Esq., and published in 1839, while the chapter on the waters, baths, and curative resources of the White Sulphur Springs was written by Dr. George D. Kahlo, the eminent resident medical director, who is probably the greatest authority in America on the conditions, properties, and effects of mineral waters. Furthermore, I am greatly indebted to my efficient secretary, Miss Stella Hess, for her preparation of copy and for the proof-reading of the pages.

The writer hopes that in some degree the book will merit the approbation of those who, like him, are the children of the people that for more than a century made the White Sulphur their place of rest and recreation.

WILLIAM A. MACCORKLE.

Sunrise,
Charleston, West Virginia.
July 10, 1915.



Facing page 15

THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

I

"ON THE WAY TO THE WHITE SULPHUR"

WHEN the wayfarer turns his gaze toward the lordly Alleghanies, which enshrine the White Sulphur, and when the orange-hued Chesapeake & Ohio train touches the Virginia land, his face is lighted by history and his feet are on sacred soil. Drenched by the blood of Colonial warrior, Revolutionary patriot, English soldier, the man in the blue coat and the man in the gray,—here is soil upon which the traveler should tread with unsandaled feet.

"The Way to the White Sulphur," therefore, is a way filled with the recollections of great events. From the time Virginia is first entered at Alexandria,—with its Revolutionary memories, vivid and clear, and those of the nearer and more terrible days of the war of 1860, clinging around its quaint houses and old-time streets,—until the

banks of the Ohio River, far to the setting sun, are reached, the journey is one of absorbing interest to all those that love their country. And in addition to its historical interest, here is a land of surpassing mountains, sweet pastoral scenes, waving grass, beautiful streams, azure skies; a land studded with marvelous elms, gleaming beeches, sturdy oaks; a land filled with the rhododendron, the ivy, and the magnolia; a land of soul-touching beauty that alone would make the journey worth while.

The historical interest, however, of this region is, above all, absorbing. No sooner are you on Virginia's soil than the memories of the war's terrible days throng upon you, as the once blood-soaked field of Bull Run comes upon your sight, with Manassas directly by, where the crumbling earthworks seem to be guarded by the mighty spirit of Beauregard. Then, almost before these memories have touched your heart, comes Centerville, the Stone Bridge, Warrenton, Sudley Springs, and Thoroughfare Gap. Here is Rappahannock, Brandy Station, Culpeper, the Rapidan; while, within a stone's throw are the slow waters, the grass, the trailing willows, and the scrub-oak of the Wilderness, where even to-day, in walking through its dark lanes, your foot will start from its half-century bed the corroding musket, or the Minié ball, that has lain there so long at rest from its labor of destruction.

White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, from the West

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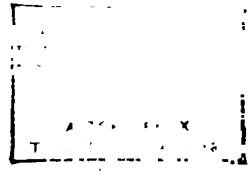


Ulysses Grant began his campaign on the James at Culpeper; and here and at Orange Court House and at Gordonsville loom the mighty spirits of that Federal commander and of Robert E. Lee. Every foot of the way you are journeying heard the boom of the cannon; over and across the railroad's track marched in deadly conflict the forces of our country, and the spirits of Lee, Sheridan, Grant, Jackson, Pope, Burnside, McClellan, and Jeb Stuart accompany you along the path; for here was where they mightily strove.

Leaving the main line of the Chesapeake & Ohio road at Orange, in an hour you are at Fredericksburg, where the old fortifications remain intact, and where the dreadful Marye's Hill is still practically as it was in the time of the awful conflict. On this line, too, you are in touch with Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson met his fate; and nearby is Spottsylvania Court House, redolent with the memories of Lee, Burnside, Hooker and Meade. Indeed, every battlefield of the great conflict is easily reached from this line, the very ties and rails of which are laid over a land sodden with the blood of brothers,—a land that echoed in every fastness to the crack of the rifle and the boom of the gun. Again, should you come into this historic land by way of Hampton Roads, over the Sea Division of the Chesapeake & Ohio, your footsteps are mingled with the echoes of the begin-

nings of our country, for here are Jamestown and Yorktown. You pass through the land of Captain Smith, of Pocahontas and Powhatan, and at Williamsburg the incidents of the uplifting of the curtain on the mighty drama of the Revolution gleam bright in the mind's eye. Here is the land that echoed to the mighty steps of the Father of His Country and to those of the men who were welding together a liberty-bound country,—a country destined to be the delight of the coming generations who believed in the equal rights of mankind.

Here the lovely harbor of Hampton Roads,—the scene of the epoch-making engagement between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac,* from which were begot the dreadnoughts and super-dreadnoughts of to-day,—stretches before you in all its beauty of cape, city, and bay. From this point on, your way to the quietude of the White Sulphur Springs is over the greatest fields of blood and iron on this continent. As you pass toward Virginia's capital, you see the battlefields of Malvern Hill, White Oak Station, Savage Station, and Seven Pines, with nearby the earthworks, still standing intact and time-defying, that witnessed the attacks and counter-attacks of Lee, Grant, and Jackson, in the tremendous struggle for devoted Richmond.

Here, in this city, the heavy hand of history has written its record, deep and strong, in the enduring rock. From the days of its beginning until now

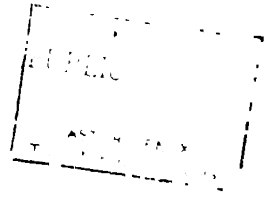
it has been the very heart of a land of fruitfulness and importance, and has been sought for by men and loved by people who know its beauty and majesty. It is replete with sacred memories of colonial conflict, revolutionary battle, and civil war. Jefferson, Lee, Washington, Marshall, Patrick Henry, Monroe, Madison, and the Fathers were part of its life and being, and all about stand mementos of their work. Lee, Jackson, Stuart, Beauregard, and Joe Johnson trod its streets; the growing serried line of blue, led by the silent gray man, witnessed its final conflict; and through its ways passed Abraham Lincoln, the tall sad man who, had he lived, would have made all things well with the South in the days of the closing of the fratricidal contest.

"The Way to the White Sulphur" makes every historic bit of ground in Virginia easy of access, for through many of the places of deepest and mightiest memories have been laid the steel rails, and the ties that are binding our life. As you speed to the south and the west, the hill of Monticello, crowned by its beautiful temple built by Thomas Jefferson and glorified by the tomb of the Father of the Constitution, is almost within reach of your hand and you pass through the domains of the great University founded by this immortal son of Virginia.

The hurrying line ere long brings you to the

Valley of the Afton, where, under the shade of the Blue Ridge, nestles one of the most beautiful valleys known to mankind. Now you are climbing the Blue Ridge Mountains, rioting in kaleidoscopic color,—at one moment a deep and glowing blue; again a brown; at another a dun, and before a minute is passed a pearl and gray and amethyst. This vast mountain range, wooded to its summit, glowing with its marvel of color, the reason for which no man knows, shuts out with its wall of mysterious hues the world from the granary of the South, the Valley of Virginia,—the fruitful land that supplied Stonewall Jackson's army, and where the women and the children of the South produced the grain to support the life of the armies in gray. Around these mountains hovers the sublime spirit of Stonewall Jackson.

Every road through this Valley is historic. Through Ashby's, Manassas, Thoroughfare, and Thorn's Gaps emerged the gray-clad armies to fall like a thunderbolt upon those seeking to penetrate the fastnesses of the Valley. Back and forth, up and down, across these railroad tracks, ebbed and surged the men in blue and those in gray,—each army bent on possessing this great grain-house of the Confederate government. This was the land scourged by Hunter and Sheridan; and the desolated fields, the roofless houses, and the denuded chimneys pointing to the sky, all long at-



New River Canyon, Gauley, West Virginia

Facing page 21

tested that this was the land needed by the North and defended so desperately by the sons of the South. Passing across its marvelous panorama of waving fields,—with its splendor of pastoral life and its wonder of blue mountains,—where the bright grain and the bladed corn and the re-created home have blotted out the scars of war, erelong the great walls of the Alleghanies come in sight, and you are in the midst of a phantasmagoria of pine-clad mountains, jutting foot-hills, tremendous heights, green and smiling valleys, sky-reaching water-falls, clear and purling streams, and under an azure sky you find nestled, in the very heart of these mighty mountains, beneath the shade of ancient oaks and great rich pines and cedars the "Old White," rejuvenated and reglorified by the hand of science and modern energy and wealth, yet sweet with the memories and glorious with the traditions of the past.

Were you to approach it from the west, from the moment you leave the Ohio River the scenery is of surpassing interest. Those who have seen the famous places of the old world attest that nowhere is there a fairer creation than that land under the eyes of the traveler on "The Way to the White" from the region of the setting sun. Here, too, you are on historic territory, for this was the most teeming hunting ground of the Shawnees, Pawnees, and Mingoes, and through the Kanawha

region, from the Ohio River to the Gauley Falls, was the land where these people worshiped their unknown gods. It is filled with wonderful mountains, with great burying grounds, with strange crumbling walls that wend their way over the mountains, where the rocks are touched with the rude paintings of other days. The land is filled with the implements of battle and the chase, and the soil is sown with the arrow-head and the tomahawk, and on every side are to be found the pestle and the mortar and the stone mill in which the maize was ground for the daily sustenance of these aboriginal beings.

The names of the streams:—the Kanawha, the Tiskelwah (the river of elk), and the Pocataligo (the river of fat bison),— all bear evidence of the fact that here was the land of fruitfulness and plenty. Through this region the sturdy settlers from Virginia passed, and here they fought the Battle of Point Pleasant, which was the first battle of the Revolution, and which broke the power of the Shawnees, the Pawnees, and the Middle West Indians. Over the ground that you are traveling to-day the Indian warriors passed when on their warpath to destroy the settlements of the white man in Eastern Virginia.

Through these marvelous defiles, by these bright waters, and over these mountains that you are passing so swiftly, the settlers, with pack saddle, wagon,

and on foot, went into the region of the West, to supply the great states of Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois and Ohio with their splendid populations. Here, in this Valley, was the land spied out by Washington when he was a surveyor, the land that afterward was taken up and held by him and his descendants through the passing years, and these mountains are the mountains of West Augusta to which the Father of His Country alluded in the hour of his despair, when he exclaimed that if all were lost, he would take the flag of liberty to this land and there he would defend the principles of freedom forevermore.

In these mountains and valleys, too, were dreadful conflicts during the war of the '60's. The blue and the gray marched and counter-marched, fought, won victories, and were in turn defeated in this region through which you are so swiftly passing. To-day on the hill-crests arise the fortifications that are almost as perfect as when completed fifty years ago. Throughout the Valley of the Kanawha, if you will but look from your car window, you will see covered with the grass of fifty years past, the rifle-pits and stockades constructed by the blue and the gray when they contended for what they thought to be right. It is a land almost beyond compare in its absorbing interest, both human and political.

Here is the beautiful Kanawha, with its fringed

banks, its sweet valley, just beginning to rise at the touch of the foot-hills of the mighty Alleghanies, and through this valley you hasten to the wonderful cañon of the New River, where is to be viewed a scene unsurpassed in its beauty and sublimity by any other in our country. This is a narrow gorge, more than one hundred miles in length, where the railroad almost touches the water at times, while at others it rests like a shelf on the mountainside, and anon is overhung by mountains a thousand to two thousand feet in height, with sheer precipices dropping down hundreds of feet. Sometimes abutting crags overhang the train, then it passes on under the shade of mountains clothed to the tops with verdure, where the magnolia, the ivy, the beech, the oak, the linden, and the poplar lift their mighty arms and where the forest of the North mingles with that of the South in a splendor seldom equaled on this continent.

You thunder past the mighty Hawk's Nest and almost under the shade of the great Sewell, and standing over you is the great cliff of the South Side. Thus on for one hundred miles you journey through a mighty cleft in the very bosom of the earth, wrought in the countless ages past by the beautiful river that wends its way over thundering waterfalls and great bowlders, now lashing itself to fury in a narrow channel, and anon spreading its waters upon the pellucid surface of its quiet

Hinton, West Virginia, from the West

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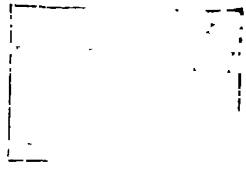

bed. Then you swiftly pass through the sweetness of the Greenbrier country,—with its crowned mountains, its fertile fields, its fat cattle and prosperous people, its springs, its clear streams, its blue grass, its limestone hills, and its splendid men and women,—to where the open portals of the famous Greenbrier and the historic White welcome you to their health-giving waters, their sunlight, and their repose.

II

THE COUNTRY OF THE WHITE SULPHUR

THE White Sulphur Springs are located in the midst of the fair valley of Howard's Creek, and only six miles from the crest of the mighty Alleghanies, which form the backbone between the valley of the Mississippi and coastal region of the Atlantic Ocean. They are just on the edge of the Valley of the Greenbrier River, which was given its name in 1761 by Col. John Lewis' tangling his foot in the green briar vines, which grow luxuriantly on the banks of the stream. The waters, passing by Callahan's,—only a few miles east of the White Sulphur,—flow through Jackson's River and the James into the Atlantic Ocean; while, only half a dozen miles away, the waters of Howard's Creek, passing the White Sulphur, join the Ohio through the Greenbrier, the New River, and the Great Kanawha, and are lost in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The country about is a fair land of unsurpassed fertility of soil, with exquisite mountains, covered in the summer with a rare splen-

A Glimpse of the Old White Sulphur Buildings and Part of the Lawn

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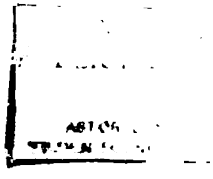


dor of deep foliage that holds up to their very tops a wonderful combination of all the shades of the forest. It is a land of fat cattle; and the country about was the hunting-ground of the Middle West Indians, who were gradually pushed from the Valley across the Alleghanies, down the New and Kanawha Rivers, to the Ohio and the West. Game abounded there, the corn grew quickly, the waters were clear and pure, neither the heat nor the cold were extreme, making it an idyllic land, filled with bubbling springs, green grass, and a kindly soil,—a land early spied out by the white man, and vigorously fought for by the Indian.

This was the region through which the original trails were made by the buffalo from Virginia through Western Virginia. These herds, in their migrations, which were as sure as the seasons, crossed the Valley; and the Indian followed the buffalo, and the white man followed the Indian. Tradition and history show that the trail through the White Sulphur was one of the most important buffalo trails. This trail is sometimes called the Lewis Trail and sometimes the Old Indian Trail. Coming by way of Jackson's River and up Dunlap's Creek, and crossing over on Dry Creek to White Sulphur and Fort Union (now Lewisburg), the bison used to pass through Greenbrier and Fayette, closely following the divide of Meadow

and New Rivers, to the present town of Ansted, where, to avoid the bluffs of the New River Cañon, they turned in a northerly direction and ascended a spur of Gauley Mountain, the divide between Westlake's Branch and Turkey Creek. Crossing the main Gauley Mountain, at a point known as the Indian Spring on the headwaters of Rich Creek, the herd would go down Rich Creek to Gauley River, eight miles above Gauley Branch, thence down Gauley River two miles, and fording it three times to avoid the bluffs to the mouth of Twenty-Mile Creek, would pass up Twenty-Mile Creek to the north of Bell Creek (one-half mile), thence up Bell Creek to the divide of the Kanawha and Gauley waters, and down Hughes or Kelley's Creek to the Kanawha River. Here the buffalo found themselves in the broad, grassy, and rich bottoms of the Kanawha River, and near to the great levels of the Ohio.

In 1774 the British incited the Indians on the Ohio to attack the colonists. It is proved beyond a question that the intention of the British was to keep the colonists busy with their own preservation, so that they would not be able to interfere in the governmental affairs of their country. Gen. Andrew Lewis, a member of the House of Burgesses, from Botetourt County, was chosen to raise an army and resist the attack of the Indians, while Governor Dunmore was to take another division

by way of the Monongahela and Potomac rivers and meet General Lewis at the mouth of the Kanawha River.

General Lewis raised his army from the counties of Augusta, Botetourt, and Fincastle, and made his headquarters at Camp Union (now Lewisburg), nine miles from the White Sulphur, at which point he and his men were to begin their march through the trackless forest to the Ohio River. The buffalo trail was the one traveled by General Lewis and his army, under his command and that of Col. Charles Lewis, his brother. They left Lewisburg on the eleventh of September, 1774, and reached the Ohio River on the thirtieth of the same month. Governor Dunmore did not meet General Lewis at the time he had agreed to do so, having never intended so to do; and on the tenth of October Cornstalk, one of the ablest of the Indian chiefs, attacked General Lewis, and one of the most important and memorable battles in our colonial history was fought. This battle broke the power of the Ohio Indians, and was practically the first battle of the Revolution. Over this road came the emigrants that settled in the Middle West, and this was the trail that Anne Bailey rode.

Will you let me briefly tell the story of Anne Bailey,—so well known to the people of Greenbrier and Kanawha? Here it is:

George Clendenin in 1788 had erected on the Kanawha, at the mouth of the Elk, at what is now Charleston, the block-house known on the frontier as Clendenin's Fort, and he named it in honor of Gov. Henry Lee, of Virginia. It was the last outpost of civilization on the south-western frontier of Virginia, with the exception of Fort Randolph at Point Pleasant, far out on the banks of the Ohio. These two forts were the Indians' first objective points of attack in their efforts to stem the tide of the white invasion. One hundred miles further inland, in the heart of the Alleghanies, was Fort Savannah, the fort at Lewisburg.

In 1791 Fort Lee was beleaguered by the Indians, a great body of them, far surpassing in number the meager list of its brave defenders. Just as the war-whoop sounded, and the dreadful scream of savage battle pierced the air, a fearful discovery was made by the defenders of the fort. The supply of powder in the magazine was almost exhausted, and it seemed that the destruction of all the men and women of that devoted band was at hand. It was one hundred miles to Lewisburg, the only place from which a supply of powder could be obtained; and the way lay through a forest filled with Indians on the war path, along trackless ways, across deep rivers, and over the mountains through a region where hith-

erto only the wild animal, the wilder Indian, or the frontier warrior, had made their way.

Colonel Clendenin summoned the garrison to assemble and called for volunteers who would leave their families and undertake the journey of one hundred miles to Fort Lewisburg. There was not a single response even from those men whose lives had been spent in battle and danger. It was almost sure death, and each man knew it.

In the midst of the silence a determined voice was suddenly heard.

"I will go," it said.

And looking around, the eyes of the assembled soldiers fell upon Anne Bailey, a woman of heroic mold, intrepid spirit, and dauntless character.

The best horse in the stockade was brought and saddled, the door was opened and she went forth like a wraith into the trackless forest thick with the Indians besieging the fort. She sped up the Valley of the Kanawha, over the torrent of the Gauley, over the Gauley Mountains, and past the great divide between the Meadow and Gauley rivers, never resting excepting to feed her horse. Day and night were nothing to her on her tremendous errand of heroism and mercy. Without stopping to sleep a moment, she made the journey, and the welcome gates of Fort Lewisburg were opened to her.

A short rest, a bite to eat, and she was furnished

with a horse in addition to her own, and both animals were laden with powder. Though the officer in command at Lewisburg offered to send a guard with her, she would not have one. They were unable to send sufficient men to assist her should an attack be made upon her, and her salvation depended upon the quiet in which she might make her journey. Day and night she again pressed through the wilderness, this time with her face turned to the west, one hope animating her life,—the hope of saving the lives of the garrison at Fort Lee.

After the darkness of the night, when hope had died away in the heart of the garrison, a quiet knocking was heard at the gates of Fort Lee, and with sufficient powder to preserve the defenders from destruction by the Indians, Anne Bailey was admitted to the Fort and the outposts of civilization in the West were saved from fire and tomahawk.

Great deeds have been done and recorded by history, but no chronicle surpasses in heroism, daring, and skill the two-hundred-mile ride of Anne Bailey through a trackless wilderness from Lewisburg to Fort Lee.

Past this historic place flowed the great tide of travel from the beginning of the settlement of our country up to the time of the building of the present Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. It was a famous

Colonel Aaron Stockton's Stage House at Mouth of Ganley River, Now Owned by His Granddaughter, Mrs. Margaret Williamson

Facing page 32

route to the west. The dream of the Virginians was to join the waters of the James River with the Ohio through the Greenbrier River, the New, and the Kanawha, and establish a water connection between the East and the West through the then imperial domain of Virginia. The James River and Kanawha Turnpike followed the Lewis buffalo trail from the White Sulphur to the present town of Ansted, and here it left the Lewis trail and kept on its westward course down New River to the mouth of Gauley, and thence down the Kanawha.

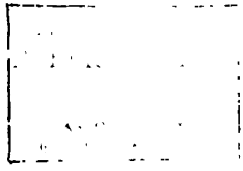
In the old days this route was a national stage line, along which the people came from the East and South by way of Fredericksburg, or Richmond, to the passes of the Blue Ridge, thence across the Valley; or from Harper's Ferry up the Valley to Staunton and thence from Staunton to the White Sulphur and on over the Alleghanies to the west. The old Concord stages were famous in their day, and Henry Clay and the statesmen of the Middle West passed along this road to and from their duties at Washington. Stage houses, noted the country over, were along this line. They were known in story and song, through travel and adventure, to the hundreds of thousands of people who passed over the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany to the White Sulphur Springs and to the West. It is interesting to know the names of these

houses and of the proprietors who made famous the great stage stands of the James River and Kanawha Turnpike. The list is as follows:

Lewisburg	D. H. Stalnaker.
Seven Miles West of Lewisburg	Mose Dwyer.
Top of Meadow Mountain	David Hanna.
Top of Little Sewell Mountain	Thomas Hemming.
Sewell Valley	Hanson Hickman.
Big Sewell Mountain	Jacob Sturgeon.
Mountain House	M. Smailes.
Sewell Mountain (West Side)	John Walker.
Foot of Big Sewell Mountain Stone House	Francis Tyree.
Locust Lane	Doctor Cooper.
Dekalb (Now Lookout)	Col. George Alderson.
Pleasant Hill	Samuel Lewis.
Sunday Road	John Beats.
Dogwood Gap	William Wood.
Mountain Cove (50 Miles From Lewisburg)	Clemen Vaughan.
New Haven	Samuel Pickett.
Ansted	Col. William Tyree.
Hawk's Nest	Col. Thomas Hamilton.
Gauley Mountain	William Zoll.
Gauley Bridge (West Side)	J. H. Miller.
Gauley Bridge (East Side Gauley)	Colonel Munsey.

Dan Nihoof

Facing page 34



Kanawha Falls	Colonel Aaron Stockton.
Boomer's Branch	J. P. Huddleston.
Hughes' Creek	William Bowsman.
Ten Mile House	J. B. Malone.
Charleston	John G. Wright.

Along this route, too, in the quiet little town of Ansted, sleeps Stonewall Jackson's mother.

The whole of this route is filled with recollections of the War. Along the road are the entrenchments of Floyd, Wise, Loring, Lee and Rosecrans, in almost as good preservation as when they were constructed. The cave in which the household goods of the people were stored and in which refuge was taken in Civil and Indian wars is there just as it was in the days of trouble. Here on every point and hillside are the graves of the soldiers who died in this great contest for the control of the Ohio River and Western Virginia. The old barricades, which were used to block the roads when Hunter was driven across the Big Sewell in hurried flight, killing his horses and abandoning his wagons that he might escape, are rotting but still in existence. The chestnut tree under which General Lee encamped still stands, and at Armstrong are the remains of the great camp constructed by Rosecrans in his contest with Lee. The spy rock at Lookout still rears its lofty head, from which the settlers in the early

days and the sentinels in the war looked out over the marvelous expanse for their enemies. The whole line of the road is replete with historic memory, and affords the most marvelous views of lofty mountains, deep gorge, and winding stream to be seen in America. In these days of good roads it will ere long be one of the wonder trips of the world.

Over the pass on the White Sulphur grounds where the James River and Kanawha Turnpike crosses the Alleghanies there is being erected a granite monument marking its route. Upon it is the inscription, which will in enduring granite commemorate the historic life of this famous road:

THE GREAT BUFFALO TRAIL BETWEEN THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA AND THE OHIO VALLEY HERE CROSSED THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS, AND THIS PASS WAS USED BY THE INDIANS OF THE OHIO VALLEY WHEN ATTACKING THE SETTLEMENTS OF VIRGINIA. THROUGH IT WAS CONSTRUCTED THE JAMES RIVER AND KANAWHA TURNPIKE, THE GREAT THOROUGHFARE CONNECTING THE JAMES RIVER AND THE WEST, OVER WHICH FLOWED FROM THE SOUTH AND EAST AN IMPORTANT PORTION OF THE SETTLERS WHO FOUNDED AND DEVELOPED THE STATES OF KENTUCKY, OHIO, MISSOURI, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, AND WEST VIRGINIA, AND WHO WERE POTENTIAL FACTORS IN THE CREATION AND LIFE OF MANY OTHER STATES OF THE REPUBLIC WEST OF THE OHIO RIVER. THIS ROAD FOR A CENTURY HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF MANY OF THE MOST IMPOR-

TANT EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF OUR COUNTRY. THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED OCTOBER 15, 1915, BY WILLIAM A. MAC CORKLE, FORMER GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA; GEORGE W. STEVENS AND DECATUR AXTELL OF VIRGINIA; JOSEPH E. CHILTON AND CHARLES CAMERON LEWIS, JR., OF WEST VIRGINIA, AND GENERAL EDWARD P. MEANY OF KENTUCKY.

From the White Sulphur are many accessible places of enticing interest to those that love the quietude and peace of sweet country life. Among these places are the beautiful old town of Union, in the Blue-Grass region of Monroe, and the quaint town of Lewisburg, with its quiet streets, its kindly houses, and the old stone church with its inscription over the door:

THIS BUILDING
WAS ERECTED IN THE YEAR 1796 AT THE EXPENSE OF
A FEW OF THE FIRST INHABITANTS OF THE LAND,
TO COMMEMORATE THEIR AFFECTION AND ESTEEM
FOR THE HOLY GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST.
READER,
IF YOU ARE INCLINED TO APPLAUD THEIR VIRTUE, GIVE
GOD THE GLORY.

The church at Lewisburg will reward one for a visit. Built in 1776 by Col. John Stuart and his wife,—the one contributing one hundred and fifty pounds and the other five hundred pounds,—the edifice was made of stones each one of which was made to fit its place, since there was no ma-

chinery at that time to cut the stones. The cement still in the walls is so hard that there is great curiosity as to how it was made.

The White is the center of the great springs region of West Virginia. In this district every quality and kind of mineral water bubbles up from the depths of the earth. The Blue Sulphur, the Red Sulphur, the Hot, the Healing, the Warm, the Green Sulphur, the Salt Sulphur, the Sweet Chalybeate, Pence Springs, and the Old Sweet,—all are within two or three hours' distant by motor, over good roads, and through the most picturesque country. Nothing more beautiful charms the eye nor touches the heart on the continent of America. Nowhere are there more exquisitely rounded mountains, more beautiful defiles, more limpid, babbling waters, or such matchless color, and nowhere can there be found a more life-giving and invigorating tonic than the wine of the air which you drink, as it wafts itself over the pine-clad mountains of the Alleghanies. It is health within itself, with all the accessories of the most alluring comforts of civilization, of the romanticism of the old days of the heyday splendor of the South, of the fierce combat of the North and South, and the struggles of the days when the white man contested with the Indian for the ownership of this splendid region.

The men that settled the White Sulphur region

and the Valley of Virginia were the Scotch-Irish, who emigrated from Northern Ireland. They were Protestants of the most distinct type, and Thomas Nelson Page, in "The Old South," thus speaks of them:

By a strange destiny, almost immediately succeeding this discovery, the vitality of the colony received an infusion of another element, which became in the sequel a strong part of that life which in its development made the "Southern civilization."

This element occupied the new valley and changed it from a hunting-ground to a garden. The first settler, it is said, came to it by an instinct as imperative as that which brought the dove back to the ark of safety. It was not the dove, however, which came when John Lewis settled in this valley; but an eagle, and in his eyry he reared a brood of young who have been ever ready to strike for the South. He had been forced to leave Ireland because he had slain his landlord, who was attempting to illegally evict him, and the curious epitaph on his tomb begins, "Here lies John Lewis, who slew the Irish Lord."

He was followed by the McDowells, Alexanders, Prestons, Grahams, Reids, McLaughlins, Moores, Wallaces, McCluers, Mathews, Woods, Campbells, Waddells, Greenlees, Bowyers, Andersons, Breckinridges, Paxtons, Houstons, Stuarts, Gambles, McChesneys, McCorkles, Wilsons, McNutts, and many others, whose descendants have held the highest offices in the land which their fortitude created, and who have ever

thrown on the side of principle the courage, resolution, and loyalty with which they held out for liberty and Protestantism in the land from which they came.

It was a sturdy strain which had suddenly flung itself along the frontier, and its effect has been plainly discernible in the subsequent history of the Old South; running a somewhat somber thread in the woof of its civilization, but giving it "a body" which perhaps it might otherwise not have possessed.

I append, as most interesting, the memorandum of Col. John Stuart, referred to in the passage just quoted, a member of the Scotch-Irish stock and one of our greatest men and most heroic pioneers, who made it in 1798, and left it as a note on the history of the Greenbrier Country.

MEMORANDUM 1798, JULY 15TH

BY JOHN STUART

The inhabitants of every country and place are desirous to inquire after the first founders, and in order to gratify the curious or such who may hereafter be inclined to be informed of the origin of the settlements made in Greenbrier, I leave this memorandum for their satisfaction being the only person at this time alive acquainted with the circumstances of its discovery and manner of settling. Born in Augusta county and the perticulars of this place often related

to me from my childhood by the first adventurers I can relate with certainty that our river was first discovered about the year 1749 by the white people—some say Jacob Marlin was the first person who discovered it; others that a man of an unsound mind, whos name I don't now remember, had wandered from Frederick county through the mountains and on his return reported "he had seen a river runing westward, supposed to be Greenbrier river. However, Jacob Marlin and Stephen Suiel were the first settlers at the mouth of Knaps creek above what is now called the little levels on the land still bearing the name of Marlins. These two men lived there in a kind of hermitage, having no familys, but frequently differing in sentiment which ended in rage. Marlin kept possession of the cabin whilst Suiel took up his aboad in the trunk of a large tree at a small distance, and thus living more independant, their animosities would abate and sociality ensued. Not long after they had made their settlement on the river, the country was explored by the late General Andrew Lewis at that time a noted and famous woodsman, on whos report an order of council was obtained granting one hundred thousand acres of lands on Greenbrier to the Honbl. John Robinson (Treasurer of Virginia) & Co. to the number of twelve, including old Colo. John Lewis and his two sons, William and Charles, with condition of settleing the land with inhabitants, certain emoluments of three pounds per hundred acres to themselves. But the war breaking out between England and France in the year 1755, and the Indians being excited by the

French to make war on the back inhabitants of Virginia, all who were then settled on Greenbrier were obliged to retreat to the older settlements for safety, amongst whom was Jacob Marlin, but Suiel fell a sacrifice to the enemy: This war ended in 1762, and then some people returned and settled in Greenbrier again, amongst whom was Archibald Clendenin, whose residence was on the lands now claimed by John Davis by virtue of an intermarrige with his daughter and lying two miles west of Lewisburg.

The Indians breaking out again in 1763, came up the Kenawha in a large body, to the number of sixty and coming to the house of Frederick Sea, on Muddy creek, were kindly entertained by him and Felty Yolkcum, not suspecting their hostile design were suddenly killed and their famileys, with many others, made prisoners; then proceeding over the mountain they came to Archibald Clendenin, who like Sea and Yolkcum, entertained them untill they put him to death; his family with a number of others living with him being all made prisoners or killed, not any one escaping except Conrad Yolkcum, who doubting the design of the Indians when they came to Clendenin, took his horse out under the pretence of hobbling him at some distance from the house. Soon after some guns were fired at the horse and a loud cry raised by the people, whereupon Yolkcum taking the alarm, mounted his horse and rode off as far as where the Court House now stands, then beginning to ruminate whether he might not be mistaken in his apprehensions, concluded to return and know the truth, but just as he came to

the corner of Clendenin's fence some Indians placed there presented their guns and attempted to shoot him, but their guns all missed fire (he thinks at least ten) he immediately fled to Jackson's River, alarming the people as he went, but few were willing to believe him; the Indians pursued after him and all that fell in their way were slain until they went on Carr's creek, now in Rockbridge county. So much people were them days intimidated by an attack of the Indians that they were suffered to retreat with all their booty and more prisoners than there was Indians in their party. I will here relate a narrative of Archbl. Clendenin's wife, being a prisoner with her young child as they were passing over Keeney's nob from Muddy creek, a part of the Indians being in front with the remainder behind and the prisoners in the center, Mrs. Clendenin hands her child to another woman to carry and she slipped to one side and hid herself in a bush, but the Indians soon missing her one of them observed he would soon bring the cow to her calf and taking the child, caused it to cry very loud, but the mother not appearing, he took the infant and beat out its brains against a tree, then throwing it down in the road, all the people and horses that were in the rear passed over it untill it was trod to pieces. Many more cruelties were commited two horid to be related, and too many to be contained in this memorandum. Thus was Greenbrier once more depopulated for six years, but a peace being concluded with the Indians in 1765, and in the lands on the western waters with certain bounderys being purchased at a treaty at Fort

Stanioix by Andw. Lewis and Thomas Walker, commissioners appointed by Government, the people again returned to settle in Greenbrier in 1769, and I myself was amongst the first of those last adventurers, being at that time about nineteen years of age, with W. Robert McClenachan another very young man, our design was to secure lands and encourrage a settlement in the county, but the Indians breaking out again in 1774, Colo. Andrew Lewis was ordered by the Earl of Dunmore (then Governor of Virginia) to march against them with fifteen hundred volunteer militia, which army marched from Camp Union (Now Lewisburg), the 11th day of Septmr., 1774, two companys of the said army being raised in Greenbrier and commanded by Capt. Robt. McClenachan and myself, we were met by the Indians on the 10th day of October at the mouth of the Kenawha and a very obstinate engagement ensued, the Indians were defeated, tho with the loss of seventy-five officers and soldiers, amongst the slain was Colo. Chas. Lewis, who commanded the Augusta militia and my friend, Capt. Robt. McClenachan. Colo. Andw. Lewis pursued his victory, crossing the Ohio untill we were in sight of some Indian towns on the waters of Siota, where we were met by the Earl of Dunmore who commanded an army in person and had made his rout by the way of Fort Pitt; the Governor capitulating with the Indians, Colo. Lewis was ordered to retreat and the next year hostilities commenced between the British and Americans at Boston in New England and I have since been informed by Colo. Lewis that the Earl of Dun-

more (the King's Governor) knew of the attack to be made upon us by the Indians at the mouth of Kenawha, and hoped our distruction; this secret was communicated to him by indisputable authority.

Independence being declared by America the 4th of July, 1776, and the people assuming the ranes of government, a county was granted to the people of Greenbrier under the commonwealth, in May, 1778, and a court was first held at my house on the 3 Tuesday in said month, not long after which we were invaded again by the Indians who had taken part with the British and on the 28th day of the same month Colo. Andrew Donnally's house was attacked about eight miles from Lewisburg by two hundred Indians; these Indians were pursued from the mouth of the Kenawha by two scouts from that garrison to wit, Phil. Hammon and John Prior, and passing the Indians at the Meadows gave inteligence to Colo. Donnallys of their approach who instantly collected about twenty men and the next morning sustained the attack of the enemy until he was relieved about two o'clock by sixty men from Lewisburg. I was one of the number and we got into the house, unhurt, being favored by a field of rye which grew close up to the house, the Indians being all on the oposite side. Four men were killed before we got in, and about sixteen Indians lay dead in the yard before the door, some of these were taken off in the night but we scalped nine the next morning; this was the last time the Indians invaded Greenbrier in any large party.

Peace with the British followed in 1781, and then

the people of this county began to make some feeble efforts to regulate their society, and to open roads and passes for waggons through the mountains, which by many had been thought impracticable no waggon at that time having ever approached nearer than the Warm Springs—one petition the assembly granted, a law impowering the court to levy a certain annual sum in commutables from the inhabitans, for the purpose of opening a road from the court house to the Warm Springs. A convenancy so necessary for the importation of salt and other necessarys of lumber, as well as conveying our hemp and other heavy ware to market, would readily be expected to receive the approbation of every one, but such is the perverse disposition of some men, unwilling that any should share advantages in preference to themselves that this laudable measure was oposed by Mr. William Hutchinson, who had first represented the county in general assembly —on this occasion without the privvity of the people, went at his own expence to Richmond and by his insinuations to some of the members with unfair representations obtained a suspention of the law for two years, but the following year Colo. Thom's. Adams, who visited this county, satisfied with the impropriety of Hutchinson's representations had the suspention repealed and full powers were allowed to the court to levy money for the purpose aforesaid, and by this means a waggon road was opened from the Court House to the Warm Springs, which made way for the same to the Sweet Springs. The paper money issued for mentaining our war against the British,

became totally depreciated, and there was not a sufficient quantity of specie in circulation to enable the people to pay the revenue tax assessed upon the citizens of this county, wherefore we fell in arrears to the public for four years. But the assembly again taking our remote situation under consideration gresiously granted the sum of £5000 of our said arrears to be applied to the purpose of opening a road from Lewisburg to Kenawha river. The people greatful for such indulgance willingly embraced the opportunity of such an offer and every person liable for arrears of tax agreed to perform labour equivalent on the road, and the people being formed into districts with each a superintendent the road was completed in the space of two months in the year 1786, and thus was a communication by waggons to the navigable waters of the Kenawha first effected and which will probably be found the nighest and best conveyance from the eastern to the western country that will ever be knowen—may I here hazerd a conjecture that has often occured to me since I inhabited this place, that nature has designed this part of the world a peacable retreat for some of her favorite children, where pure morals will be perserved by seeparating them from other societys at so respectful a distance by ridges of mountains; and I sincerely wish time may prove my conjecture rational and true.

From the springs of salt water discovered along our river, banks of iron oar, mines pragnant with salt petre, and forrests of sugar trees so amply provided and so easely acquired I have no doubt but the future

inhabitants of this country will surely avail themselves of such singular advantages greatly to their comfort and satisfaction and render them a greatful and happy people.

It will be remembered that Lewisburg was first settled by Capt. Mathew Arbuckle after the town was laid off in the year 1780, and took its name in honor of the familys of the Lewis's in consequence of their holding a large claim in the Greenbrier grant. Capt. Arbuckle was killed the following year in a storm of wind by the falling of a tree on the branch leading from the turn of the waters of Anthonys creek to Jackson's river; he was distinguished for his bravery, especially in the battle with the Indians at Point Pleasant.

White Sulphur Springs in 1857

Facing page 49

III

TITLE AND HISTORY

FROM the day that the portals of the Alleghanies were set wide by the white man and he was able to peer through their mighty doorways in the descending sunlight of the West, the White Sulphur has been battled for by the warrior of the forest and by the man of civilization. Long before the white man, or even the Indian, knew the place, the wild animals of the forest came to "the lick" in the marsh below the spring, and obtained from its waters the salt necessary to their welfare.

When the white man first came to the White Sulphur he found the Indians watching for the buffalo, the elk, and the deer, which sought this "lick" to slake their thirst on the waters that flow from the spring that to-day is the heart of the White Sulphur. The great buffalo trail used by these animals in their yearly migration to and from the Valley of Virginia, and the Ohio and Kanawha valleys, passed by the Spring and over the present golf course to the Greenbrier River. Even tradition makes the White Sulphur a health

resort,—a place that removed ills and rejuvenated man. But it is more than traditional,—indeed, it is a fact that the Indians came here and used the waters for rheumatic troubles. They heated these waters with hot stones, and used them in this rude manner to effect the same purposes for which the appliances of civilization are now utilizing their precious properties. It was one of the Shawnees' great resting places, and the medicine man was here supreme.

The beautiful legend of the origin of the White Sulphur Spring is exquisitely told by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor elsewhere in this book.

After the Battle of Point Pleasant, in 1774, the Shawnees were driven west of the Ohio by the colonists, but these savages did not easily give up this fair land, attempting by battle and fierce foray to hold it, and showing by many bloody encounters their love for the Greenbrier country, from which they were being forced by the oncoming of the white man. After fruitless struggles, the Shawnees finally sought protection on the banks of the Scioto, and gave up the region of their forefathers.

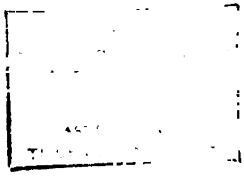
The property on which the Spring was situated was originally patented to Nathan Carpenter by what was known as an occupancy, or corn, grant. Carpenter was afterward killed by a band of Indians at the fort at the mouth of Dunlap's Creek, near where the town of Covington now stands.

The Indians attempted to kill Carpenter's family, but his wife Kate, with her daughter Frances, escaped from the cabin at the Spring, and hid themselves in the mountain, which since that time has been called "Kate's Mountain." There they remained until the Indians were driven away. This mountain rears its head thirty-five hundred feet above the sea, and will forever attest the heroism and hardihood of the early women of our country.

The first white person to use the White Sulphur Springs as a medicine was Mrs. Anderson, the wife of one of the oldest settlers. She was borne on a litter from her residence to the Spring, where she lived under a tent, and a "bathing tub" was made from the trunk of a huge tree that grew hard by. The water was heated in the trough with hot rocks, and by the treatment she was cured of her rheumatism. The rumor of this cure spread among the settlers, and these hardy men and women, who, because of their lives spent in the wet and cold, were the prey of rheumatism, flocked to the Spring at certain seasons of the year, and by the use of its water, assisted by the rude appliances of those days, were cured of the diseases incident to their exposed lives. During the years from 1779 to 1784 many tents were scattered around the Springs, in which the settlers lived while taking the cure. Then log cabins began to be built on the ground immediately surrounding the Spring, until, in 1786,

there was quite a little settlement; and these cabins were the beginning of the splendid life that now characterizes the White.

Michael Bowyer, of Augusta County, Va., in 1795 married Frances Carpenter, the daughter of Nathaniel and Kate Carpenter. In 1784 he obtained a patent from the Commonwealth of Virginia for the parcel of land containing nine hundred and fifty acres,—the property on which the Spring, the hotel, the golf links, and the town of White Sulphur, east to Howard's Creek, now stand. This title was confirmed to him "as husband of said Frances," in 1783, by a decree of the Court of Appeals of Virginia. Bowyer afterward got a patent for eight and three-fourths acres adjoining the above tract. The White Sulphur property, as it now is, does not take up all the nine hundred and fifty acres so granted to Bowyer; for the Clifford Place, which contains about one hundred and twenty-five acres of land, and The Meadows, owned by Thornton Lewis and containing about one hundred and thirty-five acres, and all of the town of White Sulphur lying west of Howard's Creek have been taken out of this nine hundred and fifty acres. This land passed by the will of Michael Bowyer, and by deeds made by his devisees, to the wife of James Caldwell, who was a daughter of old Michael Bowyer and the granddaughter of Kate Carpenter. Mary Bowyer mar-



Georgia Row

Facing page 53

ried James Caldwell in 1795. Caldwell was a sea merchant who had lived in the city of Baltimore, but who removed to the White Sulphur neighborhood in 1795. Caldwell having bought the Bowyer interest in the property in 1808, built the first hotel at the White Sulphur. This building is known as the store building on the left as you go to the Spring.

Among the interesting conveyances at this time was that of Thomas Bowyer, one of the sons of Michael Bowyer, who conveyed to Samuel Kincaid, by deed dated May 23, 1809, all the land descended to him from his deceased father, Michael Bowyer, "the said Thomas Bowyer being confined in jail for debt." The consideration was one dollar.

In 1816 James Caldwell became sole proprietor of this property, whereupon he began the development of the White Sulphur Springs. He was, therefore, the father of this great resort; and on the hill, just above the Spring, he built his home, the remains of which give proof of his taste. James Caldwell died in 1851.

From 1818 until 1853 the property, which had been increased to about six thousand acres,—having been enlarged by the purchase of a number of small parcels, some of which had been patented to Henry Banks, a famous old landowner and sur-

veyor in the beginning of our history,—remained in the control of the Caldwells.

A writer in 1837 thus describes the White Sulphur:

The buildings consist of a frame dining room about 120 feet long; with which is connected a large kitchen and bakery; a frame ball room with lodging rooms over it and at each end; two very large frame stables with 80 stalls in each, of which the exterior rows are open to the air; and many rows of cabins tastefully arranged around the larger edifices, and standing on rising ground. The cabins are composed of various materials, brick, frame or logs, and the view of the *tout-ensemble,* is very pleasing. Most of the modern cabins are furnished with little piazzas, and shaded by forest trees, purposely rescued from the ruthless axe. There are several straight and dusty walks laid out with rectangular art; and many artless paths more agreeable to the foot and eye. . . .

There are no bells, as Captain Hamilton says; and what do we want with bells, when we have good lungs? Neither are there any shovels and tongs—and why should there be? when a small stick of wood is so much better to poke a fire withal, than a cold heavy pair of tongs, which generally give your hand a pinch.

If you are happy enough to be a bachelor, get into Alabama row; if your state is a happy duplicity, Paradise Row is your befitting asylum—opposite to which is a pretty isolated cottage, resting under the refreshing shade of several ancient sons of the forest. Run-

THE

Caldwell Cottage Grounds

Facing page 55

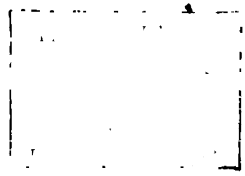
ning from the east end of Paradise Row at right angles, towards the south, is a row of beautiful white cabins, piazza-fronted, and looking towards the dome-covered spring. On the other side of the road are Compulsion Row and Wolf Row; the latter of which avoid, unless you be young and foolish—fond of noise and nonsense, frolic and fun, wine and wassail, sleepless nights and days of headache; Mercury and Nimrod have taken up their abode there, and Macbeth-like, nightly murder sleep.

The majority of the buildings first erected by Mr. Caldwell were near the Springs. In 1837 many improvements were made. Alabama Row was completed, and the west side of the parallelogram was finished. The dining-room was enlarged and the old ball-room was removed. The Masten House, built in 1835, was then the largest hotel and was kept by Daniel H. Stalnaker; its location being about the present site of the casino. The Second Virginia Row, which was built during Caldwell's time, about 1830, was built in part of logs and one of the cottages still standing to-day is a log house which has been weatherboarded. The cottages of Colonnade Row,—two of which were destroyed in order to build the Hawley Cottage,—were built in 1849. The old ball-room stood where is now the present music stand. It was taken down about 1858. The bricks for the

old buildings were hauled over the mountains from Staunton.

Before 1853 the James River and Kanawha Turnpike came up from Dry Creek, between the Hawley cottage and Baltimore Row. It was changed about 1854. The coming of the stage was announced by the blowing of a mellow horn, which brought all of the denizens of the Valley to the hotel, to see the incoming travelers and to obtain the mail. It took the stage six days to come from Fredericksburg to the White Sulphur. In 1853,—by deed dated November 22 and recorded June 13, 1857,—the descendants of Frances Bowyer and James Caldwell conveyed the property to William Hamilton McFarland, Trustee. This conveyance was for the purpose of beginning the wider and greater development of the property. At this time the South was tremendously prosperous, and the Springs were then the great recreation place of the whole of that section, and, to a large extent, of the whole country.

On May 1 McFarland, as Trustee, with William B. Caldwell, for the sum of ten thousand dollars, conveyed the property to Jeremiah Morton, Matthew F. Maury, Allan T. Caperton, R. H. Maury, Alexander K. Phillips, A. F. Gifford, James Hunter and J. Warren Slaughter. The purpose of this conveyance was to organize a joint stock company under the Act of March 1, 1854, of



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White Sulphur Springs in 1853, from a Sketch by Porte Crayon

Facing page 57

the Legislature of Virginia, entitled, "An Act to Incorporate the White Sulphur Springs Company"; and on the same day these gentlemen and their wives conveyed the property to the White Sulphur Springs Company.

The main White Sulphur building, which includes the large brick building with the parlor and the great dining-room, was commenced by the White Sulphur Springs Company in 1854 and finished in 1858. The great dining-room was then the largest room for the purpose in the United States, if not in the world.

Around the White Sulphur Springs drifted backward and forward the fierce fortunes of the war. It was the debatable land between Virginia and the Ohio border, and was the scene of many wild forays, fierce battles, gallant advances and sad retreats. It was on the line of the entrance into the Valley of Virginia from the west, and the White Sulphur building and the cottages were used for different purposes by both the Confederate and Union forces.

The great reception-room in the main building was used as headquarters by both sides. Generals McCausland, Floyd, Wise, Pegram, Colonel Patton, General Heth, General Averell, and General Hunter, each in turn occupied it for that purpose. It was in the midst of the fierce battle of Dry Creek, which, as a matter of fact, should be named

the Battle of White Sulphur. It was used, too, as a hospital; and the dead from the battle-field were brought to the old building, and its broad corridors held many still forms wrapped in the blue and the gray, while its quiet rooms echoed with the groans of the wounded. Before its doors, where all now is peace and quiet, was seen the glint of the musket and heard the rumble of artillery, and in hot haste, in advance and retreat, the old buildings witnessed the ebb and flow of the great conflict. It was part of the War.

What Iliads of siege these walls could tell!
What shattered lines a hundred times retrieved
From lingering defeat—now by the swords,
Now by the shields, of some sworn group of knights—
To sweep at last to wreathed victory!
What single combats while the host looked on!
What hopes forlorn that failed so gloriously
That History dropped her stylus to admire!

The White Sulphur Springs were on the line of march of Gen. David Hunter, a recreant Virginian, whose advance was marked by devastated plantations and destroyed homes. His was the war of the torch. The preservation of this great property from destruction was largely due to three persons, Senator Henry Dupont, the eminent statesman and philanthropist, of Delaware; Miss Emily Mason and Col. J. M. Schoonmaker, the last in

command of the Fourteenth Penn. Cavalry,—a man whom, although a soldier in the Union ranks, all Virginia and all the South delight to honor.

Senator Dupont, who was chief of artillery in Hunter's command, in his testimony before the United States Senate, gives an interesting account of his preservation of the property from the destructive hand of David Hunter. He says:

Upon our retreat from Lynchburg, June, 1864, across the mountains to the Kanawha Valley, one hundred miles away from any scene of military operations, we arrived at the White Sulphur Springs. We had been pursued by the Confederates, but the enemy had ceased his pursuit, and we stopped there one day to rest, as we were very much exhausted.

I heard that General Hunter had ordered the place to be burned down. The buildings comprised an immense hotel, with rows of cottages in every direction, and could accommodate several thousand people. Going to headquarters about noon, after a few remarks I said to the General: "I hear you have ordered these buildings to be burned down?" He said: "Yes; they are all to be burned." Although I believed this to be a wanton and criminal destruction of private property, knowing the man as I did, I thought it was useless to appeal to him on any such grounds, so I said very quietly: "General, do you not think that it would be a military mistake?" He said: "What do you mean?" "I mean this!" I said: "If hereafter we have to occupy this country, this is quite a strategic

point, as a good many roads converge here, and we would find quarters for a brigade of cavalry all ready, which would have many advantages for us." He looked at me a minute and said: "Well, I had not thought of that," and then called his adjutant-general, and told him to cancel the order.

Miss Emily Mason was in charge of the property during a large part of the War. She was devoted to it by tradition and duty, and by her care and affection the property was repeatedly saved from destruction.

Col. James M. Schoonmaker exercised all his splendid qualities and went to the limit of soldierly duty in preserving this property, as well as much of the property of the Valley of Virginia, from the torch and flame. I know that the following tribute of the writer, the son of a Southern soldier, to this distinguished Union soldier, a tribute spoken on another occasion,—will not be thought out of place in a work on the White Sulphur:

My eyes first saw the light in that fair land where the Valley kisses the mountains into gentleness and kindness, the great Valley of Virginia. In that sweet land since the country was young, have lived the sturdy people who are bone of my bone and blood of my blood. Exalted by the spirit of swelling valley and lofty mountain, here has dwelt patriotism unsurpassed,

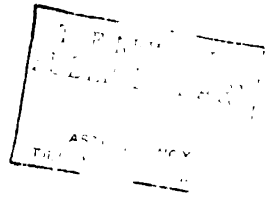
which held the State before the Nation as first in its love. Upon this favored land He who distilleth the dew and maketh the rains to fall from His exhaustless urn of plenty has poured his rich blessing of fruitful soil, smiling seasons, and skies of azure. Touch the soil but gently and it laughs with the harvest, and the bending grain of the golden autumn, leaning with fatness to the sickle, is the sure reward of the labor of the husbandman amidst the dew of the sunlit spring. When in the great strife between us the cotton land would give no nurture from its shrunken bosom, when the coast was beleaguered with lines of fire, the famishing troops in tattered gray turned for life to the fields of the Valley, the granary of the south. In the exigencies of the war when there was given the dread order to sear that land with fire and sword, the vanguard of the hosts in blue was led by our host, who but lately sat at my humble board, an honored guest, amidst those who wore the gray.

Heeding not to-night the usual amenities of social life, I, the guest, do the first obeisance to the host; for, through the terrors of that campaign, when my country was naked in her desolation, his sword was never soiled with cruelty or dishonor, and despite the orders and policy of war, his heart was resolutely turned from destruction. Therefore, I, a son of a Southern soldier who fought amidst the horrors of internecine war, honor him who always bowed his head to the plea for mercy. On the morning after he had visited my home beside the waters of the great Kanawha, I met the man of God who had blessed

our births and buried our dead and who had walked upright among us for these many years, and he told me that, hearing that his town of Lewisburg was to be burned, he had been appointed to intercede and save the beautiful village from the flames; that going out to meet the Union Army, then approaching, he met the vanguard in charge of an officer, a man in the first glory of a splendid manhood. They recognized each other,—one, the man of God, the other, the man of the sword,—as springing from the same people in Pennsylvania. The minister said, "Colonel, I understand that your orders are to burn our town to-day, and I am here to ask that it be not given to the fire." Hesitating for a moment, the soldier spoke, "It is not for me, a soldier, to tell the orders, but you and I came from a people who do not make war with fire, and I will save the town if it be possible."

Gentlemen, Lewisburg was not burned; and to-night the Southern winds are touching gently its vines and mosses, and sighing through the old trees and venerable homes of the beautiful town nestling peacefully amidst its encircling bounds. And that soldier bears the name of him who sits to-night at the head of this hospitable table. Shall I not to-night render him the first obeisance?

In my native town of Lexington, in the heart of the Valley, arise the proud battlements of an old school, the Virginia Military Institute, the West Point of the South. It was glorified by the immortal teachings of Matthew Fontaine Maury, and its corridors long echoed to the thunderous tread of Stone-



North Entrance to Old White Sulphur Springs Hotel

Facing page 63

wall Jackson. From its broad portals stalked the drillmasters of the Southern army. To him at whose board we sit to-night was given the command to crumble its walls with torch and flame. He refused to execute the order and was put under arrest, because his hand was not created for the torch, nor was his heart attuned to the roar of the flames. Should he not to-night, here amidst his own people of the north, receive honor from a son of old Rockbridge?

When in the Valley Campaign he was ordered to burn the historic residence of Charles James Faulkner, a distinguished son of old Virginia, then engaged on the side of the South, with saber clanking at his heels, and mailed glove on his hands, in his errand of mercy he delved into the musty records of the clerk's office and ascertained that the title deeds were not in the husband's name but in the name of the wife; and pressing his report to the superior authorities, through his influence, Boydville, unharmed and untouched, lives amidst its greensward and mighty trees, a monument to our host of this evening. And down in the Valley of Virginia, beside the waters of the Shenandoah and the James, as the eve and the morn of day falls upon the land the shadow of stately porticos and lofty gable, caressed by the vines and lichens and the mosses of years, a sweet and perennial benediction falls upon him who turned his hand from the torch and listened not to the messages of flame.

And, sirs, I pray,—and I voice the feelings of the South,—that when the good angel who holds the book of nations would turn to those orders of fire and

flame, he would allow a tear of forgiveness to blot them forever from the record. The passing years have winnowed the blight and the sorrow from our Southern land where the sword rang on steel; the birds amidst the flower-embowered land are voicing their songs of praise, and the fat herds wander through the rich meadows in full contentment and peace, and over the fields of sorrow the soft Southern sun has woven a carpet of green, and touched with the glory of spring the yellow wheat, the drooping cotton boll, and the waving fields of corn; and through the encarmined fields of the Valley and the Piedmont, weaving together forever and ever in the loom of peace the blue and the gray, binding lake and sea, driven by the masterful energies of my friend Stevens, here with us to-night, rush the iron wheels of progress. Yea, sirs, from the chaos of those sad days, we are erecting a majestic civilization, crowned with an exalted citizenship, holding with its strong hands lake and sea and river, North and South, and East and West, in the bonds of patriotism, indivisible in its love, and matchless in its strength and power. With the benison of my native land touching our host to-night and swelling our heart toward him with kindness and love, my soul turns instinctively to the love of woman as the only expression of the emotions too holy for my poor utterance.

Do you remember the old sweet story of the Persian King and the great Cyrus? When Cyrus had captured the beautiful wife of Arbaces, the King,

throwing aside all precautions of safety, hurried into the presence of the great warrior, and humbling himself before him, exclaimed, "O Cyrus, give me back my wife." "What wouldst thou give for her, Arbaces?" said Cyrus. "O King, I will give my life for her," said Arbaces. When she had been restored in safety to her husband, and they were alone in their palace, Arbaces asked his wife, "What thought thou of the great Cyrus?" Winding her arms around him, she said, "O King, I saw him not. I only looked on the face of the man who said he would give his life for me."

And here to-night, this splendid assembly, appreciating my feelings, as can only the lofty American citizen, will allow me to do honor alone to the man who spared my native land in the day of her travail. As a son of old Virginia, God bless her! whose bosom bears scars and wounds of cruel war, but whose soul is pure and holy, I propose his health. As a son of the great Valley where every mountain-top is a shrine of memories, holy and sweet, and where in every vale rest our spectered dead, wrapped in their cerements of gray, I rise to honor him.

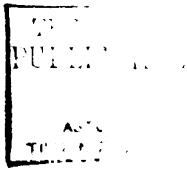
As a son of Lexington and Rockbridge, where sleep peacefully under the shade of the great mountains the mighty spirits of Stonewall Jackson and Robert Lee, I make my obeisance to the man who never broke a Southern heart, nor added the hopeless wandering of a flame to the widowhood and orphanage of the battle.

The White Sulphur property continued in the possession of the White Sulphur Springs Company, under many leases, until March 17, 1882, when it was conveyed by Adam C. Snyder, Special Commissioner, to William A. Stuart for three hundred and forty thousand dollars. The frame building where the offices now are was built in 1884. Before that time the offices were in the basement of the brick building where was the famous old barroom, which was approached by a spiral staircase. Here in this dark, cool room, scented with great masses of fragrant mint that lay upon mountains of crushed ice, in the olden days were created the White Sulphur mint julep and the Virginia toddy, for which this place was famous the world over. The mint juleps were not the composite compounds of the present day. They were made of the purest French brandy, limestone water, old-fashioned cut loaf sugar, crushed ice, and young mint the foliage of which touched your ears and, when taken from the hands of the old colored servitors, were as delicious as nectar created for Vulcan, Juno, or Jupiter on the sides of Mount Olympus or in the wooded Vale of Tempe. Here, in this old room, was uttered that famous remark of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina. "It is a long time between drinks."

On March 17, 1882, William A. Stuart and his

West Front of Old White Sulphur Building

Facing page 66



wife conveyed the property to the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs Company, in whose possession and control it remained until October 23, 1890, when Alexander F. Mathews, Special Commissioner in the cause pending in the District Court of the United States for West Virginia, reconveyed the property to William A. Stuart. On October 15, 1889, William A. Stuart and his wife conveyed the property to Julian T. Burke and John T. Stuart, Trustees, when it practically went into the hands of the Dulaney family of Baltimore. It was afterward directly conveyed by the Trustees to Julian T. Burke, Trustee, and by Burke held, until conveyed to the present Company. It was purchased on the first day of February, 1910, by the White Sulphur Springs, Incorporated, which placed it in the control of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company.

More than two millions of dollars have been poured out by this Company into this beautiful valley in the successful effort to make the White Sulphur again one of the great institutions of America. How well the effort has succeeded may be easily ascertained by a look about you. The magnificent Greenbrier Hotel, a rare and beautiful architectural gem of the Georgian Period, has been completed. It is filled with every convenience and luxury of modern civilization. A hundred years' experience of these wonderful

waters in the cure of the ills of mankind has been supplemented by the most careful investigation and modern research into their curative properties, and the most luxurious and splendid bathing establishment on American soil has been created. A wonderful golf course has been laid out, upon which thousands of dollars have been spent to make it the equal of any links in the world. New buildings have been erected, and the Old White Sulphur Hotel, with the sweet aroma of other days clinging around it, has been thoroughly rejuvenated, while over this great property has been showered everything that wealth can suggest, or good taste demand, to make the Old White grander, more beautiful, more universal in its appeal to the people of our great country, than it ever was before. True, it is no longer the Valhalla of the old South; it now opens its wide portals to welcome and delight the people of every section of our blessed country,—North, South, East and West.

The Spring House

Facing page 69

IV

CLIMATE, WATERS, BATHS AND OTHER CURATIVE RESOURCES OF THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

MINERAL water health resorts in their highest sense are true schools of hygiene,—mental and physical,—and their sphere of usefulness lies as much in the prevention of disease as in its cure. However valuable mineral waters may be as medicinal agents, they are not applicable to all diseases, nor are the best results to be expected unless they be prescribed with a due regard to the condition present in the individual case. This applies, also, to the use of baths, the regulation of the diet, exercise, and all other procedure incident to a "cure."

Physicians in referring patients to resorts of this kind should therefore be acquainted with the properties of the waters, the nature of the climate, the character of equipment, and the general facilities for treatment, as well as the conditions under which that treatment is used. The object of this chapter is to acquaint the medical profession with the conditions at White Sulphur Springs, and to

indicate in a general way how the treatment is used. No attempt is made to discuss details.

The opinions expressed regarding the therapeutic efficacy of the various measures here referred to are based upon an experience of many years devoted to the special investigation of these subjects, and are, I think, in accord with the conclusions reached by others whose interests have been along similar lines.

The developments in physiological chemistry, and the almost universal tendency of the profession of the present day to substitute natural for artificial remedies in treatment, as well as the steadily growing popularity of resorts of this character among an intelligent and discriminating public, would seem to add further confirmation to the correctness of these views.

The following extract from an editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* February 13, 1915, probably expresses the opinion of most physicians on the subject:

> The drinking of mineral waters, particularly as it is practiced by thousands of patients who are sent for curative purposes to the numerous mineral spring resorts in all parts of the world, is an established therapeutic custom. The multitudes of persons who indulge in the water drinking at the spas, as well as the large number of physicians who repeatedly advise

the treatment as an established routine, make it seem more than probable that the practice is a well-founded one.

White Sulphur Springs has, I believe, natural resources and an equipment which will compare favorably with the best known Continental Spas. If these facilities are utilized to the best advantage, the results of treatment should in every sense be as good, and if its methods, scientific and ethical, are maintained at the highest standard, it should enjoy an equally high reputation.

White Sulphur Springs is perhaps the oldest and one of the best known of American Mineral Water resorts. Apart from the usual traditions associated with Indian legends and those of the earliest settlers, there are authentic records of persons actually treated here as early as 1778. For a century or more following this it was the popular health resort of the country, and people came, first by coach and later by rail, from all portions of the East, South and Middle West to drink the waters, to seek the benefit of its wonderful climate, and participate in its social life.

While the most important means for treating disease at White Sulphur Springs are unquestionably the climate and the waters, these are not the only resources. Among the accessory measures are baths, massage, diet, exercise, etc., which will

be referred to more in detail under separate headings. Very little medicine is prescribed, and when employed at all it is used only to meet certain specific indications or for the relief of urgent symptoms.

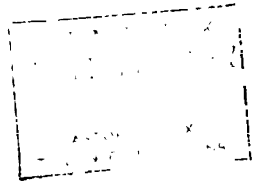
No attempt is made to treat surgical cases, other than emergencies arising from accidental causes or the employment of exercise, massage, etc., in the relief of local manifestations of arthritic conditions.

Special rooms are provided in the bath building for the care of those who are ill and in need of nursing or special medical attention, thus affording the facilities of a sanatorium without the depressing influences which are sometimes associated with life in such institutions.

One of the most important features of White Sulphur Springs as a health resort is its climate. Mineral water springs, as a rule, emerge from low levels and often from narrow valleys, where the atmosphere is more or less depressing. This influence is probably as often responsible for the enervating effects observed from treatment as is the use of drastic waters and baths. White Sulphur Springs, being situated at an altitude of 2,000 feet, has a very bracing climate, which is never debilitating, even in mid-summer. There is no need here for an "after cure," such as is usually advised in health resorts in Europe. One can take

One of the Beautiful Tennis Courts

Facing page 72



his last glass of water at the resort in the evening and be at his office the next day fully equal to any demands his occupation may put upon him.

The valley in which the Springs are located is surrounded by mountain peaks, with magnificent forests of oak, pine and spruce.

There is nearly always a cool breeze in summer, even on the warmest days, and the nights are cool enough to sleep under one or more blankets. High winds are very rare at any season and in winter protection is afforded by the surrounding mountains, which shelter it from the north. The conditions in the spring and autumn are quite ideal. The summer has for many years been a popular social season with visitors from the South.

In all seasons one feels the benefit of the clear, balmy, pine-laden air before the waters and baths have had time to take effect, and many come for the climate alone. The appetite is stimulated and respiration deepened, influences which favor a better combustion and increased elimination, thus adding to the more lasting effect of the waters. The temperature is modified both by the altitude and latitude, with resulting cool summers and mild winters, as shown by the following table of average temperatures (Fahrenheit) during the different months of 1914: January, $34^{11}/_{31}$ degrees; February, $33^{4}/_{7}$; March, $39^{14}/_{31}$; April, $51^{2}/_{3}$; May, 62; June, $62^{1}/_{2}$; July, 65; August, 68 ; September,

$58^{8}/_{30}$; October, $55^{20}/_{31}$; November, $41^{1}/_{30}$; December $38^{1}/_{31}$.

There are at White Sulphur several springs, the waters of which show considerable variation, both in their analysis and physiological effects.

The best known of these springs, and the one that first established White Sulphur as a mineral water resort, is the old White Sulphur Spring, one of the most valuable waters of its kind. The water of this spring is classified scientifically as sulpho-alkaline, having as its principal constituents the sulphates and bicarbonates of magnesia, soda and lime, with free carbonic acid and traces of sulphuretted hydrogen. The water issues from the side of the mountain, is perfectly clear, of an agreeable taste, and has a temperature of about 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

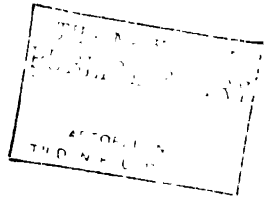
Adjacent to the White Sulphur is another sulphur spring of similar constitution, although not quite so strong.

The waters of both these springs are heated in such a manner as to retain all their natural properties, and may be obtained at any desired temperature. They are mildly laxative, diuretic and alterative in effect and are used in the treatment of diseases of the stomach, liver, intestines, kidneys and nutritional disorders.

The Radio-Chalybeate Spring is quite strongly radio-active, besides containing iron in a readily

A Lawn Party on the Grounds

Facing page 74



assimilable form. These waters are especially beneficial in the treatment of anæmia, certain nervous conditions and rheumatism.

The Alum Spring, whose waters differ considerably from those of the other springs, has a field of usefulness in conditions in which an astringent or sedative influence is sought.

Recent investigations in the treatment of disease by radium have shown that the effects of certain mineral waters upon the human organism are due in large measure to the presence of radium emanations in the waters. While this is not a common property of all mineral waters, it has been found in many of the important springs abroad, particularly those which experience has shown to be especially efficacious in diseases of digestion and nutrition. The White Sulphur Springs waters are all radio-active in some degree, the Radio-Chalybeate Spring being superior in this respect to many of the best known European Springs. Radium treatment is administered in all of its forms, which include the drinking water cure, special radium baths, radium emanations by inhalation, local applications, and hypodermic injections.

No mistake is more common than that of assuming that there must be some general rule for using the water; there is none.

In most cases the sulphur waters are administered on an empty stomach in divided portions

throughout the day, the quantity varying from three to eight glasses, taken both hot and at the natural temperature. The waters from the Radio-Chalybeate and Alum Springs are usually taken during the period of digestion. These rules, however, are subject to many exceptions according to the circumstances of the case.

The new bath establishment is the most complete and luxurious in its appointment of any institution of its kind in America, and, in variety and character of equipment, is not excelled anywhere. The bath building is a three-story fireproof structure, of modified Georgian architecture, located to the north of The Greenbrier and to the east of The White, being connected with both by enclosed loggias. The ground floor contains the swimming pool, with wide balconies on each side and dressing rooms at the end. The two upper floors are devoted to the bath proper and are connected with the pool floor by elevators and staircases.

The second floor is the Men's Department, and besides a large reception and lounging room contains the various treatment rooms, with individual resting rooms connected with each. The physicians' offices and laboratories, together with the Zander Room, Inhalation Room and Radium Room are also located on this floor. The arrangement of the baths in the Women's Department on

the third floor is the same, the remaining space being devoted to sleeping rooms for patients requiring special medical attention and rooms for nurses.

The equipment provides for all approved forms of hydrotherapy, including such special baths as are given at Nauheim, Aix les Bains, Vichy, Carlsbad, Baden-Baden and other European resorts.

Sulphur Water Baths are the special feature and are used in a great variety of conditions. Besides being very agreeable they exercise a specific influence upon the skin and circulation, due to the presence of the salts and gases.

Mud Bath.—An excellent quality of mud is obtained from the bed of Sulphur Springs in the immediate vicinity. After being dried and sifted, it is mixed with the sulphur water to the desired consistency; the temperature being regulated by the introduction of live steam. These baths have a special indication in the treatment of painful inflammatory conditions, such as gout, rheumatism and neuritis, mud applications being often used locally in the form of poultices.

The Aix Douche is often employed in similar conditions. It consists of a douche of large volume under low pressure, conjoined with massage, and has the advantage of permitting local applications of relatively high temperatures without

the debilitating influence of an immersion of the entire body.

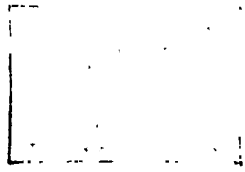
The Vichy Bath is a massage under a spray of water, usually at moderate temperature, and is used largely for nervous conditions.

The Continuous Flow Bath is employed in similar conditions and often has a marked effect in the relief of insomnia.

The Nauheim Bath finds its special indication in the treatment of diseases of the heart and in arteriosclerosis. It relieves nervous tension and will reduce blood pressure. It is usually given at temperatures ranging from 88 to 96. There is a specially devised tank for the introduction of exact quantities of carbonic acid gas.

Electric Light, dry hot air and steam cabinets, sometimes in conjunction with packs, are largely employed in reduction cures, and a bath consisting of a short stay in an electric cabinet, or in the sulphur water, followed by a Scotch Douche and massage, has a most excellent tonic effect even in very debilitated subjects.

In addition to these, there are Turkish and Russian Baths, vapor rooms, full electric, Schnee four-cell baths, and the most modern type of control tables for the administration of the various forms of douches and cold water treatments. There is also a special room for the internal administration



The Bath Building

Facing page 79

of the waters by means of irrigation, another for local hot air treatments and massage rooms.

Hydrotherapy has for its guiding principles questions of temperature, duration, and reaction. Apart from variations in effect due to these influences, there are important differences, also, between the effects of mineral water baths and those in plain water, this difference being due not only to the presence of salts, but to the action of carbonic acid, radium emanations and other gases.

Similar results may often be obtained from measures differing considerably in their technique, yet embodying like principles.

With the exception of a few simple forms of baths of ordinary temperature and short duration, all baths are given on a physician's prescription. The same rule applies to the administration of massage, packs, douches, and accessory treatments. The Bath is under the direct supervision of the physicians in charge. The superintendents, as well as attendants, are graduates of institutions of the highest type of this kind of training, and the most careful attention is observed in carrying out the details of each treatment prescribed.

A complete mechanico-therapeutic institute with twenty-eight types of the well-known Zander apparatus is part of the equipment of the Bath Building. Not only do these appliances make up for a lack of inclination for exercise in some cases,

but in certain others are of particular value in that the amount of muscular work done can be accurately gauged. Such exercises can be made wholly passive, or active, or a combination of the two, as desired. They are used largely in the treatment of constipation and obesity, as well as in articular conditions.

The appliances for administering the different forms of electric treatments do not differ from those found in well equipped hospitals and sanatoriums generally.

The Faradic, galvanic and sinusoidal currents are used in the form of the full baths or Schnee four-cell bath, and the same types of apparatus are included in the installation of the Electric Laboratory. In addition to these there are appliances for giving high frequency, static, autocondensation and thermo-penetration currents.

Treatment by thermo-penetration is of special value in the relief of pain, particularly that associated with neuritis and inflamed joints.

Massage, when scientifically administered, is a most useful and sometimes an indispensable remedy. Very often it is combined with various forms of baths. There are in the employ of the Bath Department a number of skilled operators—really expert masseurs and masseuses—whose training is based upon a knowledge of anatomical and physiological principles, as well as manipulative

technique. Too often such treatments are intrusted to ignorant persons who are without the slightest conception of the principles involved.

When intelligently employed it improves the circulation, stimulates secretion, and facilitates the removal of waste material. It is of particular value also in the treatment of constipation and in certain articular affections, as also in relieving nervous tension, pain, and insomnia.

The indications for local applications of heat are numerous and, in combination with baths and massage, such measures often constitute an important part of the treatment, especially in the relief of painful conditions of the nerves, joints and muscles. The equipment includes a great variety of hot air appliances (Tyrnauer apparatus) of different sizes and shapes for use in various regions of the body, and very high temperatures may be thus employed. Hot mud poultices and fomentations are also used for similar purposes.

A beautifully appointed room in the front part of the Bath Building contains the latest form of apparatus for radium emanation, and for artificially charging waters for drinking purposes. Radium treatment is often attended with very good results in arthritic conditions, particularly gout and rheumatoid arthritis.

This room contains different forms of apparatus for the inhalation of the volatile properties of the

water, as well as various medicinal agents; such treatments being used in catarrhal affections of the nose, throat and lungs, and in certain types of asthma.

One of the most important features of the "Cure" is the regulation of the diet. This is not so much a question, as is popularly believed, of an incompatibility of food substances with mineral waters as it is the condition for which treatment is undertaken. In persons whose digestion and nutrition are normal no special restriction is necessary, but it is a disturbance of such functions that constitutes some of the chief indications for treatment. In such it becomes of primary importance, both in the relief of the existing condition and in the prevention of its recurrence. Experience has amply demonstrated that proper dietetic regulation is difficult, if not impossible, in an American Plan hotel; hence, the great advantage of an à la carte service, such as is provided at The Greenbrier. There is in addition a special diet kitchen from which may be obtained a great variety of foods suitable to almost every disease, so that patrons will experience no difficulty in carrying out every detail of the treatment, even to the extent of quantitative feedings based upon exact caloric values. In addition to the regular menu, which is prepared to meet the desires of cosmopolitan visitors of luxurious habits, there is a special diet

menu and table d'hôte luncheons and dinners are served from both. This provides meals at a fixed price for those who prefer it, and also affords opportunity for those on special diet to have their meals regularly prepared for them without the necessity of ordering each time. Guests under treatment are also furnished with detailed lists for their guidance, should they prefer ordering for themselves.

There are few institutions of this kind even in Europe where the arrangements for the diet are as complete and as simple in their practical operation as at White Sulphur Springs, and the cuisine and service are in every sense equal to the highest standards in the best metropolitan restaurants.

In general it may be said that the White Sulphur Springs waters find their chief indications in conditions associated with impairment of digestion, disturbed metabolism, or insufficient elimination. Many of these are due to faulty habits of life, and are generally wholly remediable by natural and physiological measures. The following may be mentioned as among the conditions in which the best results are obtained.

Gout.—There is perhaps no condition affording a more distinct indication for the use of mineral waters and hydrotherapy than goutiness, which, according to its modern conception, is a condition associated with an accumulation of toxines and

other waste products of digestion, which are largely the result of a failure of hepatic and intestinal functions. The sulphur waters exercise a specific influence in transforming the monosodium urates into their more soluble forms, thus facilitating their elimination.

Sciatica and Neuritis very frequently have their origin in similar causes; hence the treatment of these conditions is usually attended with equally beneficial results.

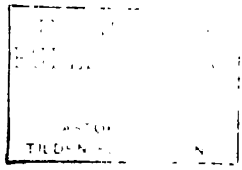
Rheumatism, except in its acute articular form, is another condition in which there is special indication for White Sulphur treatment. Very often, however, this term is erroneously applied to a group of symptoms which properly belong to one of the preceding classifications.

Arthritis Deformans, or Rheumatoid Arthritis. —Considering the intractability of this condition to treatment in general, the results are usually very satisfactory, and in some cases quite remarkable. One reason that the White Sulphur Springs waters act so favorably is that they are not debilitating.

Diabetes.—Mineral waters of the type of those at White Sulphur Springs often exercise a marked influence in increasing the tolerance for sugar-forming foods. It is not an uncommon experience to find the disappearance of sugar after a short course of the water, even without special dietetic

Part of the Greenbrier and the Bath Buildings

Facing page 84



restriction. The alkaline salts of the water are of great value, also, in counteracting tendencies to acidosis.

Obesity.—Increasing importance is attached to the fact that an excess of fat is inimical to health, and apart from considerations of an æsthetic nature, a reduction in weight is often attended with a most beneficial effect upon other symptoms. The treatment consists in the regulation of the diet and exercise, in conjunction with the baths and mineral waters.

Under-Nutrition.—Under-nutrition is frequently due to an impairment of the digestive and eliminative functions, hence is relieved by a correction of its underlying causes.

Diseases of the Stomach.—The Sulphur waters act both to increase the gastric secretion and to neutralize an excess of hydrochloric acid according as they are used, important considerations being temperature and time in relation to the period of digestion. Very excellent results are seen both in gastritis and in the gastric neuroses, particularly those associated with hyperacidity.

Diseases of the Intestines.—Constipation is the most frequent. White Sulphur waters are mildly laxative, increasing secretion and peristalsis. They are not purgative, and there is rarely a necessity for increasing the original dose. There is perhaps no condition in which more gratifying

results are obtained than in colitis, in which the waters are sometimes employed, also, in the form of colonic irrigations.

Diseases of the Liver and Gall Bladder.—One of the earliest and most pronounced effects of the waters is a stimulation of the biliary secretion. While it is not claimed, as is sometimes done, that the water will dissolve gall stones *in situ,* there can be no doubt that they accomplish much in the relief of catarrhal conditions predisposing to their formation. Biliousness, the result of hepatic congestion, is usually very promptly relieved.

Diseases of the Kidneys.—The Sulphur waters are distinctly diuretic, hence act most favorably in the relief of many cases of incipient nephritis and albuminuria. Equally good results are also obtained in renal calculi, cystitis and other inflammatory conditions of the urinary tract.

Nervous Diseases.—White Sulphur Springs affords a very favorable environment for the treatment of functional diseases of the nervous system, such as neurasthenia, hysteria, etc., and the results, generally speaking, are very satisfactory, particularly in the quieter seasons.

Diseases of the Heart and Blood Vessels.—Aside from the action of the water in relieving toxic influences, the effects of Nauheim Baths and graduated exercises are most salutary and often

result in the restoration of a normal function when other treatment has failed.

Diseases of the Blood.—Secondary anæmia from whatever cause, especially when due to faulty digestion, toxemia, or the infections, is almost invariably relieved, the chief reliance in treatment being the climate, diet, and the waters of the Radio-Chalybeate Spring.

Diseases of the Skin, such as eczema, psoriasis, acne, urticaria, etc., often have as their chief indication for treatment a correction of some underlying digestive or nutritional disturbance. Sulphur waters both internally and in the form of baths have for many years occupied an important place in the treatment of these conditions.

Convalescents and Post-Operative Cases.—White Sulphur Springs treatment finds a special place in the treatment of convalescence from acute infections and from surgical operations, the stimulating influence of the climate, together with the effect of tonic baths, often contributing much to a rapid restoration to health.

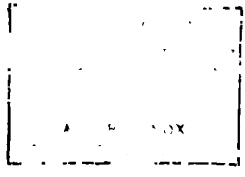
While favorable results are generally to be expected in the conditions above mentioned, there are, of course, exceptions to this rule. These for the most part are cases complicated by structural changes in the organs involved.

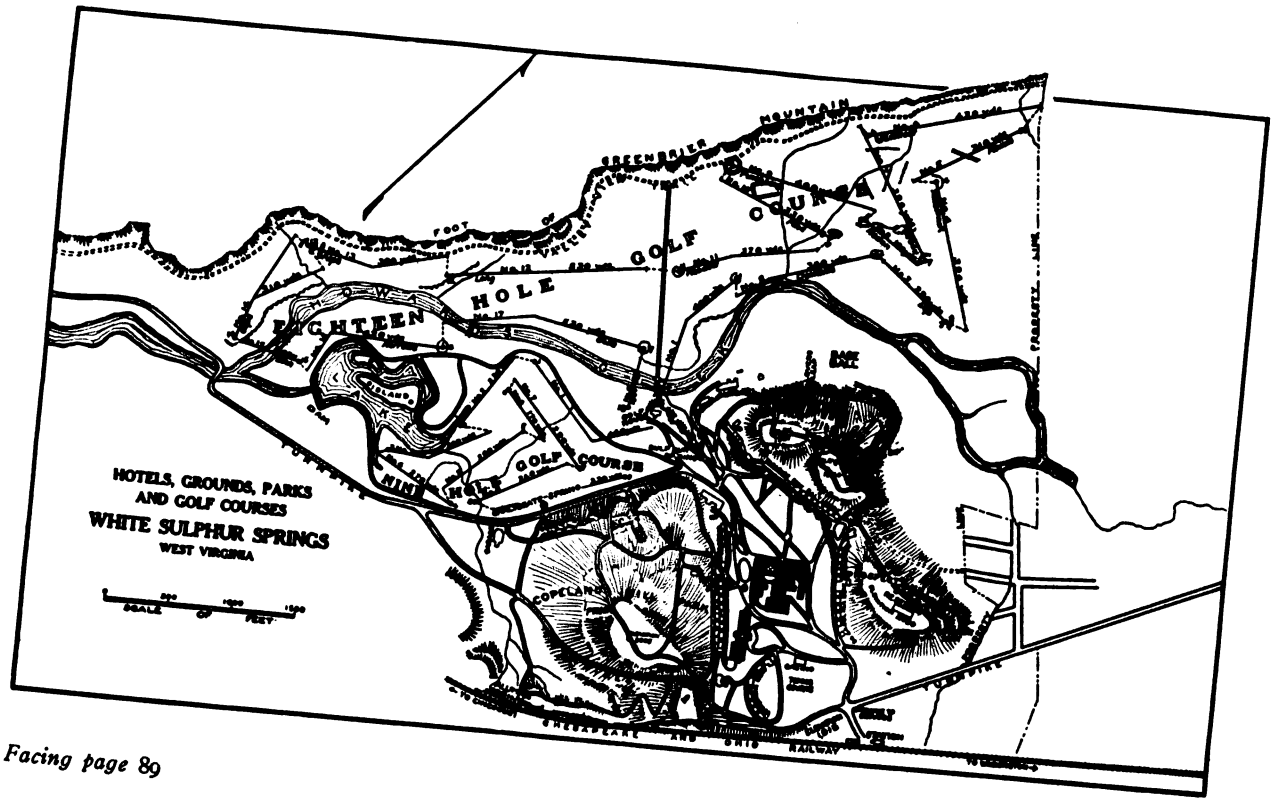
Organic diseases of a severe type, such as advanced cardio-vascular, renal and hepatic condi-

tions associated with marked œdema, are not likely to be greatly benefited by a treatment of this kind, nor is benefit to be expected in most acute conditions. Tubercular and contagious diseases are not accepted.

The duration of treatment will, of course, vary with the nature, severity, and duration of the condition present. In the majority of cases, it should cover a period of from two to four weeks, although good results may often be obtained in a shorter time. No medical superstition is more difficult to eradicate than that a supposed magic number of days is required for the cure, usually 21. People who have only slight gouty or rheumatic manifestations, those with mild forms of indigestion, who lead a reasonable life, will get good results in from 14 to 18 days. Severe cases respond more slowly. Cases of neurasthenia and neuritis may require a month, and sometimes longer, as these must be dealt with leniently. The same applies to conditions of the heart and high arterial tension, the exact duration of treatment in each case being determined by varying circumstances in the individual.

The physicians connected with this department are all graduates of medical institutions of high standing, are members of well-known medical societies, and have had special training in the diseases in which balneotherapy and hydrotherapy





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find their particular indications. There is a fully equipped clinical and research laboratory, as well as an electric laboratory. Graduate nurses are in constant attendance.

Physicians referring patients to this resort are invariably furnished with full details of treatment prescribed and every effort is made to keep them advised as to the progress of their patients.

Special attention has been given to providing opportunities for various forms of exercise. The Company's property includes an area of 7,000 acres, and well-made and well-kept walks wind in every direction. Along these are distributed comfortable seats for resting, from which can be obtained picturesque views of an infinite variety. There are also good roads for motoring and numerous bridle-paths, which follow along the streams, through the valleys and over the crests of the mountains, a constant delight to those who ride. A modern garage and well-equipped livery stable are connected with the hotels.

There are within a few hundred yards of the hotel two excellent golf courses—one of 18 holes, recently opened, which embodies the most advanced ideas of golf construction. Like the National Course, each green has been patterned after those of famous courses in France, England and Scotland. There are no two holes alike, which gives the greatest possible variety of play, thus

making a strong appeal to the enthusiastic golfer. The 9-hole course is of a simpler type, yet most picturesque and interesting. It is designed particularly for ladies and beginners.

There are four excellent tennis courts.

Both the tennis courts and golf courses are in charge of competent instructors.

Excellent music is provided by an orchestra of first-class musicians. There are two beautiful ball rooms, one in each hotel, and dancing is a daily pastime both at night and at tea time, except Sunday, when a classical programme is rendered in the lobby by the orchestra.

During the summer season outdoor concerts are given near the Springs, as is the custom abroad. Special concerts and other entertainments occur at frequent intervals.

There is a good bowling alley and a well-appointed billiard room.

A United States Government Fish Hatchery is located at White Sulphur Springs, and the neighboring streams, as well as the lake on the golf course, are well stocked with trout and bass.

The New Greenbrier is a thoroughly modern, fireproof hotel. The style of the architecture is Georgian, in keeping with the surroundings and traditions of the place. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that there is not to be found anywhere a resort hotel which is more complete or more ar-

tistic in its appointments. It is operated entirely on the European Plan. Meals are à la carte, with special table d'hôte luncheons and dinners for those who are on a diet, or who prefer taking their meals at a fixed price.

The White is a charming and spacious colonial building, embracing all the romance of ante-bellum days. It has long been famous as the resort of Southern aristocracy, for its Southern hospitality, and old-fashioned Virginia cooking.

Both of these hotels are in direct connection with the Bath Building.

There are between fifty and sixty cottages surrounding the hotels, most of them of five rooms and two baths. These are particularly attractive to those who wish quiet and seclusion.

HYGIENIC CONDITIONS

The sanitary conditions of White Sulphur are all that could be desired. The undulating character of the country and the complete sewerage system afford perfect drainage. There is never any stagnant water and mosquitoes are practically unknown. A new water system recently installed provides the most perfect drinking water. The water is derived from the Alvon Springs, some thirteen miles distant from the hotels, and has already attained considerable reputation as a table

water. It contains less than five grains of solids per gallon, is very soft and refreshing in taste, and possesses every requisite of an ideal drinking water.

ANALYSIS OF WATER FROM WHITE SULPHUR SPRING

Grains per U. S. Gall. 231 cu. in.

Calcium Bicarbonate	9.1526	grs.
Magnesium Bicarbonate	3.5409	"
Strontium Bicarbonate	.1657	"
Iron (Ferrous) Bicarbonate	.1742	"
Manganese Bicarbonate	trace	
Calcium Sulphate	76.2437	"
Magnesium Sulphate	30.1592	"
Potassium Sulphate	.5250	"
Sodium Sulphate	1.8667	"
Sodium Chloride	1.7909	"
Lithium Chloride	.0118	"
Calcium Phosphate	.0045	"
Sodium Nitrate	trace	
Silica	.5833	"
Alumina	.0536	"
	124.2721	"

Free Carbon Dioxide	1.77	cu. in.
Hydrogen Sulphide (Free)	1.068	" "

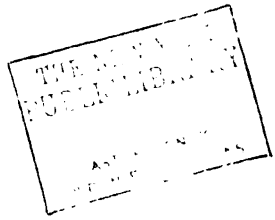
ANALYSIS OF WATER FROM RADIO-CHALYBEATE SPRING

Grains per U. S. Gall. 231 cu. in.

Calcium Bicarbonate	1.1803	grs.
Magnesium Bicarbonate	.4023	"

The Spring House in the Olden Days

Facing page 92



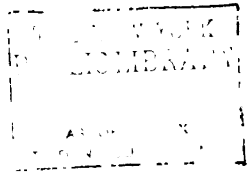
Calcium Sulphate	2.6631	grs.
Manganese Sulphate	.9917	"
Strontium Sulphate	.0875	"
Iron (Ferrous) Sulphate	1.3315	"
Magnesium Sulphate	.1440	"
Sodium Sulphate	.1657	"
Potassium Sulphate	.0638	"
Sodium Phosphate	.0577	"
Sodium Chloride	.3412	"
Sodium Iodide	.0005	"
Lithium Chloride	trace	
Silica	1.3417	"
Alumina	.1166	"
	8.8876	"

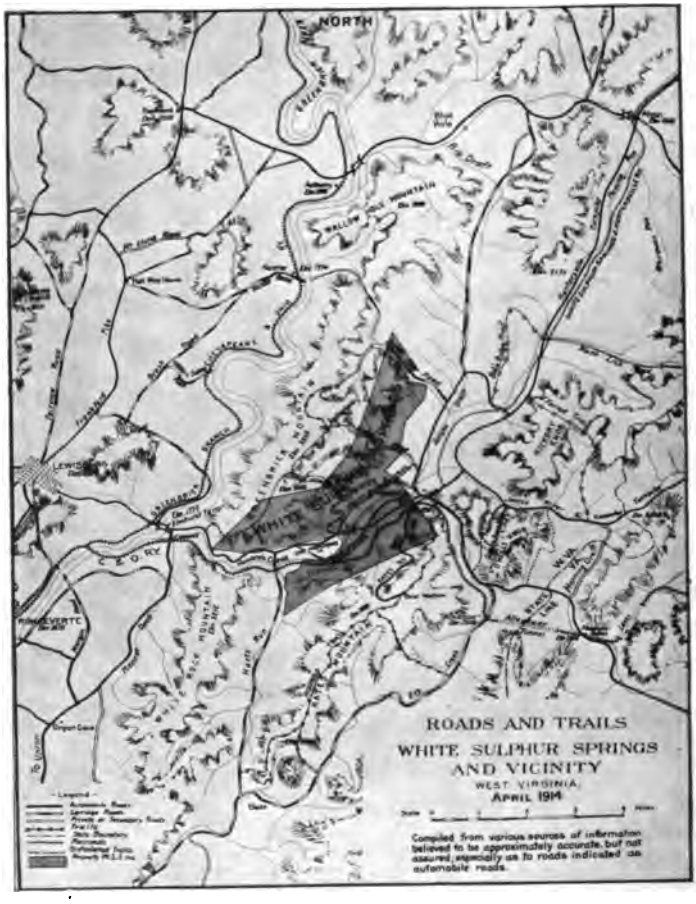
ANALYSIS OF WATER FROM ALUM SPRING

Grains per U. S. Gall. 231 cu. in.

Aluminum Sulphate	17.434	grs.
Iron Persulphate	.660	"
Manganese Sulphate	3.004	"
Nickel Sulphate	.933	"
Cobalt Sulphate	trace	
Copper Sulphate	trace	
Calcium Sulphate	11.608	"
Magnesium Sulphate	34.100	"
Potassium Sulphate	.700	"
Lithium Sulphate	trace	
Sodium Sulphate	.175	"
Sodium Iodide	.002	"
Sodium Chloride	.950	"

Sodium Nitrate	.210	grs.
Sodium Phosphate	.037	"
Silica	1.780	"
Free Sulphuric Acid	2.275	"
	73.868	"





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THE WHITE SULPHUR, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS SINCE [1]

JUST as the guests at the White Sulphur, about the middle of July, 1813, had risen from dinner, it was remarked that there would soon be a shower. In a short time the thunder began to growl. There was not a breath of air; all was as still as death. The sky and surrounding mountains were black. The large drops began to fall. Then came the rustling breeze. Peals of thunder followed upon peals, and clap after clap. The wind swept down the intervening valleys. Quick and sharp flashes of lightning made the inmates of the cabins start up and pace their rooms in alarm. Suddenly there was a loud crash, followed by the falling of an immense oak that stood in the adjacent wood. Instantly smoke began to ascend. The tree had been struck by the electric fluid and set on fire. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by hail. In an hour the storm passed away to the southward, and the sun broke forth in cloudless glory. The terror that had filled every bosom was dispelled, and the

[1] *Southern Literary Messenger*, 1839.

company left their apartments. The hum of the crowd was again heard, and at the usual time the ladies reappeared in their evening dresses, moving in different directions along the walks.

Curiosity is on tip-toe at all watering-places, whenever a new comer makes his appearance. It is asked, eagerly, who is he? Where is he from? Does anybody know anything about him? Silent comments are made by the spectators upon his manner and personal attractions, and most commonly he is placed in that rank which he actually maintains in general society.

A young man wearing the undress uniform of a naval officer, well mounted, and accompanied by a servant, stopped at the spring. It was evident that he had encountered the recent tempest, and had been drenched by the rain. All eyes were fixed on him as he walked up slowly and feebly to the house. The women who saw him pitied him; for his pale countenance and emaciated frame proved that he had really come in search of health, and that his sufferings had been neither light nor of short duration. The stranger was tall and finely proportioned. His carriage was more gentle and graceful than is common to men of his vocation; his eye was of the deepest blue; his complexion, which was unusually fair, was shaded by a profusion of light hair, which curled thickly and spontaneously. There was an uncommon

share of energy in the expression of his countenance and although he could not be more than three and twenty, he seemed already to have endured much hard service. A close observer would have concluded that his soul was the seat of noble and generous sentiments, and that he was just such a man as would strike the imagination of an accomplished and highly intellectual woman, and, if he wished it, take her affections captive; for however much the softer sex may admire in the opposite one, genius, courage, acquirements and humanity, their delight in the contemplation of these qualities is heightened to rapturous enthusiasm, when united with personal elegance. The Lieutenant soon mingled with the throng. Although naturally shy and exclusive, he met all advances towards an acquaintance kindly and politely. But he was laboring under a deep depression of spirits, owing, as all supposed, and as was the fact, to the shattered condition of his health.

Early one morning, a carriage drawn by four white horses stopped at the White Sulphur, from which there alighted an elderly gentleman and lady, accompanied by a girl who appeared to be about nineteen. The equipage of the visitor was splendid, and indicated his expensive tastes, and the extent of his private fortune. He was a native and a citizen of South Carolina. Mr. H———, when young, had resided in Europe for several

years. During his absence, he had perfected his knowledge of French and Spanish, by an intimate intercourse with men of education and rank, who spoke those languages with classical purity. In general society his manner was easy and polished, yet decided. He expressed his opinions on all subjects boldly and frankly, yet with marked respect for those who differed from him. He had studied no science profoundly, yet he had collected a large mass of valuable information, which he detailed to those with whom he associated in an acceptable manner. Whilst he paid on all occasions the most delicate regard to the feelings of others, he repelled, as quick as thought, the slightest intrusion on his own. When his resentments were aroused they were vehemently expressed. That he was proud of his ancestry, and jealous of his personal dignity and honor, was manifest to every one with whom he became acquainted. Mrs. H———, when young, was beautiful. She was gay, sensitive, devoted to such society as suited her tastes. With her equals she was agreeable, spirited, and even fascinating. Towards the honest poor she was bountiful—towards the vulgar she was intolerant. With the afflicted she sympathized deeply, and even gave them her personal assistance, as well as a portion of her ample pecuniary means. On great occasions she was distinguished by the richness of her attire, and the loftiness of her man-

ner. If others expected to partake of her hospitalities, or to be honored with her smiles, they were required to pay her that homage which she conceived to be due to rank, talent and opulence.

The daughter, Anna H———, was not perfectly beautiful. She had been carefully and usefully educated. Her mother had the desire to fit her to adorn either the most elevated station in society or to sit by an unambitious hearth, a domestic queen, where grandeur should be unknown, and where her husband in her society could not fear the worst of fortune's malice—where she might banish melancholy from all her household, and speed the hours with lively cares.

No woman ever felt the power of poetry and song more deeply than Anna H———. On several occasions she had composed slight poetical effusions, bearing marks of genius and a cultivated taste. Devoted to music, she touched the strings of her harp with infinite tenderness. It was impossible for any ingenuous youth to resist her smile, or to be content with a single view of her. And he who loved her felt as though he could not permit the winds of heaven to visit her too rudely.

It was not to be wondered at that Anna H——— commanded the homage of the first young men in that part of the country where she resided. That she was delighted with the attentions that were paid her—that she rejoiced in the conquests

733136

achieved by her personal charms, it was impossible to doubt—for she was a woman! On her first coming, the Lieutenant, who was recovering his strength, often passed and repassed her. Both seemed willing to halt and converse upon indifferent topics. On more than one occasion she adverted to his travels abroad, as he had been much in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. He imparted his valuable knowledge with eloquence and power. The susceptible girl listened with delight to the graceful sailor. If she had not wished to reciprocate the enjoyment which she felt in these hasty, partial, and interrupted interviews, she would have done violence to her nature, and to that mysterious and irresistible attraction which exists between the sexes. At the evening dance, she felt a secret pride, and why she did not exactly know, when the Lieutenant demanded her hand, and accompanied her through its mazes. How light her air—how delicate her glee! It seemed as if there was nothing that could disturb the serenity of her temper—or sadden her brow—or repress the smiles which she bestowed in profusion upon those who followed in her train.

It was proposed, one evening, that the younger part of the visitors should make an excursion to the neighboring hills on horseback. If a young female of the present day—repining in indolence in her deeply cushioned carriage, with colorless

cheek, the ringlets of her hair and the folds of her rich dress undisturbed—be an object to be *admired;* still she, who, wrapped in her riding habit, brushes away the dew of the morning, decked in the roses of health, is an object to be *loved.* The one is the lifeless statue of the sculptor—the other the living, animated child of nature.

There was a bustle amongst the wayfaring party. The grooms were called, and the necessary orders given. The servants, who were going along, were directed to put up some refreshments—those of the gentlemen who played, took their flutes and clarionets. When it was announced that all was ready, a spirited Virginian led up for the "little South Carolina," as Anna H——— was called, a small and perfectly beautiful blooded filly, that looked like a domesticated deer—she was so docile. Anna was struck by the symmetry of her form, and making a sudden spring adjusted herself in a twinkling in the saddle. The balmy air had given a deep color to her cheek and unusual animation to her dark, intellectual eye. Her blushes sprung from the joy with which her bosom was almost bursting. Over her countenance a thousand shadows were moving. Set off with a becoming green riding dress, a silk handkerchief around her neck, fastened by a glittering diamond pin, a small light hat, and seizing the whip which was handed her, she touched the animal gently, who put for-

ward as though she moved on springs, and was even conscious of the precious burden which she bore. Leading the van, Anna was followed by a splendid train of more than forty, and a proud and happy train it was of southern chivalry and southern beauty. How much of virtue, of affection, intelligence and accomplishment, was there in that joyful company! How many of those who went forth on that day have since been wrapped in their winding sheets, and become the prey of icy, unrelenting worms! Of those who still survive how many of the world's afflictions have they suffered —how many vicissitudes of fortune have they encountered! Already some of them have begun to feel the withering influence of accumulated years, whilst others are care-worn widows and anxious mothers.

Passing rapidly over the rough road, along which the sojourners pursued their way, they arrived at the foot of the mountain, which they were to ascend by a winding and difficult path. Having at length reached the summit, they were amply compensated for their toil. The sun had risen unobscured by the slightest cloud; his golden beams had dissipated the mists which had gathered through the night upon the deep valleys that separated the tall cliffs. A number of hunters, who resided near the White Sulphur, had gone upon the chase with the hounds, at the first dawn of

morning. The indistinct cry of the dogs that were afar off was heard. The sound, first in one and then in another direction, marked the doublings of the stag which they were hotly pursuing. The crack of a rifle told that he had passed one of the stands that was occupied. The busy and rejoicing reapers, in the fields that were miles off, appeared no larger than children. Here and there a farm-house was discovered, and the cattle grazing around on the luxuriant grass. The teams were hauling the heavily laden wagons to the barns. The hours passed off delightfully. Some of the gentlemen had cut away the branches of a wild grapevine in the low grounds, which the servants had brought along, and out of which a rude swing was made, which, if not very comfortable in the use, was the cause of much merriment. Awhile after mid-day, the provisions were spread out upon a broad and smooth rock. The waiters were dispatched down the side of the mountain, with their pitchers, to a cool and gushing fountain.

The Lieutenant was fond of music. He had found relief from the monotony of a seaman's life in the cultivation of his taste in this delicious art. He was devoted to his guitar—often the companion of his melancholy hours. His powers of execution had been greatly improved during his visits to the seacoast of Spain and Italy. He sung several spirited and humorous canzona and bal-

lads. Now the company were all clustered together, and now divided into small parties. A few of the fair maidens, accompanied by gentlemen, moved off under the pretext of hunting wild flowers. But they soon halted and separated into pairs. Anon they were espied listening to the soft words of their lovers, either in breathless confusion or with arch audacity.

Whilst all were wholly unconscious how rapidly the time was flying, one of the servants announced that clouds were gathering in the west, and they might be overtaken by a gust—an event so common and so sudden in those elevated regions. Every one was startled at this unwelcome and unexpected intelligence. Taking their departure in the utmost haste, they had proceeded but a short distance before it became evident that they would not be able to reach the springs before the falling of the rain. It was then suggested that they should take shelter in a waste house, about two miles off, which in former days had been used as a stopping place by the numerous immigrants removing to the rich lands bordering on the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers.

Although the horses flew along the path, the travelers had scarcely reached their desolate retreat before the rain began to pour down in torrents, and continued falling for several hours. The situation of the company became irksome and un-

comfortable. At last they set out, fearing that they might be overtaken by night, and proceeded at a rapid pace. In the morning they had passed a stream which was scarcely three feet deep; but on now approaching it, all were surprised to find that it was greatly swollen and impetuous. Still those who were in front, led by a resident of the vicinity, plunged in, and passed over it without much apparent difficulty. Anna H——— was about midway of the crowd. When she reached the brink of the creek, several behind her were precipitated upon her. The filly, on entering the water, diverged from the shallow ford, slipped, and her rider fell, before her immediate attendant could make the slightest effort to save her. The terrified girl floated off in a moment on the angry stream, sinking gradually—being drawn down by the water absorbed by her clothing. She made not a struggle to avert her destiny. Suddenly there was a loud and penetrating cry from the rear to clear the way! The Lieutenant came running with all his might, and as he ran threw to each side of him his hat, coat, neckcloth and waistcoat. In all his movements there was a desperate fury. Casting himself upon the flood he made eagerly after the object of his heroical pursuit. After reaching a considerable distance from the spot where she had fallen, the victim wholly disappeared—but as she rose to the surface, the Lieu-

tenant seized her by her hair, which was disengaged, her hat being lost. The main difficulty now lay in taking the sufferer to the shore. The water ran so rapidly that the Lieutenant was compelled to swim obliquely, dragging Anna after him, and having caught a bush, he thus held to his charge until he received assistance. At last the pale and senseless body was laid upon the ground. All who were present were in the deepest distress and alarm: the females were overwhelmed with grief and horror. A young physician who was along suggested that the patient might be restored. Having placed her in such a position as to throw the water from the chest, he ordered her to be rubbed, and made many unsuccessful efforts to draw blood. After an hour, there were symptoms of returning respiration. A messenger was dispatched to the Spring to quiet the fears of the visitors and to procure a carriage.

After much conversation about the sad and nearly fatal accident which had happened, the guests retired for the night, but resumed the subject the next morning at the breakfast table. Every tongue was loud in praise of the heroism of the Lieutenant. Whilst all were anxiously looking for him to enter the room; one of the waiters stated that he and his boy had left before daylight. This intelligence filled every one with amazement. Nobody knew or could guess whither he had gone, or

what could have caused his sudden and apparently mysterious departure.

Anna H———, under the influence of an anodyne, had become composed. When she awoke at a late hour, she found her father and mother sitting by her bedside. Slight allusions were made to her almost miraculous preservation. In the course of the day her female acquaintances visited her, and spoke in raptures of the noble young sailor. One of them observed, "How strange it is that he went off so suddenly—and without saying good-bye to a soul; without permitting any one to thank him for saving the life of our friend, at the eminent hazard of his own." These words had scarcely escaped from the lips of the speaker, before Anna, raising herself up and placing her head upon her hand, and her elbow on the pillow, exclaimed—"Gone! Gone where?" To which it was replied—"He is certainly gone and no mortal can tell where." Throwing herself back, the distressed girl fell in a deep reverie, and the tears trickled down her cheek. She seemed to be saying to herself, "It would have been far better for me if I had not been snatched from a watery grave." The vigilant mother beheld those tears with unutterable anguish, because she saw that the recent incident might give color to the whole future life of her only child. Her pride and affection revolted at the thought of her daughter be-

coming the victim of a hopeless and unreciprocated passion.

The approach of autumn admonished the visitors at the White Sulphur that it was time to return to their homes. The pleasures of the last two months had been enjoyed and were gone forever. First one and then another family had bade adieu. Mr. and Mrs. H——— became anxious to depart. Their daughter was thoughtful and solitary—a feeling to which she had before been a stranger. At length the driver was seated, the postilions mounted, the carriage moved off rapidly, and soon disappeared from those who had collected to say farewell. The journey, to Anna, was long and wearisome; her thoughts were forever fixed on the Lieutenant, whose manly graces became every day more captivating in her view. She recollected certain slight incidents that had occurred at the creek after her restoration, and amongst others, that the Lieutenant had asked her with trembling anxiety if her person had been in any way injured by her fall; and when the carriage had been drawn up for her to be laid in it, he lifted her up, folded her in his arms, and bore her along with a degree of delicacy, tenderness and care, which had filled her heart to overflowing. However, she imagined that her domestic engagements would drive off those painful recollections that haunted and annoyed her.

When she arrived in sight of her father's magnificent patrimonial establishment, situated on an island on the coast of Carolina, she was partially aroused from her despondency. She was returning to the spot where she was born. How many fond endearments are associated with the remembrance of even the humblest home! As the travelers passed in at the gate that opened upon the broad avenue, planted on either side with the beautiful magnolia and china trees, the numerous field hands espied them, stopped their work and gazed. As they approached the stately mansion-house, the younger slaves came forth from their cabins to welcome the arrival of their lordly master. The privileged house servants presented themselves and whilst engaged in removing the baggage, were telling how lonesome they had been, and detailing all the news which they had heard about the people of the neighborhood. The superannuated negroes came limping along, and offered their respectful congratulations, which were graciously returned.

Anna's ancient and affectionate nurse followed her into her apartment, and inquired how she was pleased with her jaunt—observing with an exulting smile that she knew that there was not as pretty a girl as she at the Springs, and that she had expected to see some handsome young men coming home with her. After a pause, she said, "But I reckon they will be along after a while." Anna

drew away the kindhearted creature gently from this painful topic.

The next morning after an early breakfast, Mrs. H——— and her daughter set out on a visit to the dwellings of the slaves. The children that had been born during their absence were presented with maternal pride; the cares of the sick were considered; whatever was amiss in the houses was promptly corrected; kind encouragement was given to those who were seriously ill, and the necessary refreshments ordered. Fanatical devotion to abstract principles, with due regard to attendant circumstances, is one of the hallucinations that marks our age and comfort. But can a single being be found, who, after viewing the working of this patriarchal system, would desire to break it up, founded as it is upon reciprocal affection, mutual interest, and perfect protection?

The Lieutenant proceeded on his journey with all practical dispatch. Having passed the Blue Ridge, he took a public conveyance, directing his course to the north. He had left his post with the greatest reluctance, and at the earnest entreaty of his physician and friend. Like all his associates in the same service, his faculties were absorbed in the thrilling events which were then occurring on the land and the water, and, like them, he was watching eagerly for an opportunity to try the perils of battle, and "pluck up drowned honor by

the locks," amidst its carnage. The Lieutenant had been ordered to join one of our national vessels, just ready for sea. Her equipments were complete: her crew counted on certain victory, whenever the enemy could be met and fought. The anchors were weighed—the star spangled banner and silver sails were spread out to the propitious breeze; her commander proudly trod her deck; her parting salute was answered by the huzzas of countless thousands; she moved away from the anxious gaze "like a thing of life," followed by many a pious prayer to heaven for her safety and success.

The family on the island soon became settled. Mr. H——— was engaged in preparation of his annual crop for market. His wife was giving a general superintendence to the extensive arrangements of her household. Their friends came in numbers from the main land to congratulate them on their return. Anna was often sad. The mother perceiving that her wounded spirit had begun to feed upon itself, persuaded her to invite her school-companion and friend Henrietta R———, to visit and spend some time with her. This girl was almost a mountain nymph; she had been born and raised in the upper country of Carolina, where her father owned a baronial estate. The natural dispositions of the two girls were opposite; and yet whilst the frolic graces of the one had charmed

the heart of her companion, the retiring diffidence of the other had enkindled a like feeling of regard. Henrietta was as pensive as the morning; all her anxious hopes were subdued by the patient fortitude of woman, and her griefs, from which even she was not wholly exempted, settled into gentle rest. Her bright and peaceful brow added to the luster of the rich ringlets that floated over it; her deep, meditative eyes overflowed with pious sentiments; her aspirations pointed to a seraphic immortality; on her cheek there dwelt the tenderest pink; in her eye the tenderest blue. No sensitive mind could contemplate her thoughtfulness and beauty without yielding with profoundest homage to both. She seemed to tread upon the dew-drops of her mountain skies, as if she feared to crush them too roughly.

The meeting of the two maidens was full of affection. Anna, feeling no restraint, poured out her inmost thoughts into the bosom of her friend. She stated, that after she had reached home, she had gotten hold of a paper which announced the sailing of the ship to which the Lieutenant belonged. This was all that she had learned concerning him, since his sudden disappearance from the Springs. Why he had gone without announcing his intention to any one—without waiting to receive the grateful and everlasting thanks of her parents—without knowing whether she would re-

cover from the shock which she had suffered, it was impossible for her to divine. Then she asked in a tone of the deepest distress, "Ought he not to have delayed at least a few hours?" All these matters perplexed the mind of Henrietta, who was unable to suggest even a plausible explanation of them.

Part of the winter had passed away. Some gentlemen visited the island, bringing with them invitations for Mr. H——— and his family to a New Year's ball to be given in Charleston. The ladies were earnestly pressed to attend. Anna's mother was anxious that all should go, believing that a change of scene might enliven the spirits of her daughter, who at last consented to gratify the wishes of her parent.

Carriage after carriage rolled over the streets of the city; the spacious rooms blazed with a thousand lights; party after party swelled the joyous crowd; beauties after beauties were escorted to their seats, attired in all the decorations that fancy could invent and hand prepare. What an eager assemblage it was! The young and the old exchanged mutual congratulations; the music imparted life into the weary, and cheered the mourners; the anxious were at rest; the dancers moved off merrily. After some hours, there prevailed through the principal apartment an almost clamorous revelry. At the lower end of it there was collected

suddenly a small group of gentlemen, to whom one of them was giving an impassioned narrative with much gesticulation. They were quickly joined by many more. In a moment the noise ceased and every sound was hushed. It was announced that one of our frigates had met one of those of the enemy, and had, after a contest of an hour and a half, gained a brilliant victory. When the deep feeling which this glorious intelligence aroused had partially subsided, there was a loud outcry for the particulars, which had been only partially communicated to the throng. The name of the American vessel had fallen upon the ear of Anna, and that alone was sufficient to excite all her fears. That the general anxiety might be relieved, a person was appointed to read the official dispatch of the commander from the elevated seat of the musicians. How the gentle bosoms of the maidens heaved and sunk as the reader proceeded with the thrilling narrative. How proud was the exultation of those patriot Southrons, who, alive alike to the national honor and their own, would quarrel upon the ninth part of a hair! Towards the close of this account, the brave captain stated that so obstinate a conflict could not be attended with loss,—that the enemy had suffered immensely, and his ship considerably. Lieutenant Y———, he observed, had conducted himself with the utmost gallantry and skill, and it grieved him to say

that when the action was nearly over, he had fallen badly wounded.

The mother and Henrietta preserved their self-possession. When they learned the fate of the Lieutenant, they led Anna away, and sought a private apartment. Placing her upon a bed, they employed the language of comfort, and insisted that he would recover. Anna said in a soft whisper to her friend, "I should be willing to end my sufferings in death, if I could only enjoy the privilege of standing beside him, and staunching the blood which is flowing from his wounds with these feeble hands of mine." Before the day dawned, the crowded apartments were silent as the chambers of the dead. The tired domestics—the exhausted votaries of pleasure—the grave matrons—the blushing fair ones—were wrapped in sleep, the blessed corrector of our bodily and mental excesses.

Week after week rolled away, but no tidings of the Lieutenant or his gallant ship reached the family on the island. Her books, which were taken up and soon thrown aside, brought no relief to Anna from the anxieties by which she was tortured. She gladly vanished from the sight of every stranger, and longed for that repose of heart which she had once enjoyed; but she was affrighted by busy dreams and wild fancies; her harp alone cheered her privacy and soothed her sorrows. Formerly she had been passionately de-

voted to her dahlias, in all their richness and countless varieties—to her japonicas and blushing roses, fit emblems of herself. But now her hair was unadorned, and she was content with only one flower, which she wore beneath her bosom more for love than ornament.

At last the spring arrived. The air became soft, and all animated nature rejoiced; Anna alone seemed doomed to carry in her heart a remembrance of grief, spotless and gentle as she was. She and her friend sometimes directed their steps to the sea-side, after the sun had gone to rest in his western bed. The breeze was slumbering—the curling and dashing waves were no longer struggling with each other. Only a heaving of the mighty deep still survived. The moon held undisputed sway in the heavens; and the frail vessels that had been driven before the recent tempest, now glided over the waters peacefully, courting fresh gales to waft them to their destined ports. The solitary owl, alarmed by the approach of the wanderers, broke from his resting place, and sailed away to a deeper solitude.

As the heat of the summer approached, it became evident that Anna was rapidly losing her strength—that her spirit was nearly crushed, and that she mourned as one without hope. Sometimes she was shocked at the thought that she was nurturing a passion for one who had never wilfully

by word or act sought to excite it. But her conscience whispered soft and lulling excuses, since none could blame her for cherishing a grateful feeling towards the preserver of her life. Those medical advisers who were consulted, suggested that a voyage by sea to the north, and a change of scene and objects, might exercise a salutary influence over a mind that was evidently laboring under a feeling of desolateness, which it seemed impossible either to control or to resist.

The family on the island at length embarked for Newport in Rhode Island, where they proposed to spend the summer. The enemy's cruisers were hovering all along the coast; but the captain alleged that he could run away from everything that might be sent in pursuit of him. For two days the vessel moved slowly over the weary waves—the slight breezes died away; now she glided smoothly over the mighty deep, and now with graceful motion she breasted the huge billows when roughened into hill and valley; and then again she wantonly washed her sides, rebounding and rebounding. After much anxiety, the land was seen indistinctly by the man at the main top—then from the deck—then it broke broadly upon the view of the delighted passengers—then the town was spread out before them—they flew over the water—cast their anchors, and received the congratulations of the rejoicing crowd.

About a month after the party from Carolina had landed, the arrival of the frigate to which the Lieutenant was attached was announced. This intelligence was delicately communicated by the mother to her daughter. Was he then in the same land with herself, and so near her? A delicious hope sprung up in her bosom. Would he make any inquiries about her? Had he ever thought of her since he left her? Had she made any favorable impressions upon him? These were questions which Anna asked herself a thousand times, without being able to resolve them. Mrs. H——— was uneasy and perplexed. But it was impossible for her to pass the boundaries of female delicacy, by apprising the Lieutenant that they were in that part of the country. It might even be improper for her husband to address him and offer his thanks for the preservation of his child, and congratulate him on his gallant defense of the rights of his country. What the one sex achieves by power, the other effects by expedients. The ever faithful Henrietta, having learned that there were several young naval officers in the town, determined to obtain an introduction to them through the interference of a friend. She spoke of the late engagement and of the part which the Lieutenant had taken in it, and then inquired if they knew him. One of the officers replied that he was his most intimate friend—that he possessed every vir-

tue, and was universally beloved by his companions—that he had returned in perfect health, as he had been informed. Beyond this she dared not go.

That night Henrietta communicated what she had learned; her companion went over it again and again, and held her in conversation until deep in the night. At last both fell away into a refreshing sleep, that "balm to hurt minds—that death of each day's life." The next morning Anna arose at an early hour; her heart was at least relieved, and she breathed more freely. Once more smiles played over her long saddened countenance. There was an exultation and healthfulness in her hopes, which lent a charm to everything around her. The secret cares of her toilet had been neglected; but now she was almost prepared to resume them.

As she was sitting alone one evening at the window of her room in the hotel, she was startled by the rushing of six or eight young men from a door of one of the parlors, into a paved yard that was in the rear of it, and which was covered by an arbor of vines. The night was excessively hot and close. Servants followed with chairs and a table, on which decanters of wine and glasses were placed. It seemed as if some old companions, who had long been separated, had suddenly met. Many inquiries were made by each of the other; but Anna could not hear the replies, owing to her distance from them. Henrietta joined her, and both

endeavored unsuccessfully to ascertain of whom this party was composed—whether of residents or strangers. Both hoped that the Lieutenant might possibly have arrived, yet each feared to communicate her thoughts to the other. The party soon became gay—the welkin rung with peals of laughter. Anna arose frequently, and paced the room with her hands folded on her bosom; her heart and temples throbbed. Then she reseated herself. Several songs were sung—one of which she had heard before. The voice she thought was that of the Lieutenant, and she so said to her companion.

At last universal stillness prevailed. The breezes from the sea were at rest. Looking out, Anna watched the immeasurably distant stars rolling through the firmament. Now and then she shed a solitary tear in the silence of the night, and poured forth those sighs which are not meant for human ear—but even these were mingled with the joy of hope. The welcome dawn arrived—welcome, because she longed for that certainty which would set her spirit free from the doubts by which it was tortured—until then, it was impossible that her mind could settle down into a peaceful calm.

Mr. H——— sallied forth to learn whether the Lieutenant had really arrived, and soon found that he had. Having ascertained his lodgings, he called. He congratulated himself that he was

at last able to return his acknowledgments for the rescue of his child; stated that his family was with him, and would be happy to see him. On receiving this kind and frank invitation, a deep glow passed over the countenance of the Lieutenant, who replied that he would do himself the honor to call in the morning. Mrs. H———, alive to the situation of her daughter, counseled her to control herself as much as possible.

Never did hours pass off so heavily as those which intervened between the time when Anna was apprised of the intended visit and its actual occurrence. She feared that she might betray her real feelings, from which her feminine delicacy shrunk back in dismay. True, her heart was full of nature, kind and forlorn, and had made a thousand tender sacrifices. She had long mourned in meekness, and a high and holy affection had taken possession of her. Her gratitude had opened the way to love, and she was unable to resist. Still the bare thought of revealing the secrets of her bosom shocked her; and yet she suffered no self-reproach, for she asked herself if the object on which she doted was not brave, generous, full of benevolence and manly gracefulness.

Anna arose with the sun. At the proper time she made her toilet with anxious care—attired herself in a rich dress, somewhat grave—decked out her hair with a modest ornament which she had

worn at the Springs, and of which the Lieutenant had expressed his admiration, to which she added a single flower. More than once she asked her friend how she looked—viewed herself in her mirror, and made some alterations which did not please her. She sat down and endeavored to drive away her agitation. But, in a few moments, she was again unconsciously on her feet. The family were seated in the parlor, when several visitors came in, who soon engaged in familiar conversation. In a short time the Lieutenant was announced, when Mr. H——— arose and met him at the door; his wife gave him a cordial welcome, and, with all the thoughtful readiness of woman, accompanied him to the side of the room where her daughter was sitting, remarking that she had been indisposed, but was now recovering. Anna attempted in vain to rise—she was dumb—but she extended her hand, which was cold, clammy, and nerveless; and which the Lieutenant took in the most respectful manner. He was painfully struck by her altered appearance, for she was no longer light and free—a gay image of cheerfulness and health—but was so fallen away that she looked like a lovely apparition, between life and death. His bosom was instantly filled with the deepest commiseration, and his equanimity was disturbed by a poignant distress. When he took leave he was invited to call again, for which he returned

his thanks. Anna expected and hoped that it would be soon—but she was disappointed, for he came not for several days. In this interval of anxious suspense her hopes sank and her spirits flagged.

At an earlier hour than usual, whilst the two friends were alone in the drawing room, the Lieutenant arrived. He was dressed in full uniform, and was unusually gay. He pressed his conversation upon Anna—spoke of her music—hoped she had not abandoned it—was tenderly solicitous about her health, and made many inquiries concerning their favorite acquaintances, who were at the White Sulphur with them, and even passed some flattering compliments upon herself. She felt her heart leap in her bosom—her cheeks were suffused with blushes—the emotions that possessed her were too delicious for utterance, even if her maiden modesty had permitted her to speak. When he was gone Anna observed that she had never seen him look so handsome before. Each succeeding day drew the brave young officer and the enamored girl closer together. He came often, and was surprised to find how long he had remained and how rapidly the hours had flown. She joined him in the performance of some pieces of music full of sentiment and passion.

The ladies were anxious to learn the minuter incidents of the recent battle, in which the Lieu-

tenant had been engaged, but which he modestly declined giving, until he was earnestly requested, when he favored them with the following narrative:

"On putting to sea a universal wish prevailed that we might meet a force every way equal to our own, and have a close, hard conflict. We almost envied those of our brethren who had already gathered so many and such rich laurels at the expense of the enemy. The sailors were in the best spirits —the lieutenants and midshipmen talked in their mess-rooms of nothing but fighting. Whenever a vessel came in sight every one was eagerly on the lookout. But all our hopes ended in disappointment. The discipline of the ship was perfect. At about eleven o'clock one morning the man at the main-top cried out 'a sail!' Everybody caught the word in an instant. Directions were given to put the ship about, and we were in full pursuit. Others were sent aloft, who confirmed the intelligence already given. The topsails of the stranger were first seen—then, after a long interval, her larger sails became visible. The boatswain blew his shrill whistle with more than his accustomed energy, and all hands were piped to quarters. The decks were cleared for action; the charges in the guns were drawn, and they were reloaded; the matches were lighted; the young officers flew to their posts; the powder boys assumed their appointed stations.

The commander paced the quarter deck, then halted and applied his glass to his long practiced eye; then called the first lieutenant of the ship, and made some new suggestions to him.

"The hostile ships gradually approached each other. The hull of the enemy slowly rose to the view, as though she was breaking from the bottomless deep. The wind blew freshly. She seemed to play with the ocean, and to ride wantonly on the white-capped waves. We ran up our flags and our antagonist did the same. She moved on proudly, and came so near, that by the aid of our spy-glasses, the number of her port-holes could be counted. To several discharges from our cannon she made a quick and defying reply. The long wished-for moment had arrived, for it was evident that a battle was inevitable. A whisper might have been heard amongst our people. As the sea was much agitated, it was a long time before we could attain the desired position, for the order of the captain was not to fire until we were so near that every shot would tell. The foe was equally busy with ourselves, and maneuvered for the advantage with a skill which extorted our admiration. Finally the word was passed—we gave three hearty cheers, and poured in a heavy broadside, which was returned. One of our guns was dismounted—four of our brave fellows were killed and five wounded. Our ship was put about, and

our batteries again vomited forth death and desolation upon our fearless enemy. As the opposing vessel as well as our own was thrown up by the waves, our gunners held up their fire; but as she descended they blazed away, and she was struck point-blank in her hull. After another round, her main-mast gave way and fell by the board with a heavy crash. At this our crew spontaneously raised a loud shout, and our veteran commander exclaimed in a paroxysm of feeling, and with an oath, "That ship is ours." A scattering fire at us was kept up for some time; but at last the proud banner of the enemy was hauled down and all resistance ended. An officer was dispatched to receive the sword of the vanquished but gallant leader. But he was overwhelmed by pity when he looked on the spectacle which his own valor had assisted in creating. The commander was just breathing his last. More than sixty men lay dead upon the decks, weltering in their blood; amongst them were two manly-looking lieutenants and several midshipmen, who had not yet lost the beauty and bloom of youth, and but a little while before had luxuriated in all the buoyancy and energy of robust health and joyful hopes. The common sailors and their superiors lay around promiscuously and unheeded amidst the groans of the wounded. The survivors, who were unhurt, de-

ported themselves with the dignity and gravity which became them in their misfortunes.

"After a slight examination, the vessel was found to be in an unmanageable wreck, which attested the skill of the victors, and the indomitable courage of the vanquished. At once the shouts of conquest were silenced by the sympathies of a generous humanity. Immediate steps were taken to save the persons and their property who were on board the sinking ship, which had already begun to settle. The pumps were kept going. Our boats as well as her own were gathered about her. The wounded, whose cries pierced every heart, were raised up and borne along by the rough sailors with all the gentle tenderness of mothers for their offspring. Each party spoke in a subdued and sorrowful tone. Those prisoners who came away, looked back upon the once proud barque in which they had marched over the mountain wave with unaffected and unrestrained grief. At last she went down suddenly and with a plunge—the dark blue waters closed over her, and she, with all her pale and lifeless tenants, was in the deep ocean buried. The last rays of the setting sun lingered on the far bounding sea. We then hoisted all sail and bore away from the scene of our glory."

Before he closed, the countenance of the narrator was elated—the tones of his voice became deep,

full and elevated. Both he and his auditory were moved by these affecting incidents.

Week after week passed away. Anna's eye beamed with all its former brightness. Her bosom heaved and spread—even her stature grew, and she moved with alacrity. The current of her thoughts became full and smooth. All the objects of nature around her—the rich verdure of the earth on which she trod—were clothed in their accustomed fascinations. She studied elaborately all the attractions of dress, and longed to meet the Lieutenant at the dance. For some time his attentions were free, cordial and devoted. But a gradual change came over him, and he delivered himself up to sadness and to gloom: a change which Anna accounted almost miraculous in a youth of such impetuous blood. Her keen perception quickly detected this unlooked-for revulsion in his feelings. His manner was embarrassed and constrained, and even wore an air of timidity and irresolution.

One evening about dusk the Lieutenant called. He seemed to have relapsed into a state of entire abstraction. After the usual salutations, he uttered not a word. At last Henrietta withdrew. Lifting up his chair, he seated himself near Anna—and, after a long pause, remarked: "When we first met at the White Sulphur my country was contending with a powerful enemy. My commission

had been given me at the earnest solicitation of a mother in humble circumstances—the wife of a brave and departed Revolutionary officer. It would have been impossible for me to abandon my post in a time of national danger, when honor was to be won at the cannon's mouth. Whilst on my visit to the Springs for the recovery of my health, a vehement affection took possession of me. I shuddered at the thought of any woman putting on a widow's weeds and mourning my premature fall, whilst she was yet in all the freshness of youth and beauty. I wrestled with my passion, and tore myself away, a bleeding victim, from the presence of her who had enkindled it. Then I had nothing to offer her but my person and my sword; now, nothing but my person, my sword, and the approbation of my country for my humble public services." Taking from his bosom a small case, he observed, "This was executed at my request by the painter whom we saw at the White Sulphur. From that hour to this, I have worn it next my heart. On each succeeding day I have gazed on it and have imprinted on it many a fervent kiss." Anna trembled as she received the present. Perceiving, on opening it, that it contained a likeness of herself, she shrieked, threw her white arms around his neck—fell upon his bosom—thanked God from the inmost recesses of her soul, and sobbed aloud.

VI

JOURNAL OF A LADY AT THE WHITE SULPHUR DURING THE SEASON, OF THE YEAR 1837

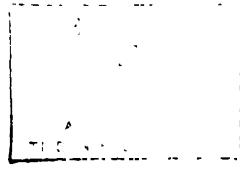
Tuesday, July, 1837.

IT is two weeks this day since I arrived here, and exactly three since leaving home, towards the end of June, where the flowers look brighter, and the birds sing sweeter with us than at any other time. I set out for this terrestrial paradise—so it was described to me then—(and such I have almost found it to be) to renovate my health by drinking of its sparkling waters, and while away the summer hours in mirth and gladness, among its green hills and smiling valleys.

Our party being among the first arrivals, we obtained excellent accommodations, which by a little tact and management we have been enabled thus far to retain exclusively for ourselves. I cannot but contrast the present aspect here of everything, with that which presented itself on our first arrival. Then everything was green and beautiful, as it is now, but more quiet than our own homes. We spent all the morning in our cabin,

South Carolina Row

Facing page 130



looking from time to time with eager eyes towards the highroad in the hope of being blessed with the sight of some traveling carriage; and when the few who were here met on the walk in the afternoon, the first inquiry was, What friends are coming? When will they be here? Now all is life, bustle and enjoyment, and each day brings an accession to our company. It was but this moment that I saw Mr. Anderson lead the way to Carolina Row, followed by a carriage and four, filled with ladies; the gentlemen of the party following on horseback.

Scarcely have we got through the rides and excursions of one day, ere new ones are proposed for the next. "Miss ——— has never been to Lewisburg, or Miss ——— has never seen the cascade, or would like to see it again. We must have a ride over to the Sweet Springs; we can dine at Crow's on the way back, and then be in time for the ball."

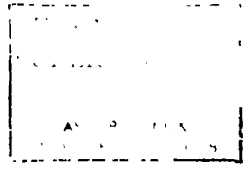
Such is the usual preface of conversation among a circle of some twenty persons. But there's the dinner bell, and as I saw pretty Mrs. K———'s maid run by just now with the curling tongs, I must stop writing in order to give a look at my own coiffure, or I shall not be in time to witness the grand entrée into the dining-hall.

After dinner I sauntered with the rest of the world into the ballroom, which is the only gen-

eral parlor here. Meeting with the J———'s, we sat down and had a long chat of more than an hour. As they expressed a wish, on leaving the room, to pay a visit in Baltimore Row, I accompanied them. We found the door closed, which signifies here, "not at home." We wrote our names and the hour of calling on one of the pillars of the piazza, and retraced our steps home. If we had had cards with us, it would have been in accordance with true etiquette to have placed them under the door. On reaching my room, I wrote a long letter to S——— entreating her to come and join us here. After tea I merely took two or three turns on the walk, and then came up to seal my letter for the mail, and make ready for the ball; which, by the bye, was the gayest and brightest we have had. "Murray" played with spirit, and we encouraged him by dancing until half-past ten —it was eleven before we had talked the day over, and as it is now some time after, I very cheerfully say good night.

Thursday, ———.

I had just fallen asleep last night when I was awakened by the sound of music. I listened. It came nearer and nearer, and I discovered it was the band serenading. At length they stopped beneath our window for half an hour, and then again passed on, stopping occasionally on their way,



Baltimore Row

Facing page 133

until the sounds were completely lost in the distance. Serenades are of nightly occurrence here. About three nights since, I listened to some of the sweetest music I had ever heard, from a guitar, a flute and three voices.

Apropos to serenades, I was much amused today by an anecdote related to me by a lady who had an active part in the scene. It seems that she and her cousin, a young lady of much romance and spirit, were here last summer, and the first among those who were most courted and admired. Two gentlemen, friends of theirs, were to leave the springs next morning, and from some intimation given during the day, the ladies understood that they were to receive that evening a farewell serenade.

"My cousin," continued she, "determined to reward them and proposed forming wreaths of flowers to be lowered to them at the conclusion of their song. After some little persuasion, I assented to the plan, and that day was spent in gathering the brightest flowers, and twining them with the dark green leaves of the laurel which grows in such abundance here into crowns for the expected troubadours. Night came, and about an hour after we had retired, we heard the anticipated sounds beneath the window; we immediately rose and, attaching strings of ribbon to the wreaths, we softly raised the sash and at the conclusion

of the first song lowered them to our friends below. There was a slight pause and then some whispering among the musicians as though they were consulting how they might best reward so flattering a return of their compliment to us, so we thought at least, and were confirmed in this opinion by their singing in conclusion one of our favorite songs.

"We retired in high spirits at what we considered the success of our little frolic. In the morning, on looking from the window as usual, to ascertain the state of the weather, what was our consternation at beholding withered and neglected on the ground the *wreaths* that we fondly imagined were on the road to the Warm Springs with the friends for whom they were intended and treasured by them as precious remembrances of ourselves. It so happened that the night had been dark, and we had been so cautious in our movements, that we were neither heard nor our offerings received. We instantly sent down our maid to rescue them from observation and could but laugh at the failure of a scheme, the supposed success of which had given us so much satisfaction the night before."

Saturday, ———.

About six o'clock this evening, a gay party of us were on our way to Briar-field, the residence

of Mrs. B———, about two miles from the springs, in the direction of Lewisburg, where we were invited to spend the evening, or as they say here, to a tea-drinking. In our rides to L———, the house which stands back from the road had frequently been pointed out, when seen in glimpses through the trees, as the dwelling of one of the most amiable of ladies, and one who was exceedingly fond of the society of young people, and always taking pleasure in contributing all in her power, in any way, to their happiness or amusement.

Upon our arrival, we found quite a sociable number had preceded us, and we were very cordially received by the kind hostess. Tea was handed, and the waiters were filled with such a profusion of good things, and creams, and warm pound-cake, that we forgot, for a while, in our delight, that we were more than three hundred miles from home in the mountains, but imagined ourselves on an evening visit to a country seat near the city.

After tea, leaving the elder portion of the company to amuse themselves as they pleased, we young people strolled into the garden, which may be easily perceived, from its flourishing condition, to be under the peculiar care of its mistress. The only spot I have seen in the neighborhood where flowers are cultivated.

The garden is extensively laid out, abounding in fruit trees, and currants and raspberries. A small arbor is covered with the multiflora rose and honey-suckle, and the borders of the walks are lined with the prettiest flowers, pinks, mignonette, heartsease, ambrosias, and stork jellies—all reminding us so much of our sweet garden at home.

The evening was beautifully clear and bright, but the dew beginning to fall, we were soon called into the house by our prudent friends, to the little vexation, no doubt, of some who were wandering off alone, to the less frequented paths of the garden, endeavoring, perchance, to tell their feelings in flowers, and drinking sentiment from tulip-cups and blushing rosebuds. Soon after our return to the house, we took leave of our amiable hostess, and returned to decorate our heads for the ball from the many pretty bouquets she had so generously presented us.

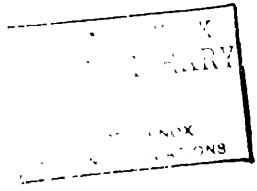
Monday, ———.

We are four in our cabin; C. and I. occupying one room, and having our front room to receive visitors, and our piazza for our music saloon. We are much better off than many of our acquaintances in Virginia Row, where they have but two apartments in each cabin.

We attended divine service on Sunday, in the

Another View of South Carolina Row

Facing page 136



ballroom, at eleven o'clock. There is no regular minister here, but generally some one is present to officiate on each Sabbath. The day is very religiously observed, more so than at most of the northern watering places, which is saying a good deal for the high tone and moral sense of the company, and in the midst of all our pleasures there is no little to be admired at it.

Wanting some barège for veils this morning, C. and I went over to the store, which is kept in the corner of Virginia Row. When we entered, we found the only person in attendance, then assisting a lady in trying a pair of gloves on a little boy of five years old, who persisted most pertinaciously in thrusting his four fingers into that part intended for his thumb alone, so we had time to look about us at the many fanciful things which were arranged rather promiscuously on the shelves: dry goods, buttons, nails, laces, silks, shoes, artificial flowers, perfumery, jewelry, and, in short, everything which could be wanted or asked for was to be had. Suspended from the ceiling, were tin buckets, hosiery, baskets, stage whips and horns, and numerous other trifles. The person who waited on us was more than civil, and finding what we wanted we came away much satisfied.

In the porch were a pair of scales, where we found a young lady affecting the delicate and interesting, quite shocked to find that she weighed

a hundred pounds. What must have been her contempt for me, who weigh one hundred and twenty-three? However, I am told a young lady may weigh 126 without exceeding the allowed compliment of *embonpoint* beauty.

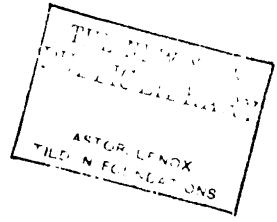
After dinner we heard some delightful music at the ballroom, both vocal and instrumental, from Mrs. ——— and her sister, Miss ———; it was so attractive that we remained there for some hours.

Wednesday, —.

We were invited to a lunch at the Colonnade this morning. We met there a very agreeable company of some dozen ladies and gentlemen; the refreshments were fine, and with much wit and good humor the two hours went off very pleasantly. The ball in the evening was quite gay; the order of the dance is two cotillions, then a waltz, the Spanish dance, or Virginia reel, being generally the finale; and to-night, for the first time, we had the German cotillion. One is often amused at the variety of style of dancing with different persons. We have every grade exhibited, from the ancient pigeon wing, and bobbing up and down of the country squire and miss, to the slide, or dignified walking through, of the more eastern Belle and Beau. I don't know exactly what our style can be called, but very likely it is thought *outré* by those who prefer their own.

Colonade Row

Facing page 138


ASTOR, LENOX

There is one gentleman here from Baltimore, who in defiance of his silver-tinged locks, seems to enjoy his dance as much as the youngest among the company; he scorns the modern introduction of boots (and there I think him right), and seems to point the toe of his well-polished pump with peculiar emphasis where the heel of some reckless Wellington passes before him.

It is impossible not to meet with some eccentricities and oddities of dress among every company gathered at a watering place; still I do wish frock coats were entirely banished from the ballroom, and gloves more generally introduced. In a company, for the most part so select as that now here, the improprieties in dress above alluded to strike one the more glaringly.

Thursday, August—.

This is the commencement of August, called the gay month, and persons are flocking here from all quarters; more than fifty each day have to be denied admittance. The southerners, from the lower counties of Virginia and elsewhere continue to arrive, most of them have cabins provided, and their coming is anticipated.

After breakfast this morning, we returned to our cabins, and remained on the piazza chatting with our neighbors, and watching the departure of the gentlemen for the hunt; this is the begin-

ning of the hunting season, and their preparations are all new to us.

After reading the letters from home, I took my work and sat all the morning with dear Mrs. ———, who is, without exception, one of the most charming old ladies I have ever met with; I found her conversation so instructive and interesting, that I remained with her until the appearance of the cake man reminded me that it was after twelve. This person is of no little importance here; he carries a large wooden tray, suspended from his shoulders by a leather strap, and on it is scattered in confusion cakes and *crackers* and candies; he makes his rounds every day about noon, when having nothing to do, we have time to feel hungry—he ever meets with a ready welcome.

At dinner every one was very gay. The gentlemen were in fine spirits at the success of their morning expedition, having brought in two fine deer, one of them said to have been killed by Col. H———, of Carolina, who is invariably successful.

After dinner I went into the ballroom to procure from the leader of the band a very beautiful waltz that is quite a favorite here, and as it was very warm returned home, and spent the greater part of the afternoon in copying it. At sundown, Mrs. ——— called in her barouche with her niece

and Mr. ——— and asked me to ride. I readily acceded to her proposal, and the evening being very fine we drove as far as the Greenbrier bridge, and from being inspired by the scenery, I suppose, we entered all of us into a very sentimental conversation. We staid out so late, that on our return we found tea was over, and all of the walks and lawns lined with the gay and happy. The table was not entirely cleared, however, and we managed to have our supper very comfortably. We strolled round afterwards, to one of the white cottages, and found a laughing party engaged at cards, playing old maid; we remained until one of us was left with the queen, but had no patience to stay any longer.

The ball was more brilliant than last evening, and when we left it, the room was shining so brightly, and the night altogether so fine, that a party of us walked to the spring, to take our last glass of water there, instead of having it brought to us as usual.

The President arrived last evening, Saturday, ———. A large party of gentlemen went out in carriages and on horseback to meet him, and welcome him to the White Sulphur. The cavalcade came in about dark, in a cloud of dust. We have had no rain here for several weeks. The ball, it is thought, will be uncommonly attractive to-night, so many distinguished persons having ar-

rived, and we have been practicing the German cotillion and Spanish dance for the last two days, to make a sensation to-night. Our waltzing company is on the increase; we have several now from New York, Baltimore, Washington and Richmond.

Tuesday, ———.

I find a blank space of two days in my journal. We have been talking over the events and pleasures of last night. The President was there, and a great many new comers. The ladies were more dressed than ordinary, and the music played remarkably well. We also had pretty bouquets sent us during the evening, which we sported.

We had the Spanish dance, introduced here, first by a gay party of Floridians, and we all acquitted ourselves very well. Gen. H——— led off with Mrs. ———. The company remained until after twelve o'clock. Miss ———, of Virginia, dropped a very costly bracelet in the walk on Sunday evening—it was returned to her the same night, by a gentleman, with the following lines anonymously:

Fair lady! there ne'er was a pleasure like mine—
That this bracelet which dropped from an arm so divine,
Should by chance, so unlook'd for, have fallen to me,
To restore the bright treasure uninjured to thee.

It must have been sever'd, unlinked from its tie,
By some throb of affection as tremulously
From the deep spring, the heart, it unresistingly stole,
And buoyantly broke from the passion's control.

But be that as it may, I fondly shall treasure
The time, and that moment of joy and of pleasure,
When in transport of feeling, delighted I pressed,
This pretty *bijou*, you so oft have caressed.

Wednesday, ———.

We remained at home this evening, and received a great many visitors. C. keeps a list of all who call during the day. We have had a discussion with several gentlemen as to the exact height of the Venus de Medici, the standard for all beauties; there was much differing on the subject: Mr. ——— said her height was four feet two inches, and Mr. ——— was certain she was five feet four, while Mr. ———, who had seen the original at Florence, denied her being four foot nine inches, in the position she stands. It was well perhaps that the point was undecided, as several ladies who were present, can now liken themselves to the Venus in stature.

We are to have a musical party this evening—a concert! and have been very busy all the afternoon in arranging and enlarging our drawing-

room. We expect something of a squeeze. The gentlemen will have to occupy the piazza, and we must borrow all of our neighbor's chairs.

Thursday, ———.

Our *soirée musicale* went off delightfully last evening, every one came we expected, and we had some very fine music. Mrs. ———, of Nashville, sang the "Banks of Ganges" with the guitar, and accompanied by Mr. ———, with his voice and violin, and the sweet little song of "My Normandy." Mrs. ———, of Mobile, also charmed us with some pretty Spanish airs on the guitar.

We have set the fashion, and concerts are to be the rage. Mrs. ——— promises one to-morrow evening at the veranda, and Miss ——— will have one next week at the colonnade. We must so arrange it as not to interfere with the ball.

Friday, ———.

Captain Marryat, the celebrated novelist, has been here for some days. We had a long conversation yesterday upon many pleasant topics, and I was agreeably disappointed from what had been said of his rough manners and address. He is perhaps not very prepossessing in his appearance at first, being a thick-set, gruff-looking man, and having a reserved look to a stranger; but this

soon wears off on an acquaintance, and his eye has a sparkle of life and humor: and he has much anecdote.

In speaking yesterday, of one of the great poets of England of the present day, he said it was somewhat curious that the person to whom he went to school in his young days, and by whom he had been flogged so often, that after he had become the editor of the *Metropolitan* he should then have had the pleasure of paying him back in coin, at the rate of so many guineas for each flagellation.

The phrenologists here have been to request an examination of his head. He showed us the chart: Ideality, very large—Humor, large—Wit, very little. It also makes him out a very modest and diffident man, which the captain says is about the only point on which the disciples of Combe agree in relation to him.

He says he never commenced writing, for publication, until as late as 1829. He has written with great rapidity since. We should infer, from his conversation, that he prefers the "King's Own" to most of his works, and after that the "Pacha of Many Tales."

He is writing a book on America. I hope he will speak well of our party, and not forget the ladies he danced with at White Sulphur.

It rained during part of this morning, which made the ground so wet as to oblige us not only to breakfast, but dine and sup in our cabin. It is amusing, such a day as this, to watch the waiters going in every direction, carrying the various meals to the different cabins.

Mrs. L——— and her daughter, being next door neighbors, came in to dine with us, and Mr. P——— and several gentlemen joined us at tea on the porch. We sat until after ten o'clock, listening to the news of the day, and were about retiring when the sound of Mr. ———'s guitar, in Paradise Row, induced us to remain a while, to listen to its delightful tones, which he can so well draw out.

"Were it some hours later," said B———, "I should imagine the music proceeded from the lute of the White Phantom." He was instantly called upon to explain. "Do you not know," replied he, "that every dark night, as the clock strikes twelve, there is to be seen a phantom lady in white, on the hill behind Paradise Row, who walks slowly round the brow of it, singing to a silver lute, sometimes a guitar, and should any serenader protract his song until that late hour, she immediately joins him in his hymn to beauty.

"This is firmly believed, I assure you," continued he, "by many persons near here, and indeed I thought one night I had the fortune to

Paradise Row

Facing page 146

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ASTOR, LENOX
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behold her, but on nearer approach I discovered what I took to be her flowing robe was only a glancing moonbeam, and the sound of her lute was only the echo of my own instrument; nevertheless, you must not doubt her existence." We promised to keep a good lookout for the white lady, and bade our company good-night.

THE PHANTOM OF PARADISE ROW[1]

Lady in white!
Who walk'st at night,
Alone at the dreary hour,
Come tell to me,
If thou art she,
Who haunts the wood and bower.

"Yes, I am she,
Who wanders free,
O'er the hills of Paradise;

[1]The story of the Lady in White, the Ghost of Paradise Row, is one which originated from a tragedy that occurred about 1820. In the early days the incident was well known, but the practical destruction of the family by the war and its incidents made the occurrence a tradition rather than a fact. Some time ago the writer met the great-granddaughter of one of the principals in the tragedy, who told him generally the story and informed him that her grandmother knew all the actual facts. Calling on her grandmother, whom the ever-reaching hands were even then caressing, the dear old lady gave me all the details of the long forgotten tragedy, whose memory haunts Paradise. I asked her permission to publish the facts, which seemed not to be known to any other persons alive; but alas! after giving me the most interesting story she sealed my lips until other times.—W. A. M.

And vigil keeps,
While beauty sleeps,
And watch till darkness flies.

I once was gay,
I loved the day,
But doom'd by a fairy's power,
When the moon is dull,
By the beautiful,
I roam at the midnight hour.
I music bring,
And often fling
Leaves of the sweetest roses,
Where beauty lies,
With half closed eyes,
And modestly reposes.

Lady in white!
Thy words are bright,
Come bring thy music and flowers,
Come wander here,
From year to year,
And rest in our woods and bowers.

Monday, ———.

We went to Lover's Retreat, this evening, for the first time. C. and I, with two gentlemen, who called for us at the appointed time, five o'clock. Upon going to the door, we were a little surprised to know that we were to walk, but Mr. ——— said that it would spoil the poetry of the expedition if

we were to ride, and, besides, the place was unapproachable in a carriage; so we started, rambled through the woods for more than two miles over bramble and briar, and at last came to this much-celebrated spot, in a very lonely part of the wood, which had been the scene of so many courtships, and romantic adventures; which had been written in verse, and metered in song. We sat down by the side of the large rock, where many had whispered before us, and tried to feel very sentimental.

The trees in our immediate presence were carved with names and initials, some of which the bark had overgrown, and many unintelligible. One of the gentlemen with us was very conversant with all the technicalities of the spot, having been here frequently before; and having as many interesting descriptions of the persons who had figured here at various times, with many amusing details.

He asked us if we had never heard the story of the Count; he said it was a romance in real life —a story of every day—and that he had been an eye-witness to many of the leading incidents of the drama.

"About four years ago," continued he, "there came to the White Sulphur, during the most fashionable season, an elderly lady and her daughter, from the north. The daughter was reputed wealthy, too wealthy for men of moderate pre-

tensions to make their advances, and none sought an introduction; and even if they wished it, who knew them? They never came to the ballroom, and their only escort appeared to be a foreign Count—he attended them to their meals, and in their walks; and while in public his attention was most marked to the mother, in the sylvan shades it was said he was most fascinated with the young lady.

"A gayer company of some four hundred had never perhaps assembled than was at the White Sulphur during the summer of 183—. The belles were many and beautiful, the balls were crowded, and the green lawn each evening presented a fairy scene, in groups of ladies and gentlemen, straying like gypsying parties through the walks and groves, and the delightful interchanges of visits from one bright cottage to another, rendered a month of such enjoyment an event of real pleasure in the life of a visitor. Almost the entire company seemed, in their social intercourse, as though they all belonged to the same household, or had been acquainted for years.

"There were three visitors, two ladies and the Count, who kept aloof, and had no social intermingling with the rest. They had spent over a fortnight at the Springs without making scarcely a single acquaintance. Conduct so marked could not fail in such a company to draw forth remarks

and surmises. The Count was still assiduous in his attention to the daughter. They would stroll to 'Lover's Retreat' in the evening and sing duets over the piano when no one was present.

"It was rumored they were engaged, and many said that while the mother liked the Count for his title, the Count courted the daughter for her wealth.

"They had been here about three weeks, when the young lady, one evening, made her first appearance in the ballroom. Its attractions had been thrown out to her by a gentleman who, by some means, had made her acquaintance, and she had been prevailed on to attend. She was much admired for her figure and grace, and she danced and enjoyed herself very much. Many gentlemen claimed an introduction; she was courted, and surrounded—she became a Belle. Many gallants were in her train next day, while the poor Count was evidently thrown in the background.

"It was at this time" (continued B.), "that I became acquainted with the Count, and found him a very clever person; he was evidently very much in love, and almost distracted at the growing coolness of the lady.

"It was said that she never really encouraged his attentions, and that but for the mother she would have avoided a frequent intercourse, and

knowing no one at the time she was somewhat dependent on him.

"A few weeks went by, the lady still a Belle, and the Count evidently neglected.

"The season passed, and the party left the Springs. On their arrival at Philadelphia, at a boarding house, whither the Count followed (it was at a boarding house where he had first seen her)—The lady wrote him a letter, forbidding his further visits or attentions. The next morning the Count was dead—he had taken laudanum on the night he received the letter discarding him, and had dreamed away existence."

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owned,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Wednesday, ———.

Our kind friend, Mr. ———, has been to visit us this morning, bringing with him his rods and fishing tackle, and leaving for us a basket of little delicacies which he had caught in the creek. He says he came to the Springs determined to enjoy himself in his own way, and he spends his mornings in rambling and angling, and collecting shells and fossils from the banks of the many

streams, and exploring the curiosities of the neighborhood. He says there are glades, and tumbling cataracts, and cascades, and shady retreats all around, that none of us gay people ever visit or hear of, and that on the top of one of the mountains directly over us is a glassy lake where the wild deer come to drink at all hours. He visits the old men in the mountains, some of them the original settlers, who give him the history of the country, and he learns from them many curious stories.

He has been prevailing on us to accompany him in one of his morning tours, and gather wild flowers, and has promised C. ——— to make her a collection of pretty butterflies. He says he hears that we are great Belles, and while other gentlemen dance with us, he'll fish for us. He tells us, moreover, that the White Sulphur water is very serviceable to the teeth, and that the frequent use of it has a wonderful effect in improving the complexion.

Friday, ———.

A traveling museum has been in the neighborhood for some days, which a great many have been to see. This evening, when the company had gone to tea, C. and I and Aunt, and Mr. ——— went to make it a visit, feeling inclined for novelty in any shape. There were two large wagons

painted red, and joined together, making two apartments, where the curiosities were displayed in their grotesque order. It was Peale's Museum in miniature, for they appeared to have a little of everything curious, wolves, bears, wax figures, Indian dresses and arrows, a large crocodile, shells, minerals, and many strings of rattles.

Among the many beautifully prepared birds was a large white Albatross, of rare size, the first we had ever seen. The poet Coleridge has immortalized this bird, and we looked upon it with more interest than anything in the collection. The keeper gave us most glowing and fancy descriptions of all the wonders of his cabinet. One of the wax figures represented Alexander Selkirk, and he assured us that the rusty pistol in his hand was the very same which this celebrated personage had used while in solitude on the island.

We left the Museum, and continued our stroll to the top of the hill, near the Colonnade, where we joined the promenaders, who had returned from tea, and were enjoying the fine view which is here had at sunset.

We came home, where C. ——— found a bouquet filled with ambrosia and mignonette, which had been sent to her, and which determined her to go to the ball this evening; although tomorrow will be the day of the great picnic.

LINES TO THE ALBATROSS

Bird of the light and snowy wing!
  Fair harbinger of cheer!—
Whither now, from thy wandering,
  Say, Albatross! why here?

Thy home is in the far-off isles,
  Beyond the southern sea,
In lands where summer never smiles;
  No visitant but thee.

Where hast thou been?—what hast thou seen?
  In crossing o'er the main,
When floating like a fairy queen,
  Above the winds and rain.

Where didst thou live?—where is thy mate?
  What sailor captured thee?
While thou wert in the air elate,
  With pinions broad and free.

I follow thee, thro' ether sky,
  I am with thee and thine;
I see thee from the dolphin fly,
  And leave the fisher's line.

I live with thee—thro' many days
  Of storm and tempest loud,—
And hear thee sing thy evening lays
  Above the flapping shroud.

I hear thy scream of the wildest note,—
A rifted wreck goes by;
Thy dirge is o'er a lifeless boat,
The ocean gives a sigh.

Proud bird! thou hast been sailing long
All over sea and shore,
But none again will hear thy song,
Thy wing will tire no more.

What brought thee death I do not know,
But Albatross, I fear
It reach'd thee from some whizzing bow
Of ancient Mariner.

Monday, ———.

This morning being the one fixed on for the great picnic, which had been in agitation for the last week, many an anxious eye was turned towards the sky to ascertain if it was favorable to our wishes and the proposed amusement of the day. All above gave promise of the full enjoyment hoped for below. Contrary to the usual custom, there was no stopping after breakfast to chat in the ballroom, nor loitering at the Spring or on the walk, but all (the ladies) hastily retreated to their cabins to change their morning costume, and decide upon one more becoming the day's excursion. Dresses, that had long been imprisoned in the imperial, were now brought out to do honor

to the occasion. As each lady had been requested to don her favorite color, no little hesitation ensued as to the adoption of blue, pink, green, etc. Even good old Mrs. ——— entered into the excitement, and emancipated from the bandbox a new blond cap that had been carefully put by in reservation for the President's reception.

We had the pleasure of seeing depart at an early hour the wagon, containing the numerous refreshments, and about ten o'clock the sound of many carriages approaching the different rows to receive their destined inmates—the cries of children at being left behind—the calling of mamas for their daughters, who having been ready for the last half-hour, were now making sure, at their glasses, of their bonnets being tied, with a due regard to a becoming inclination to their left side, their ringlets being just enough out of curl to look interesting; and the merry laugh of these as, returning with renewed confidence, they jumped gayly into the carriage, family barouche—or more exclusive buggy, all announced the signal of departure, and in obedience to its call, we were every one on our way to the scene of enchantment by eleven o'clock.

Every description of vehicle on the place was put in requisition; even an old sleigh was allowed to remain stationary only because wheels could not be found to attach to it. We followed the Lewis-

burg road, as far as Greenbriar mountain, then diverging suddenly, we found ourselves free from dust, and pursuing a winding road through the woods; at about twelve o'clock we were brought within a quarter of a mile of our destination; this last part of our jaunt we were to make on foot, much to the distress of Miss Lilly, who never having been on a picnic in the mountains, picturing to herself a smooth turf and a dance on the green, had ventured out in satin shoes, which were but little calculated to encounter the stones, logs, and brambles which we were now crossing at every step.

The spot selected for our rendezvous was a large green, some yards in extent, enclosed on one side by abrupt and overhanging rocks at whose base bubbled a clear and beautiful spring, and precluded from the road by rows of thick branching trees. Around were thrown immense logs of trees, which were to serve us as seats, and the wild rose and honeysuckle were growing in the vicinity.

A table of rude planks had been hastily put together on which the servants were busily employed in laying the cloth, and making the necessary preparations for our *déjeuner à la forchette.* And as an hour would elapse before their arrangements would be completed, the merriest of us determined to employ our time on a voyage of discovery through the neighboring woods.

We wandered for half an hour, penetrating the darkest and most romantic looking glades, and making bouquets and wreaths of the wild flowers. Our progress at one time was somewhat retarded by a broad stream, which required no little activity to clear. Miss J——— being somewhat timid, Mr. ——— gallantly caught her in his arms and bore her across, amid the bravos of the gentlemen, and the approving smiles of the ladies.

Upon our return, we found the rest of the company in high glee, and awaiting our reappearance. The collation had by this time been spread, and very soon the champagne was circulating, and merriment prevailed, while the band of music, stationed in the trees at a little distance, played their sweetest tunes, though their sounds were nearly lost in the peals of our own laughter and delight. Chairs being scarce, many preferred taking their cold chicken *tête-à-tête* on a log, or forming a *partie carrée* on some neighboring stumps made comfortable seats, by the gentlemen converting their cloaks into cushions. Mr. ———, of Virginia, sung his charming songs, accompanied by his guitar, his example was followed by several of the company, ladies and gentlemen, and four hours went by gaily and swiftly.

The younger portion were somewhat startled at being told that it was time to go. Some one of the party had a London paper, printed in gold

letters, giving an account of the late coronation, and before we departed, at the suggestion of Mr. ———, we all drank, in champagne, the health of Queen Victoria!

We arrived at the Springs in fine time for the ball, which passed off in uncommon brilliancy. Miss Lilly's satin slipper came into play, with much more effect than in our morning's ramble, and she enjoyed her dance to the utmost, though it was not on a green turf, and after a shepherd's pipe.

Tuesday, ———.

The picnic of yesterday, and the ball of last night, have been all the talk to-day. The ball was uncommonly brilliant and the dancers were gay and spirited. The L———'s were to have left this morning and this was their farewell ball; we lose at their departure some of our most esteemed acquaintances, who have joined with us in all sports for the last six weeks. This is one of the horrors of a watering place; the parting with friends with whom we have been thrown together in so many intimate ways during the season, and friendships thus formed by persons who are strangers on their first meeting, are generally of the most agreeable and endearing kind, and often the most lasting.

We have had much of the scene of the last night

before us, in our cabin this morning, from the amusing descriptions of persons and things, by P———. He is a great caricaturist, but is very good natured. This is a talent which is entertaining at times, when not too far indulged in, or too much encouraged. He says there was no room for him to dance, so he took his station by the piano as an observer.

He described all the elderly ladies seated round the room on the settees, with their blond caps, giving countenance to the dance, and with double view of engaging the attention of a distinguished Bachelor. The young women who stand in each recess in groups, knowing no partner, and not dancing, he styles as wall-flowers. He decries most vehemently against gentlemen carrying their hats in the cotillion, as a mark of indifference to their partners and the other dancers. And he says that the country beaus who appear with their black stocks and big shoes eat up all the refreshments. We never knew before that the entertainments which are so abundantly supplied at the balls are afforded by the liberality of the proprietors. Waiters are handed during all the evening with wine and other inviting nic-nac.

In the great variety of dressing here, and in the eccentricities of taste, many ladies of very small stature wear feathers and turbans, which P——— describes as very unbecoming.

He thinks it requires a woman of very fine figure and appearance to do credit to a feather or a turban. In alluding to a young lady who persists in wearing a red spencer every night, he assured us that it was not the damsel's fault—that she was quite uneasy in her dress, and averse to coming to the balls, but that her grandma each evening after tea fastens on her red jacket, and bids her go forth to subdue and make her fortune.

He told us our remarks on dress reminded him of having once been at an election ball at a tavern somewhere in Maryland, where he was introduced to the daughter of the host, a pretty, sprightly girl; that when he first saw her she was dressed in white, —and at the close of every two sets of cotillions she would disappear and reappear in a new color. He had seen her in white, pink, blue, green, and yellow, and upon complimenting her on her last appearance she remarked that "she had only made six changes, that there was one more to come, and then she would shine."

Thursday, ———.

We have been occupied this morning in pressing flowers, many of them wild ones, which grow in such luxuriance here, and some of rare beauty. We will take them home, and they will serve to remind us at some future day of our present enjoyments and pleasures.

Some several years hence they will look as fresh as ever, and the rose leaves will have a sweeter perfume than now; while our faces may be withered and we no longer beautiful. Horrid thought,—but nevertheless 'tis true. Some of these flowers have been presents to us from friends we may never see again, and some we have gathered on sunny mornings in the woods, when all around us was bright and beautiful and gay hearts accompanied us.

They will remain here in their imprisoned sheets, silent, but speaking memorials of days that were fragrant to us.

The most minute incidents of our life often lead to the most important results in our after dealings, and those whose lives are most crowded with strongly marked events can generally trace their origin to some trifling circumstances, hardly chronicled in the memory of the occurrence, and that would quickly fade from the mind if they were not really the starting links in the great chain of human events.

How often has a kind look given the first impulse to the quick throb of love so ever ready to vibrate in the human heart. How often has a leaf been the mute though eloquent messenger of communicating tender thoughts from heart to heart, and finally united in destiny, the giver and receiver. How often too, alas! has the slightest in-

cident separated forever those who, but for its occurrence, would have united in one, like two summer clouds; or moved in unison, like the meeting of two mountain streams.

August 25th.

The gentlemen have all gone to a great dinner given to the President, at the Greenbriar bridge to-day, and the ladies are left entirely to themselves. I sent some English newspapers to Mrs. ——— this morning, which we had received from New York. She is very fond of such reading, and though *no one* line escapes her vigilance, her memory is so short, or so little troubled with what she reads, that you may send her the same journal three times over, and she will peruse it as eagerly as at first. This is the last week in August, and many talk of leaving very soon. A large number of our acquaintances are only waiting for rain. Our Baltimore friends in Carolina Row leave us to-morrow. They will remain one week at the Sweet Springs, then to the Warm—the great gathering place at the close of the season, and then home.

As the hour of parting and the close of the season draw near, we all begin to feel a little melancholy, but there must be an end to all pleasures, and why should we grieve, who have run through such a season of delight.

Thanks to some Troubadours for a sweet serenade last night.

September 4.

More than two hundred persons, nearly one-half of our company, will leave here by Saturday, and in another week there will not perhaps be one hundred at the White Sulphur. We remain near two weeks longer. We understand from those who have experienced it, that the latter part of September is the most pleasant period in the mountains, and that during the month of October they have here the finest Indian Summer, which continues until near Christmas. Most persons leave here too soon; on the general day of breaking up, the first Monday in September, all follow, save a few Southern families, and some of the lovers of nature.

The President is at the Sweet Springs, and we hear the place is crowded with company.

The ladies of our party, and a few of our friends are going on a serenading expedition to-night. . . .

September 10.

Another week gone, and nearly all our friends have departed, we have been taking leave during that time—each morning and evening with tears in our eyes of our many acquaintances. The S.'s were

the last to leave us to-day; as their carriage drove round by Carolina Row the gentlemen and nearly all the company present waved their handkerchiefs, and they departed with universal regret. We all felt lonely for the remainder of the day.

Several entire rows are closed; and the lawn is quite silent. Mr. Anderson is not so busy now; he has called at our cabin several times in the last few days to know if we wanted a chair or a second table.

The ballroom is deserted; we formed but one cotillion last evening, and the musicians seemed quite out of spirits.

The evenings are now most beautiful for walking and driving.

I took a solitary walk this evening to the top of the hill, near the Colonnade, and sat down, and thought of all that had passed since our first arrival at the Springs. It was at the time of sunset, and the golden hues were tingeing the green trees of the mountains; the air was soft—the sky unclouded; singular feelings came over me, and I fell into a dreaming reverie.

"Are there not times?" says Mrs. Jamieson—"when we turn with indifference from the finest picture or statue—the most improving book—the most amusing poem; and when the very commonest and everyday beauties of nature, a soft evening, a lovely landscape, the moon riding in her glory

through a clouded sky, without forcing or asking our attention, sink into our hearts?"

I thought of the many bright faces, and gay hearts, with whom we had mingled this summer —the loves, and the courtships,—and the pleasures of each passing day. All were now gone. The company had separated for their respective homes: Some had come, fresh, and alive for novelty and enjoyment, and had left delighted; some with hearts beating with love, and anxious for conquest, had gone away disappointed. Some who had been more fortunate in their feelings, and attachments; and in the attentions they had received, had left, pleased, and anticipating future happiness. . . .

September 12.

We have had a letter from the Warm Springs, the place is thronging with company, and they all knowing each other enjoy themselves exceedingly. The ballroom we hear is very brilliant, and all are in the finest spirits.

They make excursions there, during the evening, to the Warm Spring Rock, to the top of which a Virginia lady once ascended on horseback; where they let the eye feast, and the soul drink in inspiration from the glorious beauties of the surrounding scenery.

Near the Warm Springs also is a tumbling cataract of more than two hundred feet in fall, which

but few have ever visited. We shall certainly go there on our return.

We are to leave the White Sulphur to-morrow morning after breakfast. We have been round to take leave of all who are here. We have visited for the last time, this evening, each spot made dear to us from association; and taken a lingering farewell look of them all.

We looked in at the ballroom at nine o'clock. There were but four ladies present, and the music was endeavoring in vain to call forth the spirit of the dance.

I am afraid to read to-night anything that I have heretofore written in my journal. I have been recreant to my intention; have put down but half what I should; and neglected to insert many better things. Hark, there is music; 'tis a farewell serenade beneath our window. They are playing and singing "Home, sweet home."

No whisper!—hear
  That soft, sweet song,
To me most dear.
  I've lov'd it long.
It comes to me at the silent night,
And it fills the soul with calm delight.

I've heard that strain
  In times before,

Breathe it again;
I'll ask no more.
My heart goes back—and I long to roam,
In the garden paths of my own home.

Thursday, September 13.

We have breakfasted. Our carriages are at the door, and we will leave it in a few minutes. Our friends are in the piazza, come to say "Good-bye." These are the last lines I shall write in my journal, and I have but one moment more. The maid who is strapping my trunk is almost in tears; and says she is sorry we are going.

We are called. I must conclude. Farewell, White Sulphur. Farewell to thy scenes and thy pleasures, and thy oak shades, and thy beautiful fountain; farewell to Paradise Row, and the Gothic cottage, and the Colonnade. Good-bye, Mr. Anderson; good-bye, Davy, Duncan. Farewell to you all!

VII

THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS IN 1839[1]

O tell me not of other skies!
The charms that foreign landscapes wear;
Within our own bright borders rise—
Hills and scenes as grand—as fair.

THE White Sulphur Spring is in the county of Greenbrier, western Virginia, embosomed in a beautiful valley, where the mountains recede on a sudden, forming at first an irregular opening, which at a little distance widens into an extensive plain. The main road runs directly through the valley, passing on one side the enclosure containing the spring and the principal improvements; then crossing the long meadows and finally losing itself in the shade of the mountain at the further end.

When we arrived at the springs the company were going to dinner, and all the walks and avenues leading from the different cabins were streaming with lively forms. A band of music

[1] Being extracts from *The White Sulphur Papers*, published in 1839 by Mark Pencil, Esq., which are here reprinted without alteration of the original text.—W. A. M.

View from the Grounds of the White Sulphur

Facing page 170

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was playing gayly in the portico of the dining hall; and the whole face of things had the look of enchantment. It seemed to us travelers, arriving at such a time, as if the inhabitants of some fairy isle were turning out to welcome the coming of expected strangers.

Our coach door was opened by Major Anderson, who assigned to us our respective quarters. The ladies of the party were escorted to Paradise Row, and the single gentlemen were sent some to Spring Row and others to Wolf Row, which latter place is reserved for bachelors, amateurs and philosophers.

The grounds are laid out very prettily with gravel walks intersecting the green lawns, and the area is bordered on all sides by rows of neat cabins, some of them a very attractive appearance. The whole looks like a well laid out little town. A countryman from the west, not long since, in passing by the springs late in October, when the place was quite deserted, was heard to remark that he saw a great many houses in the village, but very few people.

On the front square stands a large frame building containing the dining-room, the public-room, and the offices. A portico runs the whole length of this edifice, forming a fine promenade in wet weather. Near to this in a similar building is the ballroom, with lodging apartments above.

Immediately in front of these, on the acclivity of the hill, which overlooks the plain, and sweeping round before you, is Alabama Row, which extends as far as the large center building, where it is joined by Paradise Row, which has a similar range. The cabins which form these ranges are all built of brick, with little piazzas in front. Carolina Row fronts the walk from the spring beyond, which are Baltimore—Virginia—and Georgia Rows. There are besides many beautiful cabins on various parts of the premises, which are reserved for private families, who spend their summers here.

A new row of six ornamental veranda cottages has lately been erected on a line with Paradise Row, and four large brick buildings on the hill beyond, the latter being occupied by Carolinians. The accommodations are at present sufficient for six hundred persons. A large hotel is about being erected in the course of another year, which will accommodate several hundred more. At present each family or party resides in a separate cabin, being lords of their own castles for the time being, which is perhaps the most preferable mode of living.

The noble fountain is immediately in front of Spring Row, and can be seen from any part of the square. It is ornamented by a handsome dome, supported by twelve pillars, which is surmounted

by a statue representing Hygeia. There are circular seats beneath, and the area is roomy enough for near one hundred persons seated and standing.

The water flows in an octagonal basin about three feet and a half in depth, and gushes from an aperture in the white rocks, which line the sides of the reservoir. It sparkles in the glass like liquid crystal, and it gives the frame of the invalid new vigor at every draught.

It has a very strong smell of sulphur, and at first is not so pleasant to the taste, but after a few days this is not perceptible by the visitor, and he becomes very fond of it, desiring no other beverage. It cures almost every disease; for affections of the liver—and for dyspepsia of whatever kind it is peculiarly recommended. It produces the most enviable appetites—brings color to the cheek —exhilarates the spirits, and lengthens life.

The stream from the spring is very copious, and supplies the bathhouses in the immediate vicinity. The old bathhouse has been removed within the last year, and a large and improved one, with dressing-rooms and other conveniences, has been erected on the same site.

Thus much for the topography of the White Sulphur; we will leave the reader at the spring, promising to chronicle in coming chapters the amusements and pleasures of this delightful place. . . .

The season at the White Sulphur commences early in June; the most fashionable period is from the middle of July till the second week in September, and during the month of August the gaiety is at its height.

It was now late in July, and the place was thronging with visitors; numbers daily not being able to gain admittance were obliged to quarter in the neighborhood, or turn off to some of the other springs, and there remain until they could be accommodated.

The amusements here are various, and the days go by very rapidly to those who are determined to enjoy themselves.

In the morning before breakfast the spring is the first resort by all who wish to drink the waters and exchange the salutations of the day. This is an exciting time, and for one hour the whole area around the spring is crowded with the old, the young, the gay, and the invalid.

At eight o'clock comes breakfast, when the tables are plentifully supplied with the best bread ever baked, and all the other necessaries to anticipate the finest appetites.

After breakfast the company disperse in various ways—some to their cabins, to prepare for visitors, and for visiting—some to the drawing-room for music—some ride on horseback—some walk—parties are arranged for a dinner at Crow's

—a picnic on the Greenbrier, or an excursion to Lewisburg. There is a very good store where everything can be bought—and many shopping. Gentlemen who have nothing to do amuse themselves at whist—some play billiards—others exercise at nine pins, or with the gymnasium—and the hunters prepare for a chase, and so passes the day until dinner time, all having made another visit to the spring at twelve o'clock, which is called the lounging hour. For the half hour preceding dinner the band of music is performing in the portico.

Dinner—this is an important period to a great many, the twenty sheep and beef slaughtered for that day are demolished with great *sang-froid,* and a feed servant will place before you a fried chicken or some other dainty dish which you will find very acceptable after six hours' abstinence, particularly if you have been down to the spring.

There are twelve tables, each large enough for fifty persons or more, on a squeeze, and all the plates being labeled, there is no confusion in coming to dinner about finding your place. There is no necessity for being in a hurry, or getting into a passion—a little patience, and you will not fail to be satisfied.

The dessert is abundant and very good, and but for the hurry and flurry of the servants, you get through this meal very good humoredly. Little

or no wine is drunk at dinner, one of the beneficial results of the water, and a very conclusive one. After dinner the ladies generally repair to the drawing-room, where an hour or two is whiled away in conversation and music: there are always a great many ladies here who perform well, and this is one of the pleasantest hours of the day. Many who like the Spanish fashion sleep an hour or two after dinner—then at five o'clock the equipages are brought out for those who may have them and like an evening drive on the Sweet Spring road, or to the Greenbrier bridge. A third general visiting is made to the spring during the evening, and from then until tea time and till twilight the whole grounds are interspersed with company, promenading, laughing, chatting, and many anticipating the coming pleasures of the ball.

The ballroom is open every evening on week-days for a dance. It is a neat and appropriate room, and has been much enlarged of late. It is lighted by three handsome chandeliers, with a fine orchestra in the center, and the music, a Baltimore band, is very fine. A piano is also part of the furniture. This is made the drawing-room during the day. After a great deal of dancing and waltzing the company generally breaks up by eleven o'clock, and so ends a day at the White Sulphur.

On rainy days ladies can have their meals furnished them very comfortably in their own cabins,

though many of them prefer to come trippingly to the dining-room.

Sunday is religiously observed here; divine service is performed, and the attendance on such occasions is always large and respectable.

I joined the venerable proprietor of the Springs in one of his customary morning walks over the estate: a gentleman of the old school and one whose urbane manner and kindness of heart have gained him the respect and esteem of all who make his acquaintance. We walked through several large cultivated fields, some filled with vegetables, of which a great supply is requisite here, and others were waving with ripening corn and wheat. Passing through several green meadows more than a mile in length, we came round by the stabling establishment, where over four hundred horses were well provided for. In an adjoining field were several blooded colts, and cattle of the Durham breed—the latter a present from Mr. Clay. The meadows and grounds are watered by many streams, and several sulphur springs rise in various parts of the land. Mountains extend all around, forming a fine defense against the storms and snows of winter; and abound in deer, pheasants and other game.

The first white settler in this part of the country was a crazy man, who wandering from some of the lower counties, here fixed his abode in one

of the rocky glens on Howard's Creek. The Indians having a superstitious dread of persons in his situation, were afraid to molest him, and even frequently supplied him with food. In the course of time other adventurers came—the Indians were driven off, and the country in the adjoining counties has been rapidly settling ever since.

The valuable qualities of the waters of the White Sulphur Springs first became known about twenty-five years ago, and its celebrity has been increasing ever since, until it has become a resort for persons from all parts of the world. Its beneficial qualities are undeniably good for persons in all conditions of health.

A Spanish gentleman who was here during the past summer, and who had traveled a great deal, and visited all the springs on the continent and in Germany, gave these waters preference over all others.

The notice of persons was first attracted to this spring by the quantities of deer which came to drink at the licks round about, formed by the overflowing of the waters from the spring which have since been drained off.

The discovery of the celebrated Springs of Bareges, among the Pyrenees, is attributed to a sheep, which was observed to stray from its flock, and direct its course towards them; when the people of the country soon became acquainted with

their efficacy. An English writer thus speaks of these springs, whose waters are said in many respects to be analogous to those of the White Sulphur:

Bareges was not much frequented until Madame de Maintenon being at Bagneres, on account of the health of the young Duke de Maine, and hearing of Bareges, took the Duke thither. Since that, they have been greatly resorted to by invalids from all parts, especially by wounded military men.

The water is perfectly clear, and does not taste strongly of sulphur, but the smell is very decided. It is mineralized principally by the sulphuret of sodium, but also contains carbonate of soda, a small quantity of sulphate and muriate of soda, azote, sulphuretted hydrogen and glairine or animal matter. Taken internally, it often produces, like other sulphureous waters, a degree of excitation, marked by acceleration of the pulse, perspiration more or less abundant, increased appetite, and sometimes sleeplessness. It is not in general purgative, and even sometimes induces constipation, particularly when exclusively used for bathing—but is diuretic, diaphoretic and expectorant. By its local or general stimulating properties, it cleanses foul ulcers, lessens the induration of callous and fistulous sores—promotes the exfoliation of carious portions of bone and cicatrization. It is also highly efficacious in allaying bony pains, whether of a rheumatic nature, or arising from the wounds—in remedying the stiffness and immobility of joints, when

these symptoms depend upon tumefaction of the soft parts—in hemorrhoidal affections, jaundice and chronic disorders, and especially long standing dysentery—in chronic syphilitic diseases, and those resulting from the use of mercury, dyspepsia, &c. The season begins on the first of June, and terminates in September. . . .

Such a place as the White Sulphur, so well fashioned and provided for by nature, cannot fail to become, in a very few years, the resort of thousands of persons in search of health, and the headquarters of fashion where the first people of the land will gather from all quarters and meet to reciprocate mutual good feelings. In less than forty months from the present time it may be predicted a railroad will sweep by within a short distance of the Warm Springs Mountain, and the inhabitants of Union will find it but three days' travel to New York, which less than twenty years' since was the journey of a month.

The receipts at these springs are now very large, but the expenses are great. A considerable amount is annually appropriated for improvements, and by the summer of 1840, when the projected ones shall be completed, there will be accommodations for more than twelve hundred persons.

There is one great comfort here in the good bed-

ding and clean white sheets not always to be had at watering places. The cabins are neat, small but comfortable, generally having two rooms, many of them four.

Do you want accommodations for some of your friends about to arrive, you call that stout active little man whom you see brushing across the plain in such a hurry. He is always engaged, but ever at your service. Discarding the use of pencil or paper, he has figured in his head the names and number of the occupants in every cabin, their size and condition. He can tell you who is coming, at what time they will arrive, and when they will start.

He is the person who assigns the visitors to their respective quarters. He is, for the time being, the chief ruler and prime minister of the interior. They call him the Metternich of the Mountains. Crichton and Willard have both had their day, and Anderson is now in the full tide of his fame.

The White Sulphur Hotel is within a few hundred yards of the springs, where accommodations can be had for over one hundred persons; it is generally filled during the crowded season, and is open during the year when the other establishment is closed. The proprietor is an attentive and gentlemanly person, and takes good care of his guests. . . .

It is advisable for all who come to the springs to remain any time to bring with them some amusing and entertaining books; they will find them very pleasant companions of a dull hour, during the heat of the day, and in rainy weather. The essays of Charles Lamb is an admirable book for a watering place, many of his happiest thoughts being here illustrated.

It is now the middle of August, and the White Sulphur and the whole neighborhood is thronging with company. There is life in every breeze, and a continual hum of joy and merriment pervading the place.

You are seated in front of your cabin in Carolina Row, with the whole panorama of passing events before you. You hear the strumming of many guitars, and the sound of flutes from various quarters—you listen again to the screaming of some happy children chasing a young fawn over the green; innocence sporting with nature—see the young creature, he has outstripped his pursuers, and has stopped for a moment to strain his wild eyes in a longing look at his native hills; but they are after him again. Yonder comes the cake-man, the children's friend; he is punctual to the hour, and is expected daily by the inhabitants of every row; there is music in the creaking of his tray to many. After him in importance, in the same line, is that little boy with the straw hat;

he brings the sugar maple from the mountains, and from the near Sweet Springs. There is a man with an armful of branches and cedar from the woods —he has laid them down before a cabin in Virginia row, and they are now decorating the piazza, bidding defiance to the hottest sun. The benches, under the large shady elms in the grove, are filled with gentlemen talking politics, and discussing coming elections—comparing great men —or telling anecdotes—there is much to be learned at this place.

There was one gentleman here—one of the great men of our country, who had been a senator, and governor of his native state; morning and evening wherever he would take his seat, a large number would gather around him, young and old, and talent and genius would listen in silence, while in the most fascinating manner he would discuss the first principles of government, law, society, politics and character, and his frequent flashes of wit would make the whole area ring with delight.

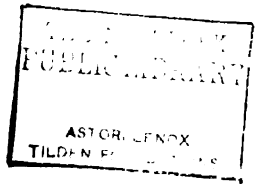
There is an arrival. It must be a family from the South, from the extent of the train, and the number of horses and vehicles. First comes the baggage wagon—then a young gentleman on horseback—then follows the diligence, containing the children—nurses — and bandboxes — after that comes a close carriage, with the ladies of the family—then the gentleman himself, riding after—

and the calvacade is brought up by several other vehicles and servants, as outriders.

The opening of the mail—a scramble for letters and papers—expectation on tiptoe for the news—arrival of the Great Western—fourteen days from Liverpool—coronation of Queen Victoria—Washington deserted—President at the Springs, and the citizens at Piney Point.

A lady is standing in her cabin door, a gentleman approaches, and holds up a letter bearing her address, her eye sparkles with joy, she runs to meet it—and retires, forgetting pleasure and gayety for a while, to read a few lines "from some one at home." The better affections of the heart, and many of the softer passions of our nature are called into play, on the receipt of a letter from home in a strange place. There are several resident physicians here; also transient artists—dentists—and phrenologists—and a corn-doctor's card has been posted up for several days. We have two or three itinerant jewelers also—they have been displaying their finery and tinsel spread out in the square, and their tables have been surrounded all day with nurses and children, and all who can satisfy themselves with gilt ear ornaments and finger rings.

The President of the United States is here, and many other distinguished persons. Ladies of fashion and belles from the principal cities—for-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The President's Cottage

Facing page 185

eign ministers—members of the cabinet, senators,—and representatives, prominent judges—officers of the army and navy, and polished private gentlemen, all combining to make the present company as elegant and select as any party ever assembled at a watering place.

There is great attraction at the ballroom at present, and it is brilliantly attended every evening by the light and gay hearted. Dignity, and power, and beauty, and grace, and wit make up the company, mingling their qualities and their fascinations.

The afternoons now are very fine for walks—there are several very pretty ones in and around the neighborhood—parties and couples are straying in the beautiful paths of the Mastin Wood, in the rear of the hotel, and some are extending their steps as far as Lover's Retreat, a romantic spot, in the same direction.

On that part of the Sweet Spring road which winds around by the Colonnade, is another very pretty walk, with a fine prospect from the brow of the hill. Pursuing this path, stepping over little rivulets which meander through the glades of this beautiful country, you come to a little white cottage where small parties of ladies and gentlemen are refreshing themselves with ice-cream and niceties that even Henrion would approve of.

If each individual in the society at a place like this, where it is generally so very good, would only feel convinced how much his efforts, however small, might contribute to the general pleasure—and if all would recollect that they are strangers on the same ground, equally entitled to each other's notice and attention, as sojourners from home, without reference to their time of arrival—there would be more frequent intercourse of an agreeable and intimate nature among various persons, and the comforts and enjoyment of each would be mutually promoted.

The general interchange of civilities exists to a greater degree among the company at these springs than at those of the North; which doubtless results from the isolated position of the former, the majority of southern people who attend them, and the natural propensity of independent persons who remain together any length of time to be sociable. In the course of a few years the tide of travel and fashion will flow this way, and it is hoped that neither parvenu pride or unnecessary etiquette will destroy the social beauties of the old régime. Not that there is much fear of it at present.

This is the hour for drives and excursions. You meet carriages and . . . vehicles of all descriptions, returning from picnics—and going out with those desirous to meet the evening stages, to welcome friends in advance, and to kiss hands to

some lady passenger they may know in passing, and bring home wild flowers.

You never thoroughly understand the philosophy of the word picnic until you come here. Ask a lady who has spent a summer at the White Sulphur to tell you. We had something of the kind a few days since at the Greenbrier, about five miles from the springs, but there were no ladies present—it was altogether a gentleman's affair. It originated with the delegate from Florida, and some others, who invited the company to the number of nearly a hundred, among whom were the President, the Secretary of War, and many distinguished members of Congress and others.

The party had all assembled before two o'clock at the brick tavern at the bridge. Parties on picnic excursions generally carry their own delicacies and baskets, but this was to be an uncommon affair. We found everything amply provided for us, as it were by invisible hands. Invisible hands had got ready the most tempting and cooling beverages for the dusty, thirsty guests (it was a very dusty day), and invisible hands had prepared, under a large green arbor at the foot of the mountain, a most magnificent entertainment. And then with myrtle leaves for a canopy over our devoted heads we all sat down with smiling faces to do justice to the delicacies spread before us.

We had all the luxuries of the mountains, the

farmyard, and the streams. The noisy servants at our backs were duelling with champagne corks all the time, and the table was sparkling with wine and wit.

At this stage of the proceedings there was a sudden cessation of knives and forks for a moment, the band striking up a well-known lively air, and all eyes were turned towards the host, who appeared leading in a sorry-looking gentleman who had just arrived. He had come late, and gave as his excuse that the ladies at the springs, finding themselves deserted by the beaux, had seized on him, and he had just made his escape from Paradise Row, and covered with dust and glory, had come to join our party. We were regaled with a fine, refreshing breeze from the mountain during the whole time, and the day went by most agreeably.

We all came home at seven o'clock in the evening, passing through the enchanting valleys, and arrived in time to meet the ladies in the ball-room, and give an account of our absence during the day.

One fine racy morning, before sunrise, throwing our cloaks over our shoulders, we rolled off in an open carriage to make a visit to the Sweet Springs, and enjoy the ride before breakfast. We left the White Sulphur long before the inhabitants of Paradise Row were stirring, and in a little

while our dapples were winding their way through some of the finest scenery romance or poetry had ever pictured.

Over a smooth beaten road, which seemed to have been carved through the mountains, like the pass of Mount Athos, we went on, with woodland steeps on each side of us, and afar for miles in front we had a refreshing perspective in the high green hills. Occasionally in coming to a turn in the road some new wonder would open before us. At one time we were bordered on each hand by a rocky palisade of some hundred feet in height. And again where the road was more narrow, we passed under natural arbors, formed by the meeting of the tops of the bending trees from each side of the way, and where the laurel was twining its own garlands on the branches.

My companion, Major V———, had brought with him a copy of Childe Harold, which was opened, and the finest passages sought out. He soon closed the book again, however, saying, as we both thought, that we had poetry enough around us.

A ride of ten miles brought us to Crow's, with a fine relish of breakfast, or anything else that might be offered us.

This is the place where so many excursions are made from the Springs, for dinner parties and picnics. The tavern stands on the corner of the

road at the foot of a mountain, and the sign-board swings out in front, after the manner of that of Nicholas Vedder of old, and many a Rip Van Winkle can be found in the whereabouts, who knows the legends of the neighborhood.

We entered the white palings through a wicket gate, and were met on the piazza by Mr. Crow, quite portly, and good natured in appearance, somewhat of a politician, besides being a colonel. He promised us all we required, and brought us a frozen imperial to refresh us.

There is not a tavern keeper, or a stage owner, in all Western Virginia—or a great wood chopper —who has not some military title—General is very high—only the real militia men take that—Colonel predominates—and any one who kills a rattlesnake is made Major on the spot.

We have met the President, who had rode over on horseback accompanied by one of his sons, to breakfast. Several travelers in the house, on learning that he was the chief magistrate, came in and made themselves known to him and were courteously received.

Chateaubriand, in describing his visit to the first president of the United States, remarks on the simpleness of his retired manner—and the plainness of everything around him, and wonders how long such beauties of republicanism will last.

We fell into a similar train of thought for a mo-

ment, and were consoled with the grateful reflection that the purity of our institutions, in one particular at least, had existed for half a century.

For here was the eighth president of the United States, after the lapse of nearly fifty years since the time mentioned by the great French writer, traveling in a wild part of the country, several hundred miles from the seat of government, without retinue or even an attendant.

Colonel Crow has a large garden attached to his establishment, where we gathered a bouquet of jessamines and went on to the Sweet.

We left the picturesque behind us, and for the next six miles of our journey, we passed through a more cultivated country, with many large fields of waving wheat tops and corn blades. Within a mile or two of the Sweet, we came to what is called the Red Spring, an old dilapidated building, grey with age, and all its windows shattered. A young country boy was swinging on the broken gate which led to the house from the road, and in reply to our question as to who lived there, he told us with an arch look that it was haunted; and scampered off, leaving us much to marvel, with our curiosity excited.

Mr. Paulding says in his letters from the South, written twenty years since, that the boys in this region are all born poets, but that they run about

in the sun, without hats, and have their brains dried up.

Before twelve o'clock, we entered the smiling valley of the Sweet Springs. As we passed to our lodgment, in the direction of the bath house, we heard the merry voices of the bathers, enjoying themselves at their usual hour.

We made our first appearance at dinner, where over two hundred persons were struggling for elbow room at two tables only large enough for half that number. We were so fortunate as to be seated near a celebrated caterer, who, having a dozen servants in his pay, he was liberal enough to supply all his friends in his vicinity. We had air during dinner, from the many fans suspended above, and which were kept constantly in motion.

Whoever comes to the mountains, should make a visit to the Sweet Springs, if but for one day. Much of the scenery in the neighborhood is of the most beautiful and refreshing kind, and the whole place is redolent with life and animation, particularly at a time when thronging with company.

You enter on your arrival into a large green area, having on each side rows of white rustic-looking cottages, and directly before you at the further end is a green hill of a most "peculiar diadem." Many little cabins of brick and frame-work are scattered in various parts of the grounds.

The spring is under the piazza of the bath house; the water rises in a cylindrical reservoir. It is sparkling and exhilarating, and has a piquant acidulous taste, something like soda water which has been left standing. The temperature of the water is 73 degrees Fahrenheit, and contains sulphate of magnesia, muriate of soda, and sulphate of soda, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of lime, with traces of iron and silicious matter, free carbonic acid, bi-carbonate of soda, and carbonic acid gas; the excess of the carbonic acid gives the waters a great briskness.

The stream is very copious and supplies the two extensive baths in the adjoining building, which are reserved for the different sexes. The gentleman's bath is in a quadrangular form of five feet in depth, and surrounded by a wall with an opening at the top; the water is continually flowing off. Upon first entering the bath, you receive a slight shock; and in another moment, the most delightful sénsations come over you. The water is soft and unctuous to the body, and it stimulates powerfully the action of the skin, being of a tonic nature, improving its functions, and exciting the activity of the absorbent system. The carbonic acid gas is seen bubbling up, in little globules, on the surface of the water.

We were recommended not to remain in the bath longer than three minutes at first; but we

heard of two persons, the day before, having remained in the other bath over an hour. At some of the baths in Switzerland, which have not a very high temperature, the patients pass six or eight hours a day in the water.

Bathing has become a science, and many treatises have been written on the subject. For those who would enlarge and extend such information, the waters of the springs of this region will afford them the best opportunities of judging, both by practical experiments of their efficacy, and from observation of the various effects upon different systems.

We conversed with Jean De Lorme, the old bath-keeper, who has been standing here, with a napkin on each arm, for the last forty years. "Peregrine Prolix" has given his history in full, so we were prepared for the antiquated guardian of the bath.

The Sweet Springs are among the most ancient and celebrated watering places in the United States, and it is only surprising that until very lately so few improvements have been made in the buildings. A large and handsome hotel is now erecting, which will be ready for the reception of guests in the summer of 1839, and the accommodations will then be sufficient for four hundred persons. This has been long wanting, for the cot-

tages are mostly old and dilapidated, each containing two small rooms.

The bar-room of the present day was once the theatre of quite a different display. The county court was formerly held in that room, where Patrick Henry, and other great men of Virginia, have been heard to thunder their eloquence.

There is a continual flow and ebb of company here during the summer, and it is only in the latter part of August, and the first few weeks in September, that the place is much crowded, when persons, with families, after having drunk the waters of the other springs, come here to bathe in the waters, which possess so many secret and beneficial qualities. Its influence is visible in the gay spirits and animation of the company. The amusements here are various—a ball room and a piano, where the ladies can amuse themselves; and many pretty walks of an evening over the green hill, which leads to more sequestered retreats through the woods and to groves shaded by the maple trees; rides on horseback and drives to waterfalls, and fishing streams, in the neighborhood—and they have the most transparent of moonlights.

The forests abound in game, particularly pheasants—and gentlemen can have fine sport in that way.

The Sweet Springs are destined, at no distant

day, to become a great and favorite place of resort, and its vicinity to the White Sulphur, and the facilities of getting there, give it many advantages.

The Sweet Spring water is serviceable in the varieties of dyspepsia, accompanied by spasms, or with pains at irregular intervals. In secondary debility of the digestive canals, from the exhausting heat of summer, or in chronic diarrhœa and dysentery without fever.

Females of what are termed a nervous habit of body, who have been enfeebled by protracted confinement, or long nursing their children, deprivation of exercise, and of the enjoyment of fresh air, and who have in addition to these causes of dyspepsia, made excessive use of tea and coffee, will find their health and strength restored by drinking these waters, and by using the bath.

The usual time for drinking the waters of the Sweet Springs, is early in the morning, before dinner, and at tea time. This latter period is an improper one, it has been thought; except the invalid suffer at the time from spasm of the stomach, or experience a morbid and gnawing sensation of hunger. The water is also useful in calculus and nephritic complaints. It is efficacious in those deranged states of the digestive functions which are termed abdominal obstruction. In chronic enlargement of the liver, or long standing stomach disorder with acidity, hemorrhoidal affections,

and uterine derangement. The water being only tepid, the bath is not recommended for chronic rheumatism or gout.

The waters of the Sweet Springs (save in temperature), for their cures and in their ingredients, may be likened to those of Vichy, a celebrated watering place in France, on the banks of the Allier, eighty leagues from Paris.

One of the favorite amusements at the White Sulphur, is the deer hunt. The season commences after the first of August and continues until the close of November; during those four months it is kept up continually, and with much spirit. A very fine pack of hounds, to the number of sixty, is owned here by one of the sons of the proprietor, and it is a beautiful and novel sight to see them all going out.

The several Carolina gentlemen who spend their summers here, are particularly fond of the sport, and each morning during the season, they may be seen getting ready, with high hope in their faces, and arranging the routes and the drives for the day. And when the spoil is brought in, and displayed in the principal square, there is a great rejoicing among the sportsmen and good livers, and comparing of notes among the hunters. The fortunate hero of the day has a feather in his cap until the next hunt, and claims the first haunch,

with the privilege of making a present of the other to whom he pleases.

Great preparations were making one morning for the hunt. A slight rain the evening previous had laid the dust somewhat, and the ground was thought to be in good order, and the dogs were keen for the scent. The President was to attend the hunt that day, and much pleasure was anticipated, and the southern men were anxious to show the northerners a little real good sport.

There was a mounting and making ready among the party. Col. S———, Col. H———, of Carolina, and Dr. C———, the leaders of the chase, and the crack shots were there—and Nimrod, raising his bugle, brought forth the whole pack with their music, as loosened from the kennel they came dashing through the square.

This being an uncommon day, it was given out that the ladies could accompany the party, following, those who pleased, in carriages.

The party started and took the Greenbrier route. Nimrod, with the hounds, in front, and then the cavaliers with their velvet coats and caps, and rifles and double-barrels. Many of the gentlemen who carried no guns preferred ambling along with the carriages, as much more gallant than leaving them for other deer in the mountains.

We went forth in gallant style, and only wanted

the hawkers, to have imagined ourselves in the reign of Queen Elizabeth on a Holy-rood day.

After driving for a few miles, we came to the appointed place on a turn off from the road, on a grassy knoll in the shade, which was to be our stand, and where we were left to shoot the deer if we pleased, with canes and parasols, whenever he might come by.

Occasionally we would hear the baying note of a single hound, which would die away in the breeze, then again of the whole pack. Nearer and nearer they came. A horseman dashed by in the direction of the Springs. We were all again in motion, and from a station of greater eminence on the hill at a little distance, we were promised in a short while a rare sight, as something fine had been started.

We had not waited long before a large stag made his appearance from the brushwood at the side of the mountain and bounded into the field, the dogs after him in full cry. It was a most exciting scene. The dogs were running beautifully, most of them two and two, at full speed, and the deer about twenty yards only, in front. Three times they went around and across Briar-field, the hounds gaining rapidly—now within a few feet of him—now the stag gaining, while many a fond wish from the softest hearts was heard for his safety.

"I hope he will escape," said one fair lady.

"I hope he won't," said Frank H———, a great rider, "he has worried us enough to-day."

We looked on with great interest. The boys who had read Ovid, thought of Actæon and a dark-eyed girl quoted a passage from Scott.

The affrighted animal in the meantime, knowing his danger, was making for the stream, which he gained just as Ring, a famous hound, would have had him in another jump.

The deer, after swimming for half a mile, and cooling himself, was again routed; he was soon overtaken and at the mercy of the dogs; but this was out of our sight.

The company, after witnessing a deer hunt in our own times, and much pleased with the sport, went off to Lewisburg, many of them to finish the day. This is a little town ten miles from the White Sulphur. The court is held here, where parties make frequent excursions to hear a speech at the bar, dine at Frazier's, and then return in the evening.

We left Lewisburg after five o'clock and came home in high glee, passing over the "Bridge of Sighs." This is a bridge thrown over the creek, about two miles from the Springs, and is a very pretty place for a walk of an afternoon. It is so called from the fact of a young fawn having been wounded by the hunters and escaping pursuit, hav-

ing there fallen, where a party just returning from a picnic were drawn up. The graceful animal, while expiring, yielded his last sigh at this spot, accompanied by more than one tear from pitying beauty—and hence it goes by the name of the "Bridge of Sighs." . . .

By special invitation we were present at an entertainment given at the "Wolf," in honor of the advent of the hunting season, on the same evening.

Who has been to the White Sulphur and not heard of the "Wolf"? It is almost as old as the Alhambra, and quite as celebrated in its way. It is a castle also, after its own style of architecture, and stands on the border of Wolf Hill, and joins the row of the same name, and commands the finest view of the surrounding scenery and the mountains. It is ornamented with two piazzas, or as a late colonel in the army used to say, it has a "Pizarro" in front, and a "Portorico" in the rear.

This is the residence of Nimrod and the fox-hunters. The apartments are decorated with the trophies of many a successful day's sport, in the branching antlers of stags—brushes—bearskins—and a great variety of fire-arms—hunting dresses—and bugles—which are hung around.

The party on this occasion number about twenty. The firing of a gun from the front door (something new) was the signal that all was ready—and to

notify absent guests who were expected, to be forthcoming.

The table was spread with a most inviting repast, the delicate productions from the limits of twenty miles: The noble deer was there before us, the spoil of the morning, in every shape, in haunch, in stew and in steak—and barbecues and strange dishes, all novelties to a city man. In the center of the table was something peculiar—its name is not uncommon, mint-julep, but we had never seen one like this. The tumbler, if it can so be called, was of half-gallon size, frozen on the outside, and so rich were the contents, the green herb was actually sprouting from the surface, or else very ingeniously placed there. The top was ornamented with flowers, to make it more insinivating, as Capt. ——— observed, who sat near me. This was passed round to be looked at, various times, but it still appeared as original and as fresh as at the beginning; or magic changed the glass.

The enjoyment and merriment were rare—the characters were original—the stories were new and good—and the songs were new: the traveler is seldom favored with such a treat. Claret was the general drink, I believe, among the fox-hunters of old, but Hock appeared to be the favorite beverage here. And among the many sparkling songs was the following, which was dedicated to the virtues of Hock:

Away with all grief—
  And let us be merry,
And fill up the bumpers with wine;
  But let it not be
With Madeira or Sherry—
  But Hock! give us Hock!
  Sparkling Hock! from the Rhine.

For Hock is the wine—
  And it comes from the Rhine—
From the land of old legend and song;
  And drink as we may
The heart rises gay—
As night with her shades, and her joys flies along.

When we drink of its nectar—
  The fancy in dreams,
Wanders away to the soft flowing streams:
  To the land where the maidens
  Are tilling the vine—
And pressing the grape
  On the banks of the Rhine.
  And now let it be—
  Thro' this land of the free:
Far and wide on her bright banners spread:
  While beauty shall shine—
  That Hock is the wine;
Thro' summer and winter 'til youth shall have fled.

It was now late—and the serenaders being announced with their music, the party broke up,

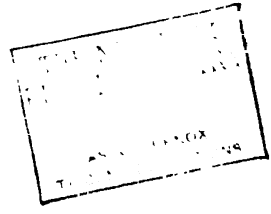
many of them to accompany these important characters on their rounds, while the author of Peter Simple and myself, made our way to Georgia Row. . . .

Among the many attractive spots for wild scenery, and natural curiosities, which have as yet been discovered in this picturesque region of our land, are Beaver-Dam Falls, within a few miles of the Sweet Springs and White Sulphur. It is a favorite drive of an afternoon for many gay parties of pleasure from the Sweet, and many come over from the White Sulphur to write poetry under the shade of the dark rocks, and listen to the singular murmuring of the waters which abound with petrefactions of the prettiest kind.

It is off from the road in a silent retreat, where the old trees which have been flourishing there for centuries, seem only to change their appearance in wearing a darker dress every year; and look as if guarding the glassy stream which has for so long a time reflected their branches, as part of their own province, defending it from the sun. The beaver formerly held possession of all this neighborhood and many of their little residences in the shape of bee-hives are still to be seen here. The dam at the Falls was fashioned by their own hands, and here they lived, until poetry and nature, giving

Beaver Dam Falls

Facing page 204



way to civilization, the beavers left the country, or were annihilated.

So romantic a place can hardly have failed to have given rise to tales of love and romance. Connected with its celebrity, is an incident of life of recent occurrence, which is here written in verse:

THE MAID OF THE CASCADE

In times of late, there was a fair young maid!
Whose soft poetic and romantic mood,
By shaded stream—and waterfall and glade,
Oft sent straying in her solitude.

She was more handsome than some women are;
Dark eyes—fine form—and pretty foot withal;
And few maidens with her could compare,
In dance, or grace, or waltzing at the ball.

Ah me! how many fine young men I've seen,
Sighing for love of her, and twining flowers,
In sweet bouquets, of pinks and myrtle green,
To lend a fragrance to her laughing hours.

In rides by day—in walks by silent night,
But I misname, for in this happy place,
There's nothing dark:—'tis soft moon-light,
Or day come back with poetry and grace.

At all these times, the courted and the gay;
The life—the laughing beauty of the throng;

She gave so much to wing the time away,
With flashing wit, with music, and with song.

Some there were:—you'll meet them everywhere;
They are, perhaps, at most a harmless set:
Who said that other women were as fair;
And as for her they thought her a coquette.

Their dark whispering often she had heard;
But what cared she, to her it was the same
If envy even in the fancy word,
Did style her grace by any other name.

But we digress—there was within a mile
In distance, from the sweet, Sweet Springs—
How oft the thought of them an hour beguiles;
What witching joys their recollection brings.

There was within a wild and rugged glen
Half seen, half shaded from the passing view;
Where long ago, the beaver made his den—
A spot which legend and romance well knew.

There was a rock, that hung above the stream,
Which softly flowed in beauty through the glade;
And where it stopped, what broke its quiet dream?
The falling waters of a bright cascade.

'Twas said if on that rock, engraven there,
By maiden hand, a lover read his name,
That then by all most beautiful and fair,
Her hand! her snow-white hand, he then could claim.

There she determined in a merry mood,
To write a name that none of them could read;
" 'Twill puzzle all," she said, "make a prelude
To other farces"—but now to proceed.

One evening, long before the sun had set,
On foot alone, on sportive mischief bent,
This laughing girl whom many call coquette,
Had reached the spot—too late then to repent.

As then she thought: and now with light step stealing,
She trembling walks: she pauses—looks around;
But hush! what noise! it comes now revealing
No fearful thing;—the water's murmuring sound.

One step; another:—she's there in her delight:
Her trembling hand with busy thoughts essayed
To write some name—when giddy from the height
She falls in the basin of the bright cascade.

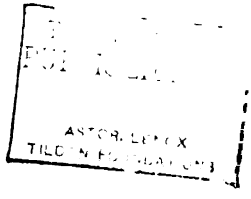
There like a Nai'd the water's play,
Struggling, her confusion to recover,
All in the dancing stream in fright she lay,
Until rescued by a gallant lover.

Some months went by; the scene was changed, and now
Where fairy forms are gliding to and fro;
And brightest smiles are wreathing every brow,
The girl of summer days is bending low.

A falling veil of snowy whiteness covers
Her dark hair: her hand she disengages,

To take the token given by all lovers—
The ring—the marriage cement of all ages.

She was a Bride—their daily bliss now heightens
Of him—and her who was the courted maid!
And 'mid the scenes their cherished mem'ry brightens
Is their adventure at the bright cascade.


ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN

Entrance to White Sulphur from the Railroad

Facing page 209

VIII

THE COLONEL'S STORY[1]

BY MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR

TRAVELERS in the forties to the wonderful Virginia springs had none of the blessings that now ameliorate the discomfort of the long journey in the extreme heat of midsummer. George Pullman, the traveler's greatest benefactor, had not yet been born. The passenger must sit bolt upright night and day, and take all the dust and smoke that were his portion.

When he first discerned the dim outline of the Blue Ridge Mountains, bounding the vast, sun-baked plains, he felt that his trials were at an end. Tell me not of the salt breeze that sweeps the desolate sea! The breeze from the mountain top seems to come direct from heaven itself—pure, cool, and fragrant.

And then when the noble range of the Blue

[1] Copyright, 1911, by the Macmillan Company, by whose courtesy I am permitted to use these chapters.—W. A. M.

Ridge Mountains is passed, and the fertile rolling country beyond, the railroad winds in and out among the foot-hills of the Alleghanies, and finally, ascending always, through the mountains themselves. Every turn in the road—which then passed over the path of Spotswood's Knights of the Golden Horseshoe—reveals an enchanting glimpse of mountains braided in and out together, rapid, sparkling streams, little green valleys; and humble homes of poverty, where the mysterious drama of life, generation after generation, is enacted in all its stages from the cradle to the grave; where maidens grow up like the mountain flowers and the sons of God perceive that they are fair, and childhood laughs and plays, and old age dreams. Mrs. Berkeley thought of it all, as she looked out of the small car window, and wished for her husband, who could spare only the month of August for a holiday; Shirley—well, we can only guess at Shirley's thoughts; Dorothea was tired and missed the Colonel, often recurring in her thoughts to his tall figure as he stood on the platform and waved them good-bye; Milly thought anxiously about the understudy she had left in her household department, busied herself gathering the shawls and pillows which she had provided for the comfort of her party, and watchfully cared for Dorothea.

"Take in yo' haid, Miss Dolly. Does you

want to go to the White Sulphur Springs without no haid? What you lookin' at, anyhow?"

"The long line of cars when they go around the hill. They look just like a big caterpillar with a horn on his head—poking his nose through a field of daisies."

"Lawd! Lawd! Dat chile! Nemmine! You'll git a cinder in yo' eye bimeby, and then we'll hear talkin'."

At last the laboring engine reached an open plain high above the sea-level, and slowed up, puffing and hissing.

"White Sul-phurr!" cried the porter, and immediately our passengers found themselves among friends.

"Howdy, Mrs. Berkeley; gimme your checks. Doctor comin' bimeby? Hi! Sis Milly Thomson! Is you back here ergin? This way! Plenty of room in the stage. We fotch Big Tom along to-day," and into "Big Tom," an enormous omnibus, they were quickly bundled with many passengers,—most of whom had long been habitués of the South's most famous watering-place.

Each passenger seemed delighted as the familiar buildings associated with so many happy summers were recognized.—"There's the old church—there's Virginia Row." "There's our cottage," said Milly. "Lawd! Don't she look natural? But mighty little!"

At the door of the hotel there were more welcoming greetings. Mrs. Berkeley shook hands with the maids and porters. The delicate little lady at the news stand, the clerk at the desk, all were old friends. A negro lad, Isaiah, a new acquisition, was detailed to collect her bags and "show her to her cottage" a few yards away. The boy regarded her narrowly and considered, from her appearance, that she was good for at least a quarter of a dollar. Much exercised upon this point, he answered with great politeness her rapid questioning: "Who are in the Colonnade this year? Who has the first cottage on Virginia Row, etc."

"Lawd, Mistis, I believe you knows more about dis place dan I does."

"I shouldn't wonder! I have been coming here ever since I was born."

Isaiah saw his opportunity: "Is you? Dat mus' 'a' been as much as foteen years ago!"

Of course no self-respecting silver quarter could lie mute in a lady's pocket after this! Isaiah felt that his fortune was made. This was simply a retaining fee. Contingent fees, fees for actual service, fees merely complimentary, stretched out before him like the widening tail of a comet. But Milly, arriving at the moment, waved him away peremptorily. "Run along now about yo' business. Don't hang round this cottage pestering Miss

Mary an' the chillens." At that moment another colored lad appeared with a large bunch of mountain azalea and "the Captain's compliments,"—another "quarter" exhibited uncontrollable restlessness; the porters who had waited her coming then arrived with the trunks—several more quarters,—one for each; until Milly dropped the curtains before the doors,—an understood hint that the inmates had retired for rest and repose.

A big hotel and nearly a hundred cottages have clustered around the spring of sulphur water, which was discovered more than two hundrd years ago by white men hunting with the then friendly Shawnee Indians. A beautiful undulating, green valley surrounds the spring, shaded by noble oaks of great age; with here and there a few magnificent pines, each one high enough, hoary enough to claim kinship with the storied "Lonesome Pine" of the Kentucky author. Around the little cuplike valley the hill rises gently, and the cottages have seated themselves against it, their doors in the rear opening on a level with the ground, and the little pillared porticos in front ascended by steps, many or few as the hill rises or falls. When a cottage encountered one of the big trees, the latter was not sacrificed, but the house gathered itself together at its knees, took it into its embrace, treating it with too much respect to permit it to be boarded around its rough brown coat.

The big hotel, with arcades reminding one of the cloistered convents of California, stands in the center of the circle of cottages, its chief attraction a noble ball-room, with a perfect floor polished by the happy feet of many generations of dancers.

On one side of the valley rises the Greenbrier Mountain, and on the other Kate's Mountain, where, according to tradition, one Kate Caldwell hid all one dreadful night from the savages. A little farther west the sun sets behind "The Sleeping Giant." An ambitious row of two-story cottages are still known as the Caldwell cottages. A beautiful member of this South Carolina family, a lady as charming as she was lovely, once complained that she found no pleasant walks around her favorite summer home,—nothing but the little round of cottage-paths, or the stony, dusty road beyond. Her admirers were many and potential. Exacting a promise from her that she would remain three days in her own rooms, the crest of the hill was cleared of undergrowth, paths leveled and carpeted with pine needles, seats placed between trees, little nooks given romantic names, and the famous "Lovers' Walk" presented for her pleasure.

The resort commenced its life with many primitive peculiarities which still remain. At the time of which this story tells, wealthy Southerners,

senators, statesmen, rich planters, presidents, and politicians filled the hotel and cottages, many of them bringing their own horses and servants. There were no bells in the cottages, and when the services of a porter or messenger were wanted, "Oh-h-h, George!" or "Oh-h-h, Ben!" as the case might be would be echoed around the valley, and George and Ben would materialize, sauntering in a leisurely way across the lawn.

"The White Sulphur," said Charles Dudley Warner, "is the only watering-place remaining in the United States where there is what may be called an 'assembly' such as might formerly be seen at Saratoga, or at Ballston Spa in Irving's young days. For the better part of a century it has been, as everybody knows, the typical Southern resort, the rendezvous of all that was most characteristic of the South, the meeting-place of its politicians, the haunt of its belles, the arena of gayety, intrigue, and fashion. In the days of its greatest fame it was at once the finest and most aristocratic assembly in the world, for although life there was somewhat in the nature of a picnic, it had its very well-defined and ceremonious code of etiquette." Everybody was willing—nay, anxious—to know everybody else, *provided* some one well-known person stood sponsor for the stranger—as indicated by evidence of even a slight acquaintance.

The young girl was the crowning charm and

attraction of the place, and should she be well-born, beautiful, and well-dressed,—for as one said, "an ill-dressed woman would spoil the finest landscape,"—she would be, were she rich or poor, enthroned as "a reigning belle" and rated little short of a goddess. If she were "a sweet girl but not pretty," she could find friends, drink the waters, and perhaps improve; but if the Fates had been really hard, and given her no personal charm whatever, why—well, she needn't perhaps drown herself in the Greenbrier River, but "the White Sulphur is no place for her" was decided by the company of knitting and embroidering mamas on the shaded gallery,—"a jury for conviction every time."

The season had not really opened when Mrs. Berkeley arrived; that could not be until General Robertson, coming from Baltimore, and folding a blue silk sash across his ample chest, offered his arm to the prettiest damsel for the first German. The band was on hand, however, and gave delightful morning and afternoon concerts in the little temples built for their shelter on the lawn. Romantic and martial music gains immensely from the entourage of mountains. The band discoursed fascinating waltzes in the ballroom every night, but there was more social life and less dancing than would rule as soon as August brought a larger crowd. Girls gathered in clusters to talk over

their important matters; the few young men were shy and reticent, recognizing themselves as the weaker party; the older people enjoyed the delicious coolness and purity of the atmosphere, and all delighted in the charming drives through the romantic country, returning home at night laden with clematis, wild yellow azalea, crimson lilies, tiger lilies, and the splendid rhododendron, which reaches in the Virginia mountains great size and beauty.

Seated in a sheltered corner of the veranda, Mrs. Berkeley availed herself of the presence of an old friend who had preceded her by some days, and learned the name of the strangers as they passed.

"That," said the old beau, "is Miss Kitty Burns, the belle of Louisville; here for the first time, however. That handsome old gentleman is General Burns, her father. They grow fine men and women in the blue-grass country. Oh, here comes my girl! Isn't she lovely? That's Pearl Eustis, of Charleston. I presented her myself last season at the St. Cecilia. A perfect beauty—always dresses in white and wears lilies, real or artificial. I can't stop the procession to introduce her now. She and I will call at your cottage.—Ah! Here comes the belle of New Orleans. Miss Esmé King, Queen of the Mardi Gras—stunning, isn't she? All three of these girls are going to be great friends with Shirley. That?—a late-comer nobody seems

to know much about. We call her the Evening Star. She never appears until night. She's promenading now with a rich cotton man from New York. Her name is—really, I don't remember!"

The old beau looked thoughtfully at the handsome stranger as she passed. "A fine figure of a woman," he commented, "always wears a star in her hair, paste probably,—not very brilliant,—and black velvet. Very handsome, but—I don't know! Isn't she just a leetle—pardon me—just a *leetle* too —what you call—*décolleté?*"

Mrs. Berkeley shook her head. "Don't ask me! I am from the rural districts, you know, and may be just a leetle—pardon me—just a *leetle* old-fashioned."

"You never can be anything but lovely, Mary," said her old friend affectionately. "When Charley comes, I mean to introduce him to some rheumatic old maids who'll monopolize him, and you and I will be boy and girl again and have a real good old time."

"Agreed," laughed Mrs. Berkeley, "but I suspect I shall have to lend you to Shirley, *faute de mieux!* Her knight doesn't seem to materialize. Evidently she dreams of him."

"No," said Shirley, slowly, "my knight is not here!" and rising, she excused herself and walked slowly across the lawn to her cottage.

"Your girl is a beauty, Mary—patrician to her

finger-tips. Give her a good rest before the crowd comes. Does she need the waters? Pretty bilious region, that low country of yours."

"She needs something," sighed Mrs. Berkeley. "Dear, dear! Charley must come along and give her a tonic."

"What did you do with Jim? I suppose Dorothea is too old for a nurse, eh?—and he's looking for another situation."

"James will never take another situation. He belongs to Berkeley Castle. I left Aunt Prissy, who can never be persuaded that peaches can be brandied or green sweetmeats preserved by anybody else; and James, like a saint, stayed behind to take care of her, look after the house, keep Andy straight, comfort old Mrs. Ponsonby, gossip with Betty Oliver, and incidentally overlook his own plantation affairs. Really I think he preferred it;—he said he did, at any rate. He never enjoyed this place. He treasures a funny printed letter Dorothea wrote him year before last from the White Sulphur—'Dear Cousin James, This is the disgustingest place in all this world.' She has changed her opinion, but he adheres to his."

"Well, we'll have Charley on the first,—just a week off now,—and I'll report for duty to Shirley. By that time I expect she will be ready to beat me off with sticks. I hear her! 'No old beaux of Mama's—no far-away cousins!' However,

she'd do well to be civil. She may need me on the staff of her detective police, or, to put it mildly, her Information Bureau."

"You might practise on me. The handsome unknown interests me. Who is with her here?"

"She is with Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs in Baltimore Row. They have quite a romantic history. They both began life in a spinning factory in North Carolina and worked at the same loom. This is a great country! That was twelve years ago. He rose rapidly from spools to the raw material. He speculated in cotton, invested wisely, and is a very rich man. You see what he looks like? Well, his wife is his counterpart,—short, thick-set, spherical, but with a good-natured face. There you are! That is all I know about them. But this place will soon lost its prestige if the *sans culottes* descend upon us. You may say what you please about the magical sulphur waters;—it is really the fine exclusive society to be found here that attracts us."

"And attracts others, too," said Mrs. Berkeley; "good may result to them—and no harm to the old aristocrats."

"I'm not so sure," said her friend. "When the porcelain jar and the delft pot—or was it brass? went swimming together, you know what happened. Better wait awhile and see how the handsome lady behaves."

"But you see if everybody was friendly and kind

at such places as this, handsome ladies would be surer to behave; they would have social obligations, restraining influences. However," she added, smiling, "it's idle to preach to you, Harry —on these subjects at least. I've labored with you all my life and you don't improve a bit. Where is our beauty's husband?"

"Ah, now you're too much for me. There may be 'no sich person.' He may be a myth. She may be a widow."

"I hope she is not already a widow," said Mrs. Berkeley.

"Well, you know as much about her as I do—or likely shall. Her husband is somewhere in the world, I imagine, otherwise we should have our lady in serge and crêpe—instead of velvet and brilliants."

DEAR COUSIN JAMES,

I hope you will receive this letter on the first—the day Papa leaves you. You will drive him to the depot in the early morning and then you will walk over to Miss Betty Oliver's, and feeling a little low in your mind, sit on her porch-bench and wait for the Northern mail. Miss Betty will make a perfect cup of coffee for you,—I wish I were there to share it,—and you will listen with angelic patience to all her wailings and woes, and *then* you will return to the post-office and get this letter! I wish I had something

very interesting to tell you, but nothing thrilling has happened.

The dear old mountains are just as blue—just as beautiful as ever. I love the meadow drive because there we get the finest view of the Sleeping Giant. The physician of this place is an old, old darling,—Dr. Moorman,—with a long white beard. He might be Noah or Moses or some other ancient Patriarch. Mama sends me to him every morning to be "looked over"—lest I should be ill (which I'm not), and we have become great cronies. "Aren't there some legends about these mountains?" I asked him yesterday. "Of course," he said; "a fine one, about old Titan yonder. Come down to the spring with me and drink a glass of water like a good girl and I'll tell you." Under the trees he told me a wonderful story. His father had learned it from an old Indian. The Great Spirit was angry once because a brave warrior fell in love with a pretty Indian maid and spent his time with her in this valley. Two arrows were sent to kill the lovers—one reached the heart of the brave, but the other missed the girl and buried itself in the earth. She withdrew it to kill herself, and the Sulphur Spring gushed out. Her lover was buried towards the setting sun, and trees have grown up over him. He is the "Sleeping Giant." She was doomed to haunt this place as long as the spring flows. When it ceases, she may join her lover in the Happy Hunting-grounds—and therefore we all come here, year after year, to help exhaust the sulphurous spring. The funny little white flower, Indian Pipe, springs

up in her footsteps. I often gather them at Lover's Leap.

Tell Andy I am going to grow morning-glories and nasturtiums all around the cottage,—and I think he might send me a few of his dark-colored nasturtiums. Here they have only the light yellow variety. We walk down to "Dry Creek"—Dorothea and I—and get them from the only garden near the place. You remember "Dry Creek"?—The big river that changed its mind and flowed in some other direction has never returned. The poor forsaken stones seem to lie there expecting it.

But you are not to suppose because I know what is expected of a young lady, and write genteelly about legends, morning-glories, nasturtiums, and inconstant rivers that nothing out of the ordinary happens here. We have had great fun over our Dove German, instigated and carried out by our French Countess (oh, yes! We have a French Countess,—only she was born in Kentucky; and we have a Bonaparte too—old Mrs. Bonaparte) because we girls numbered some thirty or more, and there were just twelve men, counting the night clerk. There were plenty of things they might have done for entertainment, but they lay about on the grass all day and promenaded the galleries at night—never asking the girls to dance, giving no little card parties or suppers. So Madame la Comtesse gave a beautiful morning german and left them all out! We had the band, champagne and biscuits, and lovely favors. Half the girls personated men in dark gown and little derby hats. The girls wore their prettiest

muslins. The men hung round the windows outside. They were not admitted even as spectators.

The stages came in while the german was in progress, and two tall girls—strangers—entered, and Madame courteously invited them to join the dancers. They wore large hats, veils, and light dresses, and danced remarkably well. In the middle of a figure I dropped my handkerchief and instantly one of the newcomers jumped up and skated across the floor to pick it up!—Tom Burns and Larry Thomson had been taken to Mrs. Brown's cottage, laced within an inch of their lives, and dressed in her muslin gowns with white stockings and slippers!

Mr. Blake has been here as long as we have;—of course pretending he knew precisely the date of our coming. He has brought his Napoleonic servant, a groom, trap, and horses. You remember everybody mounts for the afternoon ride or drive in front of the drawing-room, and I was standing there waiting to drive Mama and Dorothea when Mr. Blake appeared, his groom leading two elegant horses—dark wine-colored beauties, larger but not as splendid-looking as Primrose (the darling!). Mr. Blake led them up near me. "Here are the best thoroughbreds Kentucky blue-grass can raise!" he said. "They have never been named. They have waited for you to name them."

I had an inspiration. "Charge, Chester, charge. On, Stanley, on."

That evening a bottle of champagne was sent to our table with "the compliments of Chester and Stan-

ley"—and Stanley has been placed at my exclusive disposal for the whole season. "Isn't that charming?" you will say—but somehow I don't care much about it; and cannot decide to accept it anyway until Papa comes.

I think Dorothea must give you more of her confidences than she gives me. I see her every morning in the writing-room, her face close to her paper and her curls falling down upon it, and from her lofty duchess-like manner I infer she is laying her commands upon you. I hope she has ordered some figs from the Berkeley Castle. These mountains never saw a fig. But dear me! If you are reading all this at the depot, Aunt Prissy will be sending Uncle Isham to look for you. She will think you've run away with Miss Betty.

Don't get lonesome, dear Cousin James! We shall remain here only during August. Find some nice new books for Aunt Prissy. Ride over to Ridgely and the Manor and Bellevue. Spend a day at the mill with Mrs. Bangs and "Ma'y Jane," and tell me all the funny things Mrs. Bangs says, and whether she has heard from Mr. Bangs. Don't neglect Mrs. Ponsonby—Don't forget Primrose's sugar—in short be very good, and soon, soon you will see us all again —and very glad to see you will be

Your devoted
SHIRLEY.

P.S. To tell the gospel truth, honor bright, I'd rather spend my afternoons with you in our old fairy

glen than on Mr. Blake's beautiful Stanley—for, you see, his master will always, always be along.

The Colonel read and re-read this letter, and shook his head. "A delightful letter!" he thought. "Just like Shirley in her kind remembrance of her neighbors. But why is Beechwood left out in her list of places I must visit? Douglas is one of her very earliest friends, too! She should not have forgotten him. I must remind her." The poor Colonel! He thought Shirley was missing him!

On the evening of the first day of August, General Robertson, arriving from Baltimore, tied a blue sash across his chest and, gloved, booted, and cravatted to perfection, entered the drawing-room, where a great crowd in full ball dress was assembled and awaiting him. The stately wife of an American minister, fresh from a foreign court, placed her ivory hand upon his arm; and they led the grand march from the drawing-room to the ball-room, through the long convent-like corridor, and the crowded galleries beyond. Conducting her to a seat in front of the music-stand, he stood beside her—a portly gentleman, who had opened the ball at the White Sulphur every season for thirty years. After the company crowded in, he excused himself to the Kentucky lady, and crossing the room, bowed low to Shirley, and together they made the round of the room alone—the old

beau dancing with the lightness of thistle-down, and the precision of a master.

Shirley flushed like a wild rose at the unexpected honor which meant much to a young débutante. Her partner was quite capable, albeit stout and past middle age, of exhibiting her dancing to the best advantage. His courtier-like deference was charming, a fine object-lesson to younger men. Old Harper, the ball-room custodian, standing near the door, nodded his head delightedly. "I tell *you*," he said to Mr. Blake, "there goes the best blood in old Virginny, and the top notch from Maryland! Can't beat 'em, suh,—can't beat 'em!"

"I should like jolly well to beat *him*," laughed Blake, who, having visited London, affected British slang. But the incident, ordinary and insignificant as it was, confirmed him in his Virginia resolution. He would devote his summer to this distingué belle of the White Sulphur, and what is more, if she wore well, win her in the end. She had been indifferent—at times, almost repellent. All the better! He could imagine few things tamer than an easy conquest. And really, after all, a time must come when a man must settle down.

The next day a note was placed at every table, announcing a garden party on the fifteenth of August. Guests were requested to make lists of all their friends, and handsome invitation cards were ready for their use. Special excursion rates had

been promised by the railroad. The recently inaugurated President of the United States would occupy his own cottage on the hill beyond the spring, and in his suite would probably be officers who had won spurs in the late wars with Mexico. A committee of ladies was headed by the Kentucky wife of the late foreign Minister, and included Mrs. Berkeley from Virginia, and representative ladies from all of the Southern States; also from Pennsylvania, for a very charming Philadelphia woman was a cottager this summer. To this committee the manager looked for suggestions, that this notable occasion might be worthy of their honored guest.

At the very first meeting of the committee, the house lists, prepared by the members, were revised, and Mrs. Berkeley observed that the name of Mrs. Stubbs and her friend Mrs. Talbot were left out—the only omissions among the visitors. She called attention to this.

"O dear!" said one. "You surely can't expect us to have *those* people—that common little Dutch creature Stubbs and that bold-looking made-up minx that nobody knows."

"I think they are Virginians," said Mrs. Berkeley, kindly.

"Oh, but," said the other, "they aren't from any of the old distinguished families of Virginia. Did you ever meet them before? I thought not! We

don't want any of the riff-raff at our ball. Let them keep their places. They ought to know them well enough by this time."

"How will you make any woman know exactly where she belongs? Ideas might differ!" said the lady from Philadelphia. She had her own notions about some of the methods of the "porcelain variety." "How are you going to work to make people keep their places?"

"Oh! if they are troublesome—why—'give them a little more grape, Captain Bragg.'"

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Berkeley gravely, ignoring the laugh that followed the quotation from a famous military order of the President, "but for myself, I cannot consent to inflict so deep a wound. Of course, the proprietor is careful in choosing his guests—otherwise none of us would be here. If they are left out, I shall have—very reluctantly—to withdraw from the committee. I cannot hurt any one's feelings. As to Mrs. Stubbs, a more inoffensive human being I cannot imagine. She seems to be the soul of kindness. Why should she not have a pleasant evening as well as the rest of us who have so many?"

"Mrs. Berkeley is quite right," said the lady from Philadelphia. "Let us be guided by her. I move to add the rejected names to our list," and thus the matter was settled, but with reluctant acquiescence on the part of more than one haughty

dame. "This place is getting to be too democratic for me," said one, complaining to Major Selden. "If I am compelled to hear all winter discussions upon our common rights of 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' that is no reason I must have my own summer happiness spoiled by being yoked along with the *canaille*. I am amazed at Mrs. Berkeley! Who *is* that Mrs. Talbot? Of course no woman is permitted to criticise another who happens to be unusually handsome—and knows it."

"If 'ladies be but young and fair, they have the gift to know it,'" said the Major, who did not relish an implied censure of his friend. "That's just as true to-day as in the time of Jaques the melancholy."

"Oh, yes, yes—of course! But you see this factory girl, this Stubbs woman, is neither young nor fair. As to her gifts—nobody has yet perceived them. As manager of a ceremonious military ball, she is quite out of the question. Really, there's reason in all things."

But the arrival of Hazazar, the costumer from Baltimore, put an end to all minor discussions. Hazazar came prepared to transform everybody into fisher-maidens, milk maidens, flower maidens, night, morning-stars, follys, Dianas, Minervas, Queens, Courtiers, Kings, peasants, what not? Of course the President and his party were excused

from costuming; also the ladies of the committee, —those constituting the reception committee,— before whom all the others were to pass in review.

"I suppose you two will rebel and expect at the last moment to be forgiven," said Mrs. Berkeley to her husband and Major Selden.

"Not a bit of it," said the Major; "I shall go as the Ancient Mariner—long and lank and brown! I have my own story to tell of a long voyage and——"

"Then I shall go as the Wedding-guest," laughed the Doctor; "for nobody else will listen to Harry's story. My sympathies have always been with the wedding-guest; belated, maybe, and forging along in a hurry, to be best man perhaps at his friend's wedding, and held up by an old seaman! Ah! many's the time that Harry has left me a wiser man—and a sadder, because I hadn't more time for his capital stories. Now I shall make up for lost opportunities. I shall cling to him like a Siamese twin, or a burr, as I am agricultural or yet more appropriately, a plaster."

Shirley listened with intense interest. She had early secured—mainly influenced by the fact that she could weave a pearl coif from her wax beads —the only Juliet costume in the collection. It was exacted "that no one should reveal the choice of a costume." In all cases, when a costume was requested that had been already selected, it was

simply "not in the collection," the time was short, the stock limited, and another choice must be quickly made. But Hazazar had an assistant. Money is mighty in any emergency. A liberal "tip," secretly conveyed, elicited enlightening information to Mr. Blake, who immediately secured the only Romeo costume—a fact which the amiable assistant instantly conveyed to Juliet.

Secure in his position, he could afford to amuse himself with Shirley. "I think," he said, "you would make a charming Miranda." Shirley gravely agreed with him.

"Then I shall be Ferdinand! That is decided!"

"You are ambitious," said Shirley, looking at him critically. "As I recall Ferdinand he was quite beyond the ordinary individual—'a thing divine,' noble in adversity, strong, dark."

"Oh, I suppose," interrupted Blake, irritably, "you would be quite willing to see me personate Caliban."

"I don't remember much about Caliban.—He was pretty awful, I suppose, but I have no personal grievance against him. He could sing a reasonably good song. He has my sympathy in regard to scraping trenchers and washing dishes."

Blake always recovered from the irritation of these little passages at arms with renewed spirit. "Too light winning makes the prize light," was

one of his favorite quotations. On the present occasion, Shirley had a great desire to find some character which would excuse her close companionship with her father and Colonel Selden. She had learned to avoid, as far as possible, private interviews with Mr. Blake. On horseback she could always gallop ahead—in his trap she would never accompany him. For the "Lovers' Walk" she managed to be always engaged to some young lad, or Tom Burns the irrepressible, or some newcomer. She was thus unconsciously enhancing her own charm in his eyes. The more she eluded him, the more ardent was his pursuit.

Here now was an occasion demanding deep thought and subtle behavior. She settled the possibility of appearing as Juliet by presenting her costume to a dear girl, whom she knew to be too poor for anything so gorgeous, and re-read her little pocket edition of Coleridge, a present from Douglas. "I might be the 'frightful fiend' that 'closely treads behind,'" she thought; "no, no, that's impossible. The sailor that shot the albatross? —equally out of the question; he was the Mariner. Ah-h! I have it!

> " 'He holds him with his glittering eye
> And listens like a three years' child.'

I shall be the three years' child."

"I don' know what I'm cuttin' up your bes' summer frock for, Miss Shirley!" complained Milly, as she ripped the lace from a handsome mull gown. Ef you'se aimin' to make me put it on Dolly, I tell you now flat-footed I ain' gwine to do it. I ain' gwine sacerfice that chile to none o' these distracted doin's at this place."

"You're going to do exactly as I want you to, Mammy! You are going to make a short baby-waist, to a plain, short skirt with a hem, and three tucks above the hem. And what is more, nobody, honor-bright-cross-your-heart, except Mama, is to see it."

"I got no call to cross my heart for you or anybody else, Miss Shirley. I'se a Baptist, an' you knows it. Go 'long, chile, you knows what I gwine do! I gwine do jes what you tells me. You ain' got no call to be cuttin' up good cloes! Miss M'Comas had a lot o' trouble sewin' on all this lace."

Alas! Poor mortals know but too well the fate of many of their best-laid schemes. The morning of the great day opened with rain of that steady, persistent kind that precludes all hope of sunshine. Garden-party, indeed, with flower-garlanded walks, lighted by colored lanterns! The proprietor met all questions with smiling serenity. He had but one request—to be allowed to advance the

mid-day meal to one o'clock and permission to close the doors of the public rooms until nine. A collation would be sent to each cottage and room in the afternoon.

When the company assembled in the evening, the biggest kind of a surprise awaited them. Colored lanterns were thickly hung around the long veranda. Within, they were introduced into a garden. Birnam Wood had come to Dunsinane. Slender trees were bound to every one of the long, long rows of pillars, extending through sliding panels the whole length of the building, the floor was carpeted with green, and growing flowers were tastefully arranged in the center of green mounds. Festoons of flowers shaded the swinging lanterns. The President—the old hero of Buena Vista—in his throne chair looked down upon a scene gorgeous with color; laughing, scintillating under the glamour of the many shaded lights. "How on earth did you manage to have these trees brought to-day?" he asked the proud proprietor. He could drive a Mexican column up the slope of a mountain, but he had never ordered a forest to march into a ballroom.

"Those trees have been lying in my cellar for several days," he was answered. "I could take no risks, you see."

The costumed company represented many characters, historic or fanciful. When Mr. Blake re-

quested that he might follow Miss Berkeley or accompany her, the amiable announcer indulged him. To his unspeakable chagrin, the party was announced in rapid succession as "The Ancient Mariner, The Wedding-guest, Romeo, with a three years' child that listens." Shirley had covered herself with an ample cloak which she dropped, too late for his escape, into Milly's hands. The President shouted with laughter. He was known to dislike society conventions and ceremonies and had looked forward with dismay to this ball, and the part expected of himself. The trio before him was irresistibly comical.

Dismally lank, lean, and brown looked the Ancient Mariner, dressy and debonair The Wedding-guest; while Shirley was simply entrancing in her baby shoes, blue sash, sleeves looped with blue ribbons, and amber beads. Her fine eyes danced with merriment, and her brown hair peeped out in little rings from her baby-cap.

"I wonder," whispered the Ancient Mariner to Shirley, "if he would be insulted if we explained ourselves to him. His knowledge of literature, Scott says, doesn't go much beyond good old Dilworth's spelling-book."

"He knows enough to understand children. Sh-h. He's beckoning to us now," said Shirley.

"Why amber, little girl?" asked the President,

by way of earning a word from the pretty vision. "Is not coral the wear for a baby?"

"Yeth, thir," lisped the three-year-older, "but amber ith good for my croup!"

"Perhaps the baby would give an old soldier a kiss—old enough to be her grandfather?"

Shirley answered this with a charming curtsey, and stooping, touched with her lips the President's hand. He was delighted. Raising her as if he were a king, he respectfully kissed her own little hand. The pretty episode was applauded, and the blushing girl would have gladly vanished in the crowd. The old warrior, however, seated her beside him to help him out, as he said. "That fellow at the door calls out the companies as they come on the field," he said, "but I do not follow him very well. I shall have to retire early and you will have plenty of dancing time."

She dropped her infantile lisp and manner, and met the old General on the plains of Mexico. She could repeat the stirring lines, beginning—

Beneath the stern old mountains we met them in their pride,
And rolled from Buena Vista back the battle's bloody tide.

She was so ardently patriotic and the veteran so fatherly that she lost her shyness in her efforts to

entertain him. "Ah, Mr. Attorney-General," he said to Reverdy Johnson, "we find an ally here in the Virginia mountains—a good Whig. We must have her at the White House next winter. Mrs. Taylor will send for her."

"We need her in the Cabinet," said the Attorney-General, gravely. "There's a vacancy in Mrs. Johnson's establishment. The Vice-President's office is already ably filled by Mr. Fillmore."

Mr. Blake found his evening completely spoiled. He would have liked to avenge himself by devoted attentions to Miss Esmé King, or Miss Eustis, or Tom Burns's witty sister.—But he had asked no dances of those young ladies, and their cards were already full. Well, he could show Miss Berkeley that he too could be indifferent. He knew the President would release her at an early hour. If she thought he was waiting for her, she would find herself mistaken. He would not dance at all. He was too much offended to hover around her. The evening train from the South arrived near midnight, and he strolled forward to see the newcomers. The first man that sprang out of the omnibus and entered the office was Douglas Newton. Without being recognized, Blake returned to the ball-room. He felt that this might complicate matters. Shirley would have one more devoted attendant, and his own opportunities for interviews with her would be rarer.

Many windows opened from the great ball-room into the galleries that surrounded it on three sides. The country people thronged these whenever anything unusual was expected, and every window was now filled with eager spectators—young men and young girls, old gray-beards and women with babies. No proprietor, since the existence of the hotel, had ever forbidden them. They were the gallery to the theater, and watched the dances with gravity and perfect behavior.

"What's all this going on?" Douglas asked an old friend whom he found in the office—preferring a quiet smoke to the hot, crowded ball-room.

"Oh, they've captured the old hero, and are working hard for his amusement,—costuming, masquerading, and what not. He is perfectly delighted! You should have seen him kissing the hand of that lovely Miss Berkeley, with all the airs of an old courtier. You are quite sure you won't smoke? This is a mild cigar—won't keep you awake."

"No, thank you—not to-night! You were saying—"

"Oh, about Miss Berkeley? She entered the ball-room dressed like a little child, looking like one of Titian's angels, and he was so wrought upon, bless you, he asked for a kiss!—but, egad, the young lady evaded it as cleverly as you can imagine, bowed her pretty head a moment over his hand,

and curtsied in the most charmingly deferential manner. She was willing to salute the old soldier that far! He admired her extremely. All this to-do over him delights him. No more wars for him! More than ever he thanks God we are 'at peace with all the world and the rest of mankind,' as he said, you remember, at his inauguration, last March. Bless his innocence! He heard the people laugh, but that they were laughing at him never entered his head."

Douglas felt himself too travel-soiled to appear in company, and it was too late to go to his distant room and refresh his toilet. He found a vacant spot in a window and, pulling his hat over his brows, he surveyed the gay scene within. The President and his party were to leave next morning, and they retired early. Shirley's friends had placed her in his chair and were gathered around her, full of interest in her conversation with the old General. She had removed her baby-cap, and her hair fell in soft undulations around her shoulders. It was the fashion of the hour to wear the hair braided and wound around the head like a coronet, but Douglas could remember Shirley as a little girl, and the little girl was again before him. Never had she seemed to him so adorable! A great tenderness, a great longing to protect her, swelled his heart. The country woman leaning in the window beside him heard a sigh, and regarded

him with pity and perfect intelligence—"out thar in the dark," she told her husband as they drove homeward, "an' his sweetheart inside dancin' with the other fellers! I cert'nly was sorry for 'im. An' he was a sight better lookin' then any of the rest of 'em!"

When Douglas called at the Berkeley cottage next morning, he found only Mammy and Dorothea ready to receive him, and they were just leaving the door for a walk to the Happy Gardens in the cool of the morning. A little boy with a wistful countenance led Dorothea by the hand. Douglas turned and accompanied them, Dorothea having gravely presented her companion.—"This is my friend Jack. I never can find Mama in the day to interduce him to her, and Shirley says she always interduces all her friends to Mama, and," —but Milly, foreseeing a long explanation, broke in:—

"This yer's the innercentest chile at this place. I dunno nothin' 'bout his folks; they tells me I better look out, but this little boy cert'nly is a comfort to Dolly. He jest devoted to her, an' she ain't a bit o' trouble to nobody when she got him to play wid. More'n that, my Mistis is above all that foolishness 'bout who she 'sociate wid. She ain' feared she hurt herse'f by visitin' even ole Miss Bangs."

"So this is Jack," said Douglas, kindly, "and he has been taking care of my little Dorothea while I was away."

"Because you know," said Dorothea, "Shirley hasn't time to amuse me at all, an' the other children don't tell stories an' play moss-houses. Oh, I *do* like 'em—very much—but you see I *love* Jack!"

"I see," said Douglas, gravely; "that makes all the difference in the world. But is he only Jack? Has he no other name?"

"Tain't no matter what his name is," said Milly, hastily. "I knowed a boy once named Pat Grubble an' he was jus' as nice as any chile I ever want to see. Pretty is as pretty does—names ain' nothin'. Look at this yer low-down no 'count nigger that call hisself Napoleon Bonaparte Johnsing! *He* knows what *I* think of *him!* Ef he was a do'-mat at my do', I wouldn't wipe my foot on him."

Douglas gathered that Dorothea's new friend was not of aristocratic lineage, but he respected the child's feelings too much to catechize him. The little boy, however, who had only waited for a pause in the conversation, now said simply, "My name is John Baker Stubbs," and added, anticipating the usual next question, "eight-goin'-on-nine."

Douglas thought him wonderfully small for so

great an age. He shook him by the hand, saying, "I am very happy to make your acquaintance," received an approving glance from Dorothea, and leaving the party, turned aside into one of the by-paths of the Lovers' Walk.

The grove was deserted. Usually couples who could find no other time or place for confidential talk might be found here and there on the seats under the trees,—little short benches *à deux* at discreet distances apart,—but after the midnight rout, sentiment was refreshing itself by a morning's sleep.

Douglas seated himself on one of the benches, and clasping his hands at the back of his neck,—his favorite attitude,—settled himself for an hour of profound thought. Why should he think more about it? Every step had been gone over again and again. Rumors had reached him from time to time of Blake's devotion to Shirley, of the rides together, of the rare flowers he showered upon her, coming daily on ice from the best florist in Baltimore, of his openly avowed intention to distance all competitors. Of Shirley's own attitude there seemed no doubt. What more could any girl desire? He was accomplished, handsome, traveled; in good social position abroad. When the time came for him to "settle down," Shirley would find herself handsomely placed in New York or Lon-

don or anywhere she pleased. Thus Dame Rumor threw the ball from one to another, until at last it had reached Beechwood.

"Now," he reflected, "the time has come for action. What must be my first step? Dr. Berkeley would believe me, of course. He would know me to be incapable of a selfish motive—out of all question now. He could forbid further acquaintance. Shirley would believe, too,—but suppose her affections have been engaged! She would break her heart! Better, a thousand times, it should break than she should marry a— No, no, she must be saved from that, be her very life the forfeit."

A footstep on the dried pine leaves, and Blake stood before him! He, too, had sought the deserted spot for uninterrupted meditation.

"Hello, Newton! When did you come? I didn't know you were expected," and he took the seat beside the other.

Ignoring the proffered hand and familiar greeting and action, Douglas rose and said sternly:—

"I was not expected. It is as well you should know at once that I am here because of your devoted attentions to my cousin."

"My word! This is interesting! Perhaps you will kindly enlighten me. Why, may I ask, can I not pay my devoirs to Miss Berkeley—especially as she has not forbidden them."

"You remember you lost a letter at Berkeley

Castle,"—Blake started, but immediately froze into stiff silence. Douglas repeated, "You lost a letter! It was opened before my eyes and read before I knew to whom it was written—by whom it was written. It was addressed to you, it was signed by—"

"Stop!" said Blake, rising in a towering rage, and losing all self-control. "Before you go a step farther let me demand your right,—as I should have done before this: first, to read my private letters; secondly, to interfere in any of my matters whatsoever."

"I have told you. I have no apology to make for a pure accident. Having been given knowledge denied others, I *have* the right to use it and protect my cousin."

"Cousin?" sneered Blake. "Cousin! Possibly her great-grandfather's second wife's sister-in-law might have been your great-grandmother. She has given you no nearer right—of that I am sure. So, Mr. Douglas Newton, by your august permission, I shall e'en pursue my own sweet will at my own convenience."

"You shall not, by God," said Newton, confronting Blake with blazing eyes. "I wished to spare you—I did not desire to degrade you, but I shall at once go to Dr. Berkeley."

"Whe-w! *Degrade!* And has he,—have you, —no memories? Are a man's conquests as he lives

through his golden years reckoned degradation or triumph? Come, come, Newton; don't affect to be an innocent fool. Haul down your haughty colors! A fair field is every man's right."

"You are a contemptible puppy! I mean it! How could you DARE permit me to introduce you to my friends? How dare you take advantage of that introduction—knowing, as you do, that I know *you*. It is war to the knife between you and me."

"War to the knife, is it? To the knife then let it be—or, if you prefer, the pistol! I wish you a very good morning, Mr. Newton! To-morrow morning will be a better, when I shut your impudent mouth forever! My friend will call on you."

"Your challenge is accepted," said Douglas, sternly. "I name Major Harry Selden as my second, and refer your 'friend' to him," and, turning promptly, he pursued the outward path through the grove. This path, as he knew, led at the rear of the cottages to the President's cottage on the hill. In last night's hasty glance over the registry of arrivals, he had observed that Major Selden had a room in this cottage. The President and his party, who had left in the early train, had not needed the whole of the house and had not permitted Major Selden to be disturbed.

Hoping to find the Major at home, Douglas walked rapidly down the shaded path. Presently

he heard children's voices, and looking up, espied Milly, Dorothea, and Jack, with their hands full of honeysuckle, returning from the "Happy Gardens" in which the Lovers' Walk terminates. Had Douglas seen the Happy Gardens? Then they must turn right back with him—'twasn't far. He ought to see the old honeysuckles all lying on the ground in bloom. "Everybody has forgotten the honeysuckles but God, Mammy says! They were planted for a lady years and years ago, and every summer they bloom to let her know they don't forget—and she does know, Mammy says, up there where she is."

"Look 'ere, chillern," said Milly. "You ain' gwine back. Come along home an' git ready for dinner. What you talkin' so much to yo' cousin Douglas for, Dolly? Don' you see he ain' heerd a word you say?"

Douglas hastened along with one thought preeminent above all others—to get speech as speedily as possible with Major Selden and explain the liberty he had taken in naming him without first obtaining his consent. Above everything, the matter must be kept from the Berkeleys. Major Selden would realize this, and excuse him.

The Major was seated in the little porch of his cottage, his chair tilted back and his feet on the banister—having just returned from the post-office near the Spring; and with his papers on a

table beside him under a book to keep them from blowing away, he was unfolding the *Richmond Whig* when Douglas ran up the flight of steps leading to the President's cottage.

"Bless me! By the powers, it's Newton! I haven't seen you since you went abroad. Come up! I'm delighted to see you. When did you arrive?"

"I'm afraid, Major, your greeting would be less cordial if you knew my errand. It is of a delicate nature. May we go within? I have just had a quarrel with Mr. Blake—and he has challenged me to fight him. I ventured to name you as my second—" and he proceeded without replying to the questions, and under seal of strict confidence, to relate the whole story, from Andy's discovery to the present moment.

Major Selden was a man of the old school. He had been second in several duels and principal in more than one. He believed in a man's right—nay, obligation—to settle aspersions upon his honor in this way, and the right rose to the dignity of a sacred privilege if the sword left its scabbard in defense of innocent and beautiful womanhood. Like an old war-horse, he thrilled in the prospect of battle. He said with emphasis: "You were right to provoke the challenge, right to accept it. You make me your debtor by confiding your honor to my care."

"I appreciate the fact that my story could be revealed to no one less devoted to Dr. Berkeley than yourself."

"Right, right, my boy! I think it would kill Mary Berkeley if her girl's name should be included in any such story—bandied about from one newsmonger to another. The pretty child would perish like a butterfly in a flame. *Now,* our first thought must be of them—and the sooner we get this over, the better. The other party has lost the privilege of naming place, hour, and weapons. I never travel without my pistols,—I have a fine pair,—and I see no reason why we should not arrange a meeting for to-morrow. The hour had better be not long before the morning train leaves for Washington. We are lawbreakers already, and should Blake fall we would have to get you out of the state in short order. What sort of a shot are you?"

"I can cut saw-teeth around a visiting card at ten paces," said Douglas, "but I desire no advantage. Mr. Blake is, I hope, competent, or he would not have suggested pistols."

A step on the gravel arrested their attention, and through the open door they perceived the face of Tom Burns, pale with suppressed excitement. "I come from Mr. Blake, gentlemen, I—I—he represented to me that he had no friends in this

place and I could not refuse him. I bear his challenge to Mr. Douglas Newton."

"I suppose," said Major Selden, stiffly, "you have been made aware of the occasion of the duel?"

"I have not," said poor Tom, with an expression of abject misery. "My principal instructs me to say that no negotiation except as to place and weapons is necessary,—he will consider none. But he asks the privilege of time to-day to arrange his affairs—as he is from New York and also has an engagement to ride with a young lady early this afternoon."

The Major restrained Douglas with a meaning glance, and replied: "His request is granted. The time will be to-morrow, half an hour sharp before the departure of the morning train to Washington; the place will be the little level beyond the Lover's Leap—quite hidden by trees from the buildings here; the weapons, pistols—one of a pair I have with me."

Tom bowed and withdrew. "You see, Douglas," said the Major, "we are in luck. That young fellow knows nothing. The spot I select has been used before for a similar purpose, and the pistol shots, if heard at all, awakened no inquiry."

The Major was so much exhilarated by the incident that he launched into a train of vivid reminiscences of Virginia duels in which he had taken

part, and of which he had heard. "It is the best remedy for an injury," he said, "and the only one! I am thankful to say I never had any part in a fight which proved fatal to either principal. I winged my man once—slightly—and never had a night's sleep until he recovered. You know Jim Barksdale? That's the old fellow—old now, but not then, and the best friend I have."

"Should not the ride this afternoon be prevented?" interrupted Douglas, gloomily.

"How do you know it is to be with Miss Berkeley? Perhaps he will ride with Miss Kitty Burns. They are sometimes together. Don't worry about that. I'll see to it. Shirley shall not ride with Mr. Blake to-day, if I have to break her neck to prevent it. But as I was saying, we have had no duel comparable in interest to one my father remembers. I was a boy at the time, and never shall forget the excitement caused by it."

"Hamilton and Aaron Burr, of course," said Douglas, wishing to help along a story that promised to require time in telling.

"No, sir! Not at all! A different affair with altogether a different result. I allude to Henry Clay's duel with John Randolph. Of course, you've read 'Tom Jones'! In one of Mr. Randolph's outbursts in the Senate he called the Union of the President and Henry Clay 'the coalition of

Blifil and Black George; the combination of the Puritan and the blackleg.' According to the ruling sentiment at Washington there was but one result which could follow such language as this. Mr. Randolph and Mr. Clay must exchange shots, and so they did; Mr. Clay's ball cutting Mr. Randolph's coat near the hip, and Mr. Randolph's ball burying itself in a stump in the rear of Mr. Clay. On the second round, Randolph received Clay's shot which was happily without effect, and then raising his pistol, fired in the air. 'You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay,' said he, advancing and holding out his hand. 'I am glad the debt is no greater,' was the reply, and so the matter ended. Mr. Benton said it was among the 'highest toned' duels that he ever witnessed. But you are not going? Well, everything is being done just *right*. Make yourself perfectly easy."

When Douglas Newton turned away from Blake in the Lover's Walk, the latter found a seat behind a tree, and proceeded to arrange his plans in accordance with the new turn affairs had taken. He perceived he had been rash in challenging Newton, and cursed his folly. And yet—he would not now be exposed to Dr. Berkeley. Until the fight was over, he would be safe. That was an exhilarating thought. Many things

might happen in twenty-four hours. True, he was irrevocably committed, and Newton was, without doubt, awaiting him at Major Selden's rooms. He must find somebody to act for him. No danger of Major Selden's hinting anything to the Berkeleys—he dared not arouse suspicion.

And, after all, he reflected, what was it all about? What did Shirley care about him? Ah, he was pretty sure of her! Her coquetry proved it! He had never felt the faintest fear of failure. It was impossible he should fail. Shirley had accepted his gifts of flowers, his homage, his flattery—and pray why not? Was there one in all her train that could lay so much at her feet? And, by George, she was worth it! She was just the type of American woman the English rave over. Spirited, too,—could thrust as well as parry. But this was no time to linger over the lady's charms. His hour for prompt action had come. A bold step would result in success. Once having given her promise, Shirley would listen to nothing against him. She would become his ally, his powerful ally. She could learn by accident of the impending duel. It would be prevented. He smiled as he imagined her devotion, her spirited defense of him.

He rose with a sigh. He must return to the office, hunt up the registry of arrivals, and find a friend. Coming up the hill, whistling, was Tom

Burns. The very man! Boy enough to be proud of the distinction, Kentucky bred, and trained in an atmosphere of chivalrous enthusiasm,—quite man enough for his purpose. Old Selden would see to it there would be no deviation from the Code. The result justified his reasoning, and Tom sped on his errand.

The cars from the North were drawing into the depot, and thither he repaired for the special box of choice orchids expected that day from Baltimore. Opening the box in the depot, he wrapped them carefully, and took them himself to the isolated little Berkeley cottage near. He wrote on his card an earnest entreaty that Shirley would see him, if but for one moment, and entering the pretty little parlor, he covered the table with the flowers. Shirley had not left the cottage, and immediately appeared, looking angelic in her morning dress.

Blake rose as she entered, with a smothered exclamation of gratitude. He at once assumed an air of intense agitation. "Shirley," he said, "I must speak! I must! I have not slept! You were cruelly cold to me last night. I have been in the woods since dawn and I have felt at times that I should lose my reason! No, no, I entreat you to listen! You know my feelings for you—and yet you give me no word! I can bear it no longer! My heart is breaking! Shirley! Oh!

How can I say it as I wish? I can do so much for you! You can lead society in London, or Paris, or New York—and come often to your dear old Virginia. Shirley, can you not come with me? May I not serve you as I shall love you all my life?"

But Shirley stood looking at him without blush or tremor. She could not control a faint smile as she marked his careful toilet, his well-groomed appearance, not a bit disheveled by his agitated walks in the woods at dawn. Her leadership in London and Paris! Was he trying to play the impassioned lover? Was this his idea of making love? Really, he was acting extremely well! Blake's heart bounded as he perceived the quivering moonlight smile, and he essayed to take her in his arms. Drawing aloof from him, she looked him fully and calmly in the face.

"Say no more, Mr. Blake! I do not love you. I never can love you! I shall never consent to marry you! I thank you for these," laying her hand on the flowers, "but I can receive no more, nor any further attentions from you," and with her own graceful little curtsey, excused herself and left him!

Blake stood a moment stunned into silence. "Well, that episode is closed," he reflected. "Now for the other. Damn the women!" clenching his fist. "But there are others! Lots of 'em!

I seem to need no poultice for any serious wound! There are brighter eyes elsewhere in my world. No more bread-and-butter misses for me. No more high-strung proud women. A woman of the world has sense;" and pleading that letters peremptorily demanding replies would occupy him, he shut himself in his own rooms. There Tom Burns found him and made his report.

"Very satisfactory! Thank you, old fellow. Now dismiss me from your mind, and be sure to be in time, sharp, to-morrow morning. No, you needn't call for me! I'll come with Nappy. If two of us drive off together, people may suspect something. Half an hour before the cars leave? All right.—Make it three-quarters at least."

"Nothing has been said about a physician," said Burns. "We forgot that!"

Blake answered with a shrug and grimace: "Leave that to old Selden. The more you give him to do, the better he'll like it—fussy old party."

"I was thinking I'd ask Dr. Berkeley."

"Unthink it, then. Not a word! Not a breath to living soul or we might be interrupted. Anything but that! Of course, I've business letters to write and shall not appear again to-day. Don't you go moping about. Dance and behave as usual."

His second, in a state of profound admiration,

left him, and followed his advice. He resolved that so noble an example of manly courage and honorable sentiment should never be lost. As to Douglas, the day passed like a dream. From his window he saw Chester and Stanley duly led to the Berkeley cottage—for a countermanding order had been forgotten—and as duly dismissed. The Major has been vigilant, he reflected. He spoke to Mrs. Berkeley during the day, and she excused Shirley. "She hopes to see you to-morrow. To-day she needs rest." He wrote to his brother Harry at the University and gave the letter to the Major to be delivered in case of disaster to himself. He referred Harry to Major Selden for all explanations, which were to be made also to Dr. Berkeley, and then committing himself and all he loved to the God of his fathers, he slept long and dreamlessly.

The morning sun rose in all its glory, and as the Major, Douglas, and Dr. Caldwell passed through the Lover's Walk, the thrushes and robins poured out their morning song of praise. A carriage was already, by their orders, waiting near the grounds, but out of sight. Tom Burns, in an agony of excitement, was pacing to and fro. The Doctor touched young Newton's wrist. "Sound as a dollar," he announced, "regular and full."

The fateful hour was at hand, and Burns cast anxious glances around for his principal. The

hour came. Blake had not yet appeared. Fifteen minutes more,—no signs of him. Presently a steam whistle announced the coming of the Northern-bound train. Ten minutes more and the whistle signaled its departure.

"We are here on a fool's errand," said Major Selden. "The coward has shirked the fight! Under no circumstances will we now grant it."

"I do not renounce allegiance to Mr. Blake nor disown him utterly until further information," said Tom Burns, in a choking voice. "I am here as his representative, and I now offer to meet Mr. Newton in Mr. Blake's place."

"We have no quarrel with this gentleman," said the Major. "We will now return to our headquarters—and seek some refreshment after our morning's disappointment."

At the hotel it was learned that Mr. Blake had settled his accounts the night before and left in the morning train, leaving no address.

Douglas would gladly have returned at once to Newton Hall. Apart from his interest in Shirley, the gay watering-place, in his present state of mind, held no charm for him. He had come prepared to remain if his presence should be needed, but everything was now definitely settled. Blake was utterly extinguished—"snuffed out," as Major Selden said. "If he ever shows his face in Virginia, he'll wish he had never been born. It has been

the greatest good luck," added the Major, "that only you and I knew the cause of the quarrel. I have been in terror lest somebody should suggest it. Nobody seems to have imagined it. You had just come, and an old grudge is supposed to have existed between you. The only thing they *do* know is that a challenge passed between you, and the challenger ran away. Of course young Burns, with all the wish in the world to be prudent, must have unconsciously let some word slip from him, look, gesture—something. Then the hack had driven up and driven away; the driver told all he knew, of course. And now here are the warrants from the County Court! We'll have to go to Lewisburg to obey them. We broke the laws, although there was no fight."

Confronted with the Judge, the only witnesses —the Major, Douglas, Dr. Caldwell, and Burns —declared that they could not incriminate themselves, and therefore could not answer;—and the Judge, as he had often done before on similar occasions, dismissed the case. "I hope," said Dr. Berkeley, "that Newton comes out of this affair unscathed."

"The result proves it," the Major assured him, "and I think, Charles, I may say that my own participation goes for something. Make yourself easy! Douglas Newton has the highest place in

my esteem, my admiration. I am proud to have served him."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Berkeley to Shirley, "if Anne Page had anything to do with that quarrel? Douglas isn't the man to brook any interference with his rights."

"You know as much as I do, Mama; I was not Anne's confidante."

"But you might reasonably expect confidence from Douglas."

"I might—but I did not have it. I feel that I know very little of Douglas Newton."

Something in her tone arrested her mother. "My darling," she said tenderly, "we see too little of each other at this place. All the girls seem so happy,—I hope you are, too. Sometimes I wish I could just look right into that dear little heart of yours! Is it possible you felt an interest in—"

"No, no, Mama darling; I know what you mean. If you look in my heart, you'll find yourself in every corner of it—and as to my interest in Mr. Blake, I refused him positively, decidedly, the morning before he left. He was very much surprised."

"And you never told me!"

"You never asked me, you know. Somehow I never like to tell such things. They are so unpleasant. If a girl has to endure them now and

then, she needn't make other people feel badly to hear about them. And I think a man must feel pretty badly, too. I think a girl should always try to avoid hurting the man who has certainly paid her a high compliment,—but if he *will* rush upon his fate, she should do the best she can for him. She ought to keep his secret as carefully as he keeps it himself. That's all there is about it," she concluded, kissing her mother fondly, and turning away that she might not betray herself.

The hotel in great excitement had its theories, varying according to the diverse temperaments and experiences of its inmates.

"I wonder if she had given him the mitten?" said the lady from Kentucky.

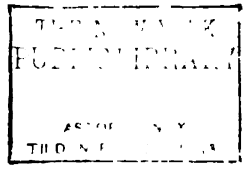
"Looks like it," said General Robertson. "She might have had a little more consideration. Dancing men are scarce this season. To discard one of them in the middle of August is simply flat burglary."

"I have a presentiment," said the lady, "that this is going to be an unfortunate season. Something more is going to happen before we get away from here. First the old President descends upon us, engrossing everybody's attention, and then these young men absorb everybody! Attention due the young girls is all directed into other channels. But God forbid I should make you men vainer than you are already! You don't think small beer

of yourselves! It is occasion for public thanksgiving if one of you gets the mitten. For my own part I did not consider Blake good enough for Shirley Berkeley."

"Nor I," said the General. "What man is good enough for her? What man is good enough for any woman? None that I ever knew. However, the Lord made them to match each other. His will be done! God forbid I should fly in the face of Providence."

"All of which comes well from you—you obstinate, delightful, hopeless old bachelor. But, seriously, you must stand by me, General, and help me. I haven't brought my daughters all the way from Kentucky to spend White Sulphur time discussing a possible duel. We'd as well have stayed at home, where the duels actually come off! As soon as we get our breath after this flurry we must have a Bal Poudré with Spanish dances. I can coach Hazazar. I know the Saraband if he doesn't. Do, pray, keep the crowd in a good humor for a while. We must make some effort—but I have my presentiment!"



Overlooking White Sulphur Battle Field
Dry Creek

Facing page 263

IX

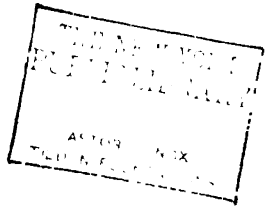
BATTLE OF WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

IN August, 1863, Gen. W. W. Averell commenced a movement from the Valley of Virginia for the purpose, as the Confederates understood, of destroying bridges on the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad, and demolishing the Salt Works in Smythe County, Va. His force was made up of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, the Second, Third, and Eighth West Virginia Cavalry, supported by Ewing's battery and one other section of artillery. Having crossed the mountains, he made his way to Randolph and Pocahontas counties before he met with any opposition.

Gen. William E. Jones, commanding the Confederates in that part of Virginia, had only a small force. Further to the south of the State, in Greenbrier, Monroe, and the Western Virginia counties, General Echols' brigade, then under the command of Col. George H. Patton, was on guard. This brigade was composed of the Twenty-second and Forty-fifth Regiments, the Twenty-sixth Bat-

talion of Virginia Infantry,—commanded by Col. George M. Edgar,—and Chapman's battery.

When General Averell reached Randolph County General Jones fell back in his front, but wherever opportunity presented itself he did not fail to harass and impede General Averell's advance. Colonel Patton was ordered from the Greenbrier section to reënforce General Jones in Pocahontas, and started with his brigade to that county. When he reached the lower end of Pocahontas, he found that General Averell, impeded as he was by General Jones, had crossed the mountains in the direction of Warm Springs, or Covington. After consultation General Jones and Colonel Patton came to the conclusion that General Averell would endeavor to cross from Covington, pass by White Sulphur, and go through Monroe County to the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad; so the Brigade was countermarched, with the purpose of reaching the junction of the Anthony's Creek Road and the James River and Kanawha Turnpike, near the White Sulphur. Celerity was absolutely necessary, for, if General Averell should pass White Sulphur, there would be no force to prevent his reaching the railroad and doing immense injury to the line of transportation and communication between Richmond and Tennessee, and the country to the west. The march, there-



Looking Over Battle Field Toward the White Sulphur
In the far center the intersection of the two roads where hardest fighting took place

Facing page 265

fore, was continued throughout the night of the twenty-fifth of August.

It was a custom in the Confederate Army when on a march, especially if it were a hurried march, for the regiments to take turn about in marching in the van. The change of front was usually made when the column halted for rest. When Colonel Patton's brigade had reached a point on the Anthony's Creek Road, about four miles from the James River and Kanawha Turnpike, the brigade was halted for a rest. At this halt the turn came for the Twenty-sixth Battalion to take position in the front, which it did, marching past the other regiments; but, instead of halting for the accustomed rest, Colonel Edgar decided to march straightway for the turnpike.

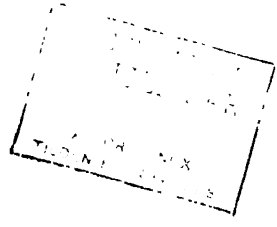
The battlefield of White Sulphur is approached by a narrow valley, along which is the old James River and Kanawha Turnpike, and by the Anthony's Creek Road, which joins the James River and Kanawha Turnpike about the middle of the little valley. The Union troops, under General Averell and Col. J. M. Schoonmaker, approached the battlefield by the James River and Kanawha Turnpike. The Confederate troops, under Colonel Patton and Colonel Edgar, came by way of the Anthony's Creek Road.

The Anthony's Creek Road and the James River and Kanawha Turnpike are nearly at right angles

with each other. At the meeting of the roads there stood,—and it yet remains,—a little frame house that was in the midst of the hottest part of the conflict. The little weatherboarded house, built of roughly sawed timber, is scarred with the bullets of the small arms, and through the gable is still to be seen the aperture made by a ten-pound solid shot.

The gorge opens into a gently undulating valley, bounded on the right by a hill, the crest of which was wooded, and the lower part of which was a cornfield. This hill gently slopes toward Wade's Creek, and on the Wade's Creek side the valley is bounded by precipitous bluffs, on which grew at that time small cedars and other mountain growth.

When the head of Colonel Edgar's column reached the turnpike the skirmishers of the Federal Army were in sight, approaching the junction of the two roads. Colonel Edgar at once tore down the fences along the road and made a barricade, which extended from the creek, at the foot of the cliff, across the turnpike to the foot of the main rise of the hill where the cornfield then was. This field is now cleared, and the fence that surrounded it was destroyed by Colonel Edgar to make the barricade. This barricade was a few feet on the White Sulphur Springs side of the sugar maple tree, which is still vigorous, and



On Extreme Left, Seat of Confederate Batteries. House Next to Hill in Far End, Seat of Federal Batteries

Facing page 267

which, having stood in the midst of the fight, still bears, in plain sight, the scars of the bullets upon its trunk.

Though the barricade was hurriedly constructed of fence rails, roughly placed, it formed a fair defense against a cavalry charge. The Union troops immediately charged up the valley and attempted to break through the hasty fortification. Under Colonel Patton's command a splendid resistance was made, and a desperate fight ensued, which lasted from the first onset of the Union soldiers until the next day, when the battle terminated.

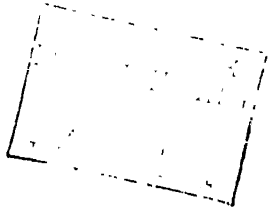
The Confederates placed their battery upon the crest of the field to the left of the Anthony's Creek Road. This was on the ridge behind the present frame house. This house has been constructed since the war.

The Union battery was on the same side of the creek, inside the fence and just back of the log house, about fifty yards above the line of the fence and the present road, and was situated about seven hundred yards from the Confederate batteries. The Confederates, after the first charge by the Union Cavalry, themselves charged the Union forces, but were driven back; whereupon the turnpike on the other side of the intersection of the Anthony's Creek Road became the scene of repeated charges of both the Union and Confederate

troops. An eyewitness tells me that the whole road, down to the frame house that now stands by the road, which occupies the site of the old Miller residence, was strewn with dead and wounded soldiers. The Miller residence was set on fire by shells from the Union battery. This was done by order of General Averell to prevent the Southern forces from occupying the house as a fortification.

The Union troops made an effort to flank the Confederate forces by coming up the rise just on the other side of the Miller residence, crossing the creek, and ascending the bluff. However, they were checked in this movement, which resulted in much bitter fighting on the bluff and in Wade's Creek that flows under this declivity. Nor were the Union troops ever able to get through the Confederate line, though they made another attempt to reach the Anthony's Creek Road by going through the woods on the crest of the hill above the cleared land. At this place developed a sharpshooters' fight, and again the Union forces were driven back. Along the road and in the bottom of the creek there was desperate fighting.

The Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, under command of Col. J. M. Schoonmaker and Captain Bird, charged through the bottom up to the line of the fortification, and a desperate hand-to-hand combat took place between the opposing forces,



Looking Toward Road by Which Confederates Approached

Facing page 269

—the Confederates, with musket and bayonet, resisting the attack, and the Union soldiers, with saber, attempting to break the Confederate line. An old soldier, a veteran of twenty-seven battles, informed the writer that this charge of the barricade was one of the most desperate combats that he witnessed during the whole war. The fight was kept up during the entire day. All the batteries were at short range and were firing round shot, grape, and canister.

As the writer pens these lines he has on his table a solid shot fired at Derrick's battalion, which came up on the afternoon of the first day to strengthen the Confederate line where it was in danger of being outflanked on the crest of the hill. The battle during this day, considering the number of soldiers engaged, was one of the most desperate fights of the war. The Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry lost on the first day one hundred and three men. When the battle ended it was night, and the soldiers of each side slept on their arms.

Senator Preston told the writer that one of the officers in this engagement informed him that a conference was held that night by the commanders of the Confederates and also one by the Union commanders, and that it was agreed at both conferences to retreat; but, when the morning came, neither General Averell nor Colonel Patton would

carry out the decrees of the conference. The next morning, therefore, the fight was renewed. The battle changed from the right to the left of the line, and the Federals, after a fierce combat, were repelled by a Confederate bayonet charge and were driven down the gorge from the main field of battle. The Union forces, pressed by the Confederate troops, fell back six or eight miles, and all day there was practically a rear-guard action, the Federals building barricades across the roads and gallantly resisting the attacks of the Southerners.

General Averell, in his report, speaks of the reenforcement of the Confederate troops during the night. This has been proved a mistake, since the entire Confederate force in that part of Virginia was in the battle from the beginning, and no new troops came to their help. At the close of the conflict the Confederates' ammunition was practically exhausted, and the ammunition of the Federal troops, especially that of the batteries, was almost totally spent. This action was of greater importance than would be indicated by the number of men engaged in the fight, since it kept the Union forces from getting control of this section of the country, and effectually prevented their destroying the Confederate communications to the south and southwest.

The Dixon house, on the right hand side of the

road, stands practically intact,—just as it stood during the time of the battle. It was repeatedly struck by the flying bullets and it was used as a hospital for both sides. The old log house on the left hand side of the road was also used as a hospital, and over three hundred amputations were made in this building, the legs and arms being thrown out of the windows, making a gruesome pile, which rose as high as the window sills.

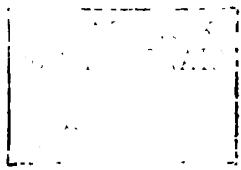
One of the guns of Ewing's battery was struck on the muzzle by a solid shot, fired by the Confederate battery. The impact broke off a piece about a foot and a half long. At the time, this gun was in the road where it was abandoned by the Union forces, and it remained above the surface until a short time ago, having been gradually covered by the mud of the little swamp on the edge of which it lay. The writer has started an investigation to ascertain its whereabouts, and, if found, it will be put in the West Virginia Museum as a record of the desperate gallantry of the soldiers who wore the blue and of those that wore the gray.

This region was, during the whole War of Secession, the debatable land. The mountain people were, many of them, for the Union, while those in the large valleys were slaveholders, and joined the Confederacy. Thus neighbor was practically pitted against neighbor, and friends, living

in the same county and district, confronted one another in deadly conflict. The majority of the troops engaged in this fight were Virginians, and throughout this entire region the conflicts were marked with desperation, while the White Sulphur was the heart of this internecine contest, its buildings, which were used more frequently by the Confederates than by the Union forces, being utilized as hospitals during a great part of the war.

Though commonly known as the Battle of Dry Creek, this engagement should be named rather the Battle of the White Sulphur. It marked an era in the war in Western Virginia. To-day in the quiet valley only the scars on the trees and the monument of a gallant Union soldier remain to attest that here once was the hiss of the bullet, the bursting of the shell, and the wild scream of the charge. The pellucid creek flows on its way unpolluted with the blood of brothers, and the lobelia, the mountain hemlock, and the yarrow, under the bright and beautiful sunlight of the West Virginia mountains, modestly grow and shed their sweet perfume over the quiet land that once echoed with the wild alarms of battling soldiery.

In order that the reader may have, at first hand, the best information, I subjoin accounts of both the Union and Confederate commanders at the



Dixon House, Used as Hospital

Facing page 273

Battle of the White Sulphur and the Battle of Lewisburg.

BATTLE OF WHITE SULPHUR

REPORT OF THE CONFEDERATE COMMANDER

The report of Maj.-Gen. Samuel Jones, C. S. Army, commanding the Department of Western Virginia, of operations, August 20-27, 1863, with congratulatory orders, is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF WESTERN VIRGINIA,
SWEET SPRINGS,
August 21, 1863.

General:

The enemy, 800 strong, was at Monterey yesterday. Another column reported coming from Franklin by McDowell, supposed to be going to Staunton. Colonel Jackson has fallen back from Huntersville to Back Creek to get in their rear, if they go to Staunton. I have ordered a regiment of infantry to Little Levels, and four companies of cavalry to Marling's Bottom, the latter to scout toward Beverly and Monterey, and harass the enemy if opportunity offers. You can send troops to Staunton, if they are needed, sooner than I can. Can you send Colonel Wharton's command?

I saw your family at the "Warm" yesterday. All are well as usual. SAM JONES,
Major-General.
GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding, &c.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, 27th, VIA DUBLIN,
August 28, 1863.

General:

We met the enemy yesterday morning about a mile and a half from this place on road to the Warm Springs. Fought from 9 a. m. to 7 p. m. Every attack made by the enemy was repulsed. At night each side occupied the same position they had in the morning. This morning the enemy made two other attacks, which were handsomely repulsed, when he abandoned his position and retreated toward Warm Springs, pursued by cavalry and artillery.

The troops engaged were the First Brigade of this army, Col. George S. Patton commanding; the enemy, about 3,000 and 6 pieces of artillery, under Brigadier-General Averell.

Our loss, about 200 killed and wounded. Enemy's loss not known. We have taken about 150 prisoners and a piece of artillery.

SAM JONES,
Major-General [C. S. A.]
GENERAL S. COOPER,
Adjutant and Inspector-General.

Reports of Federal Commander

The report of Brig.-Gen. William W. Averell, U. S. Army, of operations August 5-31, 1863, says:

Huttonsville, Va., August 30, 1863.

General:

I have the honor to report the safe return of my command to this place after an expedition through the counties of Hardy, Pendleton, Highland, Bath, Greenbrier and Pocahontas. We drove General Jackson out of Pocahontas and over the Warm Springs Mountain in a series of skirmishes; destroyed their saltpeter works; burned Camp Northwest and a large amount of arms, equipments and stores; fought a severe engagement with a superior force under command of Maj.-Gen. Samuel Jones and Colonel Patton at Rocky Gap, near White Sulphur Springs.

The battle lasted during two days. We drove the enemy from his first position, but the want of ammunition, and the arrival on the second day of three regiments to reënforce the enemy from the direction whence the coöperation of General Scammon had been promised, decided me to withdraw. My command was withdrawn in good order, with the loss of only two men during the operation.

Our loss in the battle is probably over 100 of-

ficers and men killed and wounded, among whom are Capt. Paul Baron von Koenig, aide-de-camp, killed while leading an assault upon the enemy's right, and Major McNally, Second (West) Virginia, and Captain Ewing, artillery, dangerously wounded. I have reason to believe the enemy's loss equal to, if not greater, than our own.

One Parrott gun burst the first day, and, becoming worthless, was abandoned. Great efforts up to noon to-day have been made by the combined forces of Imboden and Jackson to prevent our return, but without success.

We have brought in over 30 prisoners, including a major and two or three lieutenants, a large number of cattle, horses, &c. Your aide-de-camp, Lieut. J. R. Meigs, who accompanied me, is safe.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. W. AVERELL,
Brigadier-General.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL KELLEY.

HDQRS. 4TH SEPARATE BRIGADE, 8TH ARMY CORPS.
BEVERLY, W. VA.,
September 1, 1863.

General:

I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my brigade from the time I assumed command of it to this date:

On August 5, I left Winchester and marched over North Mountain to Wardensville, 28 miles. A lieutenant and 10 men of Imboden's command were captured on the way by Captain von Koenig, who led the advance during the day. I arrived at Moorefield with my command at 8:30 p. m. on the 6th, after a tedious march of 30 miles over a difficult road.

At Lost River a company of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania was sent to Moorefield, via Harper's Mills, where it captured a lieutenant and a party of the enemy, but subsequently, falling into an ambush after dark, lost its prisoners and 13 men captured. Four of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania were wounded, and 3 of the enemy were killed and 5 wounded.

On the 9th, left Moorefield and marched to Petersburg, 11 miles, leaving Gibson's battalion on the South Fork. My command was at this time badly in want of horseshoes and nails, clothing and ammunition, requisitions for which had been made by my quartermaster, at Cumberland, on the 7th.

The order of Brigadier-General Kelley to move was received on the 15th, at Petersburg, but it was not until noon of the 17th that horseshoe nails arrived. Some ammunition for Ewing's battery was also received, but I was unable to increase my supply for small arms, which amounted to about

thirty-five cartridges to each man. This was sufficient for any ordinary engagement, but we had a long march before us, entirely in the country occupied by the enemy, and I felt apprehensive that the supply would be exhausted before the expedition should be ended.

It was my opinion that the delay which would ensue by awaiting the arrival of ammunition would be more dangerous to us than undertaking the expedition with the supply we had. Therefore, on the 18th, Colonel Oley, of the Eighth (West) Virginia, was sent, with his regiment, up the North Fork of the South Branch of the Potomac, and Gibson's battalion up the South Fork, and on the morning of the 19th I moved with the Third (West) Virginia, Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry and Ewing's battery nearly to Franklin, sending forward two squadrons to destroy the saltpeter works five miles above.

On the 20th, proceeded up the South Branch to Monterey, over a rough road, the Eighth (West) Virginia and Gibson's battalion joining the column on the march. A few guerrillas were captured on the road.

At Monterey the quarterly court was found in session. Upon my arrival it was adjourned and the principal officials arrested. It was learned that Imboden had been there the day previous to hold a conference with Maj.-Gen. Samuel Jones

The Gorge Which is the Approach to the Battle Field, by Which the Union Forces Approached the Field

Facing page 278

upon the subject of attacking me at Petersburg. The road to Huntersville was taken on the 21st as far as Gibson's Store, my advance, conducted by Lieutenant Rumsey, aide-de-camp, driving about 300 of the enemy before it, during the march, to within five miles of Huntersville.

Our casualties during the day were only 4 wounded, and 6 horses killed and disabled, although constantly annoyed by shots from guerrillas who infested the bushes along the way.

Learning during the night of the 21st that the enemy had assumed a position in a ravine about three miles from Huntersville, which was difficult to carry on account of the precipitous character of the sides, I made a false advance on the 22nd with Gibson's battalion, while the main body, taking a by-road to the right, reached Huntersville without meeting resistance, rendering the position of the enemy useless to him and causing him to retire in haste toward Warm Springs.

Colonel Oley, with the Eighth (West) Virginia and one squadron of the Third (West) Virginia, was sent after the retreating enemy and overtook his rear guard at Camp Northwest, from whence it was driven several miles. Camp Northwest was burned and destroyed, with commissary buildings and stores, blacksmith shops, several wagons, a number of Enfield rifles, gun equipments, and a quantity of wheat and flour at a mill nearby. A

large number of canteens, stretchers and hospital supplies fell into our hands.

The 23rd was spent at Huntersville awaiting the arrival of the Second and Tenth (West) Virginia. The Tenth and a detachment of about 350 of the Second (West) Virginia, and a section of Keeper's battery, arrived during the day from the direction of Beverly. The Second had 40 rounds of ammunition per man, with 1,000 rounds additional, which were transferred to the Third (West) Virginia. During the day, a reconnoissance under Lieutenant-Colonel Polsley, Eighth (West) Virginia, was made toward Warm Springs. One lieutenant and 5 men of the enemy were captured and 12 killed and wounded. Our loss was only 5 horses shot.

On the 24th, the march was resumed toward Warm Springs, through which Jackson and his forces were driven over the mountains east of that place toward Millborough. Our losses during the day were 2 men severely wounded, some slightly hurt, and a few horses shot. Captured many arms, saddles, and other stores from the enemy.

The forces under Jackson having been driven out of Pocahontas County too soon to permit them to form a junction with any other bodies of the enemy, and the prospect of overtaking him being very small, I determined to turn my column

toward Lewisburg, hoping that my movement up to the Warm Springs had led the enemy to believe that I was on my way to his depots in the vicinity of Staunton. I relied also upon some coöperation from the direction of Summerville. I therefore sent the Tenth (West) Virginia back to Huntersville, and on the 25th made a rapid march of 25 miles to Callaghan's, in Alleghany County, destroying the saltpeter works on Jackson's River on my way. Arrived at Callaghan's, reconnoitering parties were sent toward Covington and Sweet Springs. Some wagons of the enemy were captured near Covington and the saltpeter works in that vicinity destroyed.

At 4 a. m. on the 26th, my column was formed, en route to White Sulphur Springs, in the following order, viz.:

1. Advance guard, under charge of Captain von Koenig, consisting of two companies of the Second (West) Virginia and two companies of the Eighth (West) Virginia.
2. Second (West) Virginia Mounted Infantry.
3. Eighth (West) Virginia Mounted Infantry.
4. Gibson's battalion.
5. Ewing's battery.
6. Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.
7. Third (West) Virginia Mounted Infantry.

The road crossed two mountain ranges before 10 miles had been traveled over. About 9:30 a.

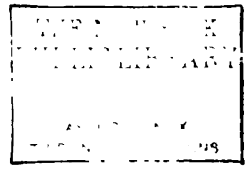
m., when about 12 miles from Callaghan's, a message from Captain Koenig was received by me, at the head of the column, that the enemy were resisting his advance, and desiring reënforcements. A squadron of the Second was sent on at a trot, and a squadron of the Eighth ordered forward. A few minutes elapsed, when the enemy's cannon announced his purpose of disputing our further progress and indicated his strength.

I at once started the column forward at a rapid gait down through a narrow pass, which soon opened out into a little valley a mile long, inclosed on each side by rugged rocky heights, covered with a stunted growth of pine, oak and chestnut trees. At the opening the projectiles from the enemy's cannon first struck the head of our column. A jutting cliff on the right afforded protection for the horses of the Second and Eighth, and the dismounted men of the Second were at once ordered to the summit of the ridge on our right and the squadron of the Eighth dismounted to the hill on our left. A section of Ewing's battery was brought up rapidly and planted on the first available position, where it opened briskly and with great accuracy.

The squadron of the Eighth, ordered to the left, mistook the direction in some way, and found itself on the right with the Second (West) Virginia. The main body of the Eighth (West) Vir-

Junction of Anthony's Creek and the James River and Kanawha Turnpike
The road in center was filled with the dead and wounded. The old house has a shell hole in the end of it

Facing page 282



ginia, led by Colonel Oley, however, soon made their way to the crest on our left. The Third (West) Virginia and Fourteenth Pennsylvania were ordered forward, and came to the front dismounted very soon.

I beg to call your attention to the fact that my column of horses, nearly four miles long, was now in a narrow gorge, and that during the time necessary for the Third (West) Virginia and Fourteenth Pennsylvania to arrive at the front, it was necessary that Ewing, supported only by the advance guard, should maintain his position against an attack of the enemy's artillery and infantry combined. The Second on the right, and the Eighth on the left, afforded some support, but Ewing's battery, with canister, not only resisted the approach of the enemy, but actually advanced upon him, in order to obtain a better position, and held him at bay until the arrival of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania and Third (West) Virginia, which were at once deployed to the right and left of the road, thus filling up the gap in my line.

The enemy gave away his position to us, and endeavored to assume another about half a mile in rear of the first, with his right resting upon a rugged prominence, his center and left protected by a temporary stockade, which he had formed of fence rails. I resolved to dislodge him before

he should become well established, and then, if possible, to rout him from the field.

One of the guns of Ewing had burst, and the other five were advanced to within 600 yards of the enemy. Captain Koenig was sent to advance the Third and Eighth, and orders were sent to the right also to advance. Gibson's battalion was thrown into a house and the surrounding inclosures which stood in front of the enemy's center. The enemy clung tenaciously to the wooded hill on their right, and Gibson's battalion was driven from the house by a regiment of the enemy which at that moment arrived upon the field. I immediately caused the house to be set on fire by shells, which prevented the enemy from occupying it.

The right was able to gain only a short distance by hard fighting. It then became an affair of sharpshooters along the whole line at a distance of less than 100 yards. The effort which my men had made in scaling a succession of heights on either hand had wearied them almost to exhaustion. A careful fire was kept up by small arms for three hours, it being almost impossible for either side to advance or retire. During this time I reconnoitered the position, going from the hills on the right to the left.

At about 4 p. m. I determined to make another effort to carry the position. A squadron of the

Fourteenth Pennsylvania, which had not been dismounted, was brought up and instructions sent to the commanders along the line that a cavalry charge was about to be made on the enemy's center, and directing them to act in concert. The charge was splendidly made by Captain Bird, of the Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, who led his men until he came to a stockade which the enemy had thrown across the road.

Orders had been given to the officers commanding the regiments on the right to press forward at the same time and endeavor to gain the Anthony's Creek Road, which came in on the enemy's left. The order to the Second to advance was conveyed by Lieutenant Combs, and the Adjutant of that regiment, who, failing to find the Colonel commanding the regiment in time, delivered the order to that portion of the regiment nearest to him.

Major McNally, on the right, and Lieutenant Combs, on the left, of the regiment, with less than 100 men, advanced on the enemy's line and drove them out of the stockade, but, being unsupported by the remainder of the regiment, were forced to fall back, leaving Major McNally mortally wounded in the hands of the enemy.

The effect of the cavalry charge was to cause about 300 of the enemy to run away from the stockade, exposing themselves to a deadly fire from

the Fourteenth Pennsylvania, Colonel Schoonmaker, but their position was soon regained by their reserves. No united effort was made to attain the road on the extreme right, as directed.

Reports soon reached me from all parts of the line that ammunition was falling short. The slackened firing of the enemy evidently indicated that his supply was not plentiful.

The night came with no change in position and no tidings from the west, whence General Scammon was expected. During the night all the ammunition in the wagons was brought up and equitably distributed, and every available man was brought to the front.

It was quite evident to my mind that if the resistance of the enemy was kept up, I could go no farther in that direction. It was impossible to retire during the night without disorder, and perhaps disaster. By remaining until morning two chances remained with me—first, the enemy might retreat, and, second, Scammon might arrive.

The morning [August 27th] showed us that both chances had failed; that the enemy had received ammunition, and that reënforcements were coming to him from the direction of Lewisburg. The battle was renewed, but every arrangement made in rear for a prompt withdrawal. The ambulances loaded with wounded, the caissons, wagons, and long columns of horses were placed in proper

order upon the road, details made for the attendance of the wounded, trees prepared to fall across the gorge when our artillery should have passed, and commanding officers received their instructions. The enemy's reënforcements arrived and attempted to turn my left about 10 a. m.

At 10:30 o'clock the order to retire was given, and in forty-five minutes from that time my column was moving off in good order, my rear guard at the barricades repulsing the enemy's advance twice before it left the ground. Successive barricades were formed, and my column reached Callaghan's about 5 p. m., where it was halted, fires built, and the men and horses given the first opportunity to eat for thirty-six hours. After dark the fires were left burning and the column took the road to Warm Springs.

A scouting party of the enemy in front of us had left word with the citizens that Jackson was at Gatewood's, with a strong force. This shallow attempt at deception did not deter us from marching to that point, where we arrived at daylight on the 28th.

At 9 a. m. the march was resumed to Huntersville, without interruption, but with considerable annoyance from guerrillas. At evening we marched to Greenbrier Bridge, or Marling's Bottom, where Colonel Harris, with the Tenth (West) Virginia, was posted. The ensuing day

the command moved to Big Spring, where it was ascertained that a party of the enemy had entered the road before us for the purpose of blockading it.

At 2 a. m. on the 30th, we were again en route, and at daylight came upon a blockade, half a mile long, made by felling large trees across the road. While delayed in cutting it out the animals were fed, and a strong blockade made in rear.

The command arrived at Beverly on August 31, having marched, since June 10, 636 miles, exclusive of the distance passed over by railroad and of the marches made by detachments, which would increase the distance for the entire command to at least 1,000 miles.

This command has been mounted, equipped and drilled; has marched over 600 miles through a rugged, mountainous region, fighting the enemy almost daily; had one severe battle; destroyed the camps of the enemy; captured large amounts of supplies and 266 prisoners, in less than 80 days.

The strength of the enemy opposed to me in the engagement at Rocky Gap was 2,500, as near as could be ascertained by observations and from the reports of prisoners, and also from statements of rebel officers. I did not have 1,300 men in the front the first day.

I inclose tabular statement of my loss; also the

report of the medical director, and a copy of orders received from Brigadier-General Kelley at Petersburg.

I cannot conclude this report without expressing my high commendation of the conduct of the officers and men of my command, who, heretofore accustomed to a lax discipline, have yielded to me always a cheerful obedience. With few exceptions, their behavior in battle has been worthy of great praise.

Among those who particularly distinguished themselves in action for gallantry and ability I would mention the following officers, viz.:

Capt. Paul von Koenig, aide-de-camp, killed.

First (West) Virginia Artillery: Capt. C. T. Ewing, wounded.

Second (West) Virginia Mounted Infantry: Maj. P. McNally, died of wounds.

Eighth (West) Virginia Mounted Infantry: Capts. W. L. Gardner, W. H. H. Parker, and Lieut. J. A. Morehart, killed.

Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry: Capt. John Bird, wounded and prisoner: Lieuts. John W. McNutt, M. W. Wilson, James Jackson and Jacob Schoop, wounded.

I was greatly indebted to the following named officers for their untiring energy and hearty cooperation during the battle: Lieuts. J. R. Meigs, of the Engineers, U. S. Army, and Will Rumsey,

Capt. C. F. Trowbridge, and Lieut. L. Markbreit, aides-de-camp; Maj. T. F. Land, acting Assistant Inspector-General; Lieut. G. H. North, Assistant Quartermaster; Cols. J. M. Schoonmaker, Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and J. H. Oley, Eighth (West) Virginia Mounted Infantry; Lieuts. J. Combs, Adjutant Second (West) Virginia Mounted Infantry, and B. H. H. Atkinson, Battery B, First (West) Virginia Artillery.

I regret to report that Capt. Robert Pollock, Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, failed to make his appearance within view of the enemy and remained behind in a secluded place, with most of his company, where, I am informed, he was found asleep by the enemy after the command had been withdrawn.

Capt. James K. Billingsly, Second (West) Virginia Mounted Infantry, was too much intoxicated to perform his duties properly. He will be brought before a general court martial.

Respectfully submitted.

WM. W. AVERELL,
Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

BRIG.-GEN. LORENZO THOMAS,
Adjutant-General.

BATTLE OF LEWISBURG

REPORT OF FEDERAL COMMANDER

FLAT TOP, May 24, 1862.

My Third Brigade, Colonel Crook commanding, was attacked yesterday morning at Lewisburg by General Heth, with 3,000 men, and after a lively engagement he [sic] routed them and they fled in confusion. Four of the enemy's cannon, 200 stand of arms and 100 prisoners taken. Our loss, 10 killed and about 40 wounded.

J. D. COX,
Brigadier-General, Commanding District.
COL. ALBERT TRACY,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

REPORT OF CONFEDERATE COMMANDER

UNION, MONROE COUNTY, VA.,
May 23, 1862.

General:

I have the honor to state that after the rout of Cox's army by the combined forces of General Johnson and my own I at once concluded to attack the force at Lewisburg, and was the more determined upon this course when I learned that the enemy had divided his force at Lewisburg and sent a portion of it in the direction of Covington. This plan was communicated to you on assuming

the command of the department; in fact, the movement had then already commenced.

I proceeded rapidly in the direction of Lewisburg. I had the most accurate information of the enemy's force in every respect. He numbered about 1,500 men (infantry)—two regiments—two mountain howitzers, and about 150 cavalry. The force I led against him numbered about 2,000 infantry, three batteries and about 100 cavalry.

My chance of success was good, provided I could surprise the enemy and get into position. This I succeeded in doing far beyond my expectation. Most of his pickets were captured, and I attained without firing a shot that position in front of Lewisburg which I would have selected.

The enemy retired to a range of hills corresponding in height on the west side of the town.

As my regiments and batteries arrived they were deployed as follows:

Finney's battalion on the left, the Forty-fifth Regiment in the center, and the Twenty-second Virginia Regiment on the right; Lieutenant-Colonel Cook's battalion of dismounted men, Eighth Virginia Cavalry, as the reserve.

While deploying and getting my batteries into position, the enemy, evidently in order to cover the retreat of his wagons, threw forward his smallest regiment, sending one-half to the right and

the other to the left of the main approach to the town.

I advanced to meet him. I directed Lieutenant-Colonel Finney, commanding battalion, to occupy a small body of oak timber. In doing this Colonel Finney had to cross a wheat field. The enemy, numbering only three companies, opened upon his battalion a very severe fire, which possibly compelled his command to fall back. At this time the left of the enemy was in full retreat.

One of those causeless panics for which there is no accounting seized upon my command. Victory was in my grasp, instead of which I have to admit a most disgraceful retreat.

The field officers, among whom none were more conspicuous than the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Finney, as well as some few captains, threw themselves between the enemy and their retreating men, but threats and persuasions were alike unavailing. The result is, we mourn the loss of many a brave officer.

The only excuse that can be offered for the disgraceful behavior of three regiments and batteries is that *they are filled with conscripts and newly officered UNDER THE ELECTION SYSTEM.*

I cannot as yet ascertain our exact loss, but will furnish you reports at my earliest convenience. By far the greater portion of the casualties was among the officers—a consequence of the panic.

I do not wish to be understood as shifting the responsibility of what has occurred upon the shoulders of my troops, for as a general is the recipient of honors gained, so he should bear his proportion of the result of the disaster. I simply give you a plain statement of facts apparent to all present.

I move to-morrow or next day to my original position at The Narrows, as the tents of my command are there.

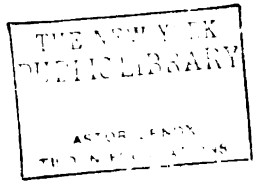
I have the honor to be, &c.,

H. HETH,
Brigadier-General.

MAJ.-GEN. W. W. LORING,
Commanding, Department of Southwest Virginia.

A Confederate Officer's Saber Found on the Battle Field the Day After the Fight. Now in the Collection of Ex-Governor MacCorkle

Facing page 294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THEIR PILGRIMAGE[1]

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

THE NATURAL BRIDGE AND THE WHITE SULPHUR, 1903

WHAT occurred at the parting between the artist and the little Lamont at Bar Harbor I never knew. There was that good comradeship between the two, that frank enjoyment of each other's society, without any sentimental nonsense, so often seen between two young people in America, which may end in a friendship of a summer, or extend to the cordial esteem of a lifetime, or result in marriage. I always liked the girl; she had such a sunny temper, such a flow of originality in her mental attitude towards people and things without being a wit or a critic, and so much piquancy in all her little ways. She would

[1] Copyright, 1886, by Harper & Brothers, and, 1914, by Susan Lee Warner, to whose courtesy I am indebted for the use of these chapters.—W. A. M.

take to matrimony, I should say, like a duck to water, with unruffled plumage, but as a wife she would never be commonplace, or anything but engaging, and, as the saying is, she could make almost any man happy. And, if unmarried, what a delightful sister-in-law she would be, especially a deceased wife's sister!

I never imagined that she was capable of a great passion, as was Irene Benson, who under a serene exterior was moved by tides of deep feeling, subject to moods, and full of aspirations and longings which she herself only dimly knew the meaning of. With Irene marriage would be either supreme happiness or extreme wretchedness, no halfway acceptance of a conventional life. With such a woman life is a failure, either tragic or pathetic, without a great passion given and returned. It is fortunate, considering the chances that make unions in society, that for most men and women the "grand passion" is neither necessary nor possible. I did not share King's prejudice against Mr. Meigs. He seemed to me, as the world goes, a *bon parti,* cultivated by travel and reading, well-bred, entertaining, amiable, possessed of an ample fortune, the ideal husband in the eyes of a prudent mother. But I used to think that if Irene, attracted by his many admirable qualities, should become his wife, and that if afterwards the Prince should appear and waken

the slumbering woman's heart in her, what a tragedy would ensue. I can imagine their placid existence if the Prince should not appear, and I can well believe that Irene and Stanhope would have many a tumultuous passage in the passionate symphony of their lives. But, great heavens, is the ideal marriage a Holland!

If Marion had shed any tears overnight, say on account of a little lonesomeness because her friend was speeding away from her southward, there were no traces of them when she met her uncle at the breakfast-table, as bright and chatty as usual, and in as high spirits as one can maintain with the Rodick coffee.

What a world of shifting scenes it is! Forbes had picked up his traps and gone off with his unreasonable companion like a soldier. The day after, when he looked out of the window of his sleeping-compartment at half-past four, he saw the red sky of morning, and against it the spires of Philadelphia. At ten o'clock the two friends were breakfasting comfortably in the car, and running along down the Cumberland Valley. What a contrast was this rich country, warm with color and suggestive of abundance, to the pale and scrimped coast land of Maine denuded of its trees! By afternoon they were far down the east valley of the Shenandoah, between the Blue Ridge and the Massanutten Range, in a country broken,

picturesque, fertile, so attractive that they wondered there were so few villages on the route, and only now and then a cheap shanty in sight; and crossing the divide to the waters of the James, at sundown, in the midst of a splendid effect of mountains and clouds in a thunderstorm, they came to Natural Bridge Station, where a coach awaited them.

This was old ground to King, who had been telling the artist that the two natural objects east of the Rocky Mountains that he thought entitled to the epithet "sublime" were Niagara Falls and the Natural Bridge; and as for scenery, he did not know of any more noble and refined than this region of the Blue Ridge. Take away the Bridge altogether, which is a mere freak, and the place would still possess, he said, a charm unique. Since the enlargement of hotel facilities and the conversion of this princely domain into a grand park, it has become a favorite summer resort. The gorge of the Bridge is a botanical storehouse, greater variety of evergreens cannot be found together anywhere else in the country, and the hills are still clad with stately forests. In opening drives, and cutting roads and vistas to give views, the proprietor has shown a skill and taste in dealing with natural resources, both in regard to form and the development of contrasts of color in foliage, which are rare in landscape gardening on

this side of the Atlantic. Here is the highest part of the Blue Ridge, and from the gentle summit of Mount Jefferson the spectator has in view a hundred miles of this remarkable range, this ribbed mountain structure, which always wears a mantle of beauty, changeable purple and violet.

After supper there was an illumination of the cascade, and the ancient gnarled arbor-vitæ trees that lean over it—perhaps the largest known specimens of this species—of the gorge, and the Bridge. Nature is apt to be belittled by this sort of display, but the noble dignity of the vast arch of stone was superior to this trifling, and even had a sort of mystery added to its imposing grandeur. It is true that the flaming bonfires and the colored lights and the tiny figures of men and women standing in the gorge within the depths of the arch made the scene theatrical, but it was weird, and strange and awful, like the fantasy of a Walpurgis' Night or a midnight revel in Faust.

The presence of the colored brother in force distinguished this from provincial resorts at the North, even those that employ this color as servants. The flavor of Old Virginia is unmistakable, and life drops into an easy-going pace under this influence. What fine manners, to be sure! The waiters in the dining-room, in white ties and dress-coats, move on springs, starting even to walk with a complicated use of all the muscles

of the body, as if in response to the twang of a banjo; they do nothing without excessive motion and flourish. The gestures and good-humored vitality expended in changing plates would become the leader of an orchestra. Many of them, besides, have the expression of class-leaders—of a worldly sort. There were the aristocratic chamber-maid and porter, who had the air of never having waited on any but the first families. And what clever flatterers and readers of human nature! They can tell in a moment whether a man will be complimented by the remark, "I tuk you for a Richmond gemman, never sho'd have know'd you was frum de Norf," or whether it is best to say, "We depen's on de gemmen frum de Norf; folks down hyer never gives noffin; is too pore." But to a Richmond man it is always, "The Yankee is mighty keerful of his money; we depen's on the old sort, marse." A fine specimen of the "Richmond darky" of the old school—polite, flattering, with a venerable head of gray wool, was the bartender, who mixed his juleps with a flourish as if keeping time to music. "Haven't I waited on you befo', sah? At Capon Springs? Sorry, sah, but tho't I knowed you when you come in. Sorry, but glad to know you now, sah. If that julep don't suit you, sah, throw it in my face."

A friendly, restful, family sort of place, with music, a little mild dancing, mostly performed by

children, in the pavilion, driving and riding—in short, peace in the midst of noble scenery. No display of fashion, the artist soon discovered, and he said he longed to give the pretty girls some instruction in the art of dress. Forbes was a missionary of "style." It hurt his sense of the fitness of things to see women without it. He used to say that an ill-dressed woman would spoil the finest landscape. For such a man, with an artistic feeling so sensitive, the White Sulphur Springs is a natural goal. And he and his friend hastened thither with as much speed as the Virginia railways, whose time-tables are carefully adjusted to miss all connections, permit.

"What do you think of a place," he wrote Miss Lamont—the girl read me a portion of his lively letter that summer at Saratoga—"into which you come by a belated train at half-past eleven at night, find friends waiting up for you in evening costume, are taken to a champagne supper at twelve, get to your quarters at one, and have your baggage delivered to you at two o'clock in the morning?"

The friends were lodged in "Paradise Row,"—a whimsical name given to one of the quarters assigned to single gentlemen. Put into these single-room barracks, which were neat but exceedingly primitive in their accommodations, by hilarious negro attendants who appeared to regard life as

one prolonged lark, and who avowed that there was no time of day or night when a mint-julep or any other necessary of life would not be forthcoming at a moment's warning, the beginning of their sojourn at "The White," took an air of adventure, and the two strangers had the impression of having dropped into a garrison somewhere on the frontier. But when King stepped out upon the gallery, in the fresh summer morning, the scene that met his eyes was one of such peaceful dignity, and so different from any in his experience, that he was aware that he had come upon an original development of watering-place life.

The White Sulphur has been for the better part of a century, as everybody knows, the typical Southern resort, the rendezvous of all that was most characteristic in the society of the whole South, the meeting-place of its politicians, the haunt of its belles, the arena of gayety, intrigue, and fashion. If tradition is to be believed, here in years gone by were concocted the measures that were subsequently deployed for the government of the country at Washington, here historic matches were made, here beauty had triumphs that were the talk of a generation, here hearts were broken at a ball and mended in Lovers' Walk, and here fortunes were nightly lost and won. It must have been in its material conditions a primitive place in the days of its greatest fame. Visitors

came to it in their carriages and unwieldy four-horse chariots, attended by troops of servants, making slow but most enjoyable pilgrimages over the mountain roads, journeys that lasted a week or a fortnight, and were every day enlivened by jovial adventure. They came for the season. They were all of one social order, and needed no introduction; those from Virginia were all related to each other, and though life there was somewhat in the nature of a picnic, it had its very well defined and ceremonious code of etiquette. In the memory of its old *habitués* it was at once the freest and the most aristocratic assembly in the world. The hotel was small and its arrangements primitive; a good many of the visitors had their own cottages, and the rows of these cheap structures took their names from their occupants. The Southern Presidents, the senators and statesmen, the rich planters, lived in cottages which still have an historic interest in their memory. But cottage life was never the exclusive affair that it is elsewhere; the society was one body, and the hotel was the center.

Time has greatly changed the White Sulphur; doubtless in its physical aspect it never was so beautiful and attractive as it is to-day, but all the modern improvements have not destroyed the character of the resort, which possesses a great many of its primitive and old-time peculiarities.

Briefly the White is an elevated and charming mountain region, so cool, in fact, especially at night, that the "season" is practically limited to July and August, although I am not sure but a quiet person, who likes invigorating air, and has no daughters to marry off, would find it equally attractive in September and October, when the autumn foliage is in its glory. In a green rolling interval, planted with noble trees and flanked by moderate hills, stands the vast white caravansary, having wide galleries and big pillars running round three sides. The front and two sides are elevated, the galleries being reached by flights of steps, and affording room underneath for the large billiard and barrooms. From the hotel the ground slopes down to the spring, which is surmounted by a round canopy on white columns, and below is an opening across the stream to the racetrack, the servants' quarters, and a fine view of receding hills. Three sides of this charming park are enclosed by the cottages and cabins, which back against the hills, and are more or less embowered in trees. Most of these cottages are built in blocks and rows, some single rooms, others large enough to accommodate a family, but all reached by flights of steps, all with verandas, and most of them connected by galleries. Occasionally the forest trees have been left, and the galleries built around them. Included in the premises are two churches,

a gambling-house, a couple of country stores, and a postoffice. There are none of the shops common at watering-places, for the sale of fancy articles, and, strange to say, flowers are not systematically cultivated, and very few are ever to be had. The hotel has a vast dining-room, besides the minor eating-rooms for children and nurses, a large ballroom, and a drawing-room of imposing dimensions. Hotel and cottages together, it is said, can lodge fifteen hundred guests.

The natural beauty of the place is very great, and fortunately there is not much smart and fantastic architecture to interfere with it. I cannot say whether the knowledge that Irene was in one of the cottages affected King's judgment, but that morning, when he strolled to the upper part of the grounds before breakfast, he thought he had never beheld a scene of more beauty and dignity, as he looked over the mass of hotel buildings, upon the park set with a wonderful variety of dark green foliage, upon the elevated rows of galleried cottages marked by colonial simplicity, and the soft contour of the hills, which satisfy the eye in their delicate blending of every shade of green and brown. And after an acquaintance of a couple of weeks the place seemed to him ravishingly beautiful.

King was always raving about the White Sulphur after he came North, and one never could

tell how much his judgment was colored by his peculiar experiences there. It was my impression that if he had spent those two weeks on a barren rock in the ocean, with only one fair spirit for his minister, he would have sworn that it was the most lovely spot on the face of the earth. He always declared that it was the most friendly, cordial society at this resort in the country. At breakfast he knew scarcely any one in the vast dining-room, except the New Orleans and Richmond friends, with whom he had a seat at table. But their acquaintance sufficed to establish his position. Before dinner-time he knew half a hundred; in the evening his introductions had run up into the hundreds, and he felt that he had potential friends in every Southern city; and before the week was over there was not one of the thousand guests he did not know or might not know.

At his table he heard Irene spoken of and her beauty commented on. Two or three days had been enough to give her a reputation in a society that is exceedingly sensitive to beauty. The men were all ready to do her homage, and the women took her into favor as soon as they saw that Mr. Meigs, whose social position was perfectly well known, was of her party. The society of the White Sulphur seems perfectly easy of access, but the ineligible will find that it is able, like that of Washington, to protect itself. It was not without

a little shock that King heard the good points, the style, the physical perfections of Irene so fully commented on, and not without some alarm that he heard predicted for her a very successful career as a belle.

Coming out from breakfast, the Benson party were encountered on the gallery, and introductions followed. It was a trying five minutes for King, who felt as guilty as if the White Sulphur were private property into which he had intruded without an invitation. There was in the civility of Mr. Meigs no sign of an invitation. Mrs. Benson said she was never so surprised in her life, and the surprise seemed not exactly an agreeable one, but Mr. Benson looked a great deal more pleased than astonished. The slight flush in Irene's face as she greeted him might have been wholly due to the unexpectedness of the meeting. Some of the gentlemen lounged off to the office region for politics and cigars, the elderly ladies took seats upon the gallery, and the rest of the party strolled down to the benches under the trees.

"So Miss Benson was expecting you!" said Mrs. Farquhar, who was walking with King. It is enough to mention Mrs. Farquhar's name to an *habitué* of the Springs. It is not so many years ago since she was a reigning belle, and as noted for her wit and sparkling raillery as for her beauty. She was still a very handsome woman,

whose original cleverness had been cultivated by a considerable experience of social life in this country as well as in London and Paris.

"Was she? I'm sure I never told her I was coming here."

"No, simple man. You were with her at Bar Harbor, and I suppose she never mentioned to you that she was coming here?"

"But why did you think she expected me?"

"You men are too aggravatingly stupid. I never saw astonishment better feigned. I daresay it imposed upon that other admirer of hers also. Well, I like her, and I am going to be good to her."

This meant a good deal. Mrs. Farquhar was related to everybody in Virginia—that is, everybody who was anybody before the war—and she could count at that moment seventy-five cousins, some of them first and some of them double-first cousins, at the White Sulphur. Mrs. Farquhar's remark meant that all these cousins and all their friends the South over would stand by Miss Benson socially from that moment.

The morning german had just begun in the ballroom. The gallery was thronged with spectators, clustering like bees about the large windows, and the notes of the band came floating out over the lawn, bringing to the groups there the lulling impression that life is all a summer holiday.

"And they say she is from Ohio. It is right odd, isn't it? But two or three of the prettiest women here are from that state. There is Mrs. Martin, sweet as a jacqueminot. I'd introduce you if her husband were here. *Ohio!* Well, we get used to it. I should have known the father and mother were corn-fed. I suppose you prefer the corn-feds to the Confeds. But there's homespun and homespun. You see those under the trees yonder? Georgia homespun! Perhaps you don't see the difference. I do."

"I suppose you mean provincial."

"Oh, dear, no. I'm provincial. It is the most difficult thing to be in these leveling days. But I am not going to interest you in myself. I am too unselfish. Your Miss Benson is a fine girl, and it does not matter about her parents. Since you Yankees upset everything by the war, it is really of no importance who one's mother is. But, mind, this is not my opinion. I'm trying to adjust myself. You have no idea how reconstructed I am."

And with this Mrs. Farquhar went over to Miss Benson, and chatted for a few moments, making herself particularly agreeable to Mr. Meigs, and actually carried that gentleman off to the spring, and then as an escort to her cottage, shaking her fan as she went away at Mr. King and Irene, and saying, "It is a waste of time for you youngsters not to be in the german."

The german was just ended, and the participants were grouping themselves on the gallery to be photographed, the usual custom for perpetuating the memory of these exercises, which only take place every other morning. And since something must be done, as there are only six nights for dancing in the week, on the off mornings there are champagne and fruit parties on the lawn.

It was not about the german, however, that King was thinking. He was once more beside the woman he loved, and all the influences of summer and the very spirit of this resort were in his favor. If I cannot win her here, he was saying to himself, the Meigs is in it. They talked about the journey, about Luray, where she had been, and about the Bridge, and the abnormal gayety of the Springs.

"The people are all so friendly," she said, "and strive so much to put the stranger at his ease, and putting themselves out lest time hang heavy on one's hands. They seem somehow responsible."

"Yes," said King, "the place is unique in that respect. I suppose it is partly owing to the concentration of the company in and around the hotel."

"But the sole object appears to me to be agreeable, and make a real social life. At other like places nobody seems to care what becomes of anybody else."

"Doubtless the cordiality and good feeling are

spontaneous, though something is due to manner, and a habit of expressing the feeling that arises. Still, I do not expect to find any watering-place a paradise. This must be vastly different from any other if it is not full of cliques and gossip and envy underneath. But we do not go to a summer resort to philosophize. A market is a market, you know."

"I don't know anything about markets, and this cordiality may all be on the surface, but it makes life very agreeable, and I wish our Northerners would catch the Southern habit of showing sympathy where it exists."

"Well, I'm free to say that I like the place, and all its easy-going ways, and I have to thank you for a new experience."

"Me? Why so?"

"Oh, I wouldn't have come if it had not been for your suggestion—I mean for your—your saying that you were coming here reminded me that it was a place I ought to see."

"I'm glad to have served you as a guide-book."

"And I hope you are not sorry that I—"

At this moment Mrs. Benson and Mr. Meigs came down with the announcement of the dinner hour, and the latter marched off with the ladies with a "one-of-the-family" air.

The party did not meet again till evening in the great drawing-room. The business at the White Sulphur is pleasure. And this is about the order

of proceedings: A few conscientious people take an early glass at the spring, and later patronize the baths, and there is a crowd at the post-office; a late breakfast; lounging and gossip on the galleries and in the parlor; politics and old-fogy talk in the reading-room and in the piazza corners; flirtation on the lawn; a german every other morning at eleven; wine-parties under the trees; morning calls at the cottages; servants running hither and thither with cooling drinks; the barroom not absolutely deserted and cheerless at any hour, day or night; dinner from two to four; occasionally a riding-party; some driving; though there were charming drives in every direction, few private carriages, and no display of turn-outs; strolls in Lovers' Walk and in the pretty hill paths; supper at eight, and then the full-dress assembly in the drawing-room, and a "walk around" while the children have their hour in the ball-room; the nightly dance, witnessed by a crowd on the veranda, followed frequently by a private german and a supper given by some lover of his kind, lasting till all hours in the morning; and while the majority of the vast encampment reposes in slumber, some resolute spirits are fighting the tiger, and a light gleaming from one cottage and another shows where devotees of science are backing their opinion of the relative value of chance bits of pasteboard, in certain combinations, with a liberality and faith for which the world

gives them no credit. And lest their life should become monotonous, the enterprising young men are continually organizing entertainments, mock races, comical games. The idea seems to prevail that a summer resort ought to be a place of enjoyment.

The White Sulphur is the only watering-place remaining in the United States where there is what may be called an "assembly," such as might formerly be seen at Saratoga or at Ballston Spa in Irving's young days. Everybody is in the drawing-room in the evening, and although, in the freedom of the place, full dress is not exacted, the habit of parade in full toilet prevails. When King entered the room the scene might well be called brilliant, and even bewildering, so that in the maze of beauty and the babble of talk he was glad to obtain the services of Mrs. Farquhar as cicerone. Between the rim of people near the walls and the elliptical center was an open space for promenading, and in this beauty and its attendant cavalier went around and 'round in unending show. This is called the "Treadmill." But for the seriousness of this frank display, and the unflagging interest of the spectators, there would have been an element of high comedy in it. It was an education to join a wall group and hear the free and critical comments on the style, the dress, the physical perfection, of the charming procession.

When Mrs. Farquhar and King had taken a turn or two, they stood on one side to enjoy the scene.

"Did you ever see so many pretty girls together before? If you did don't you dare say so."

"But at the North the pretty women are scattered in a thousand places. You have here the whole South to draw on. Are they elected as representatives from the various districts, Mrs. Farquhar?"

"Certainly. By an election that your clumsy device of the ballot is not equal to. Why shouldn't beauty have a reputation? You see that old lady in the corner? Well, forty years ago the Springs just raved over her; everybody in the South knew her; I suppose she had an average of seven proposals a week; the young men went wild about her, followed her, toasted her, and fought duels for her possession—you don't like duels?—why, she was engaged to three men at one time, and after all she went off with a worthless fellow."

"That seems to me rather a melancholy history."

"Well, she is a most charming old lady; just as entertaining! I must introduce you. But this is history. Now look! There's the belle of Mobile, that tall, stately brunette. And that superb figure, you wouldn't guess she is the belle of Selma. There is a fascinating girl. What a mixture of languor and vivacity! Creole, you know; full blood. She is the belle of New Orleans—or one

of them. Oh! do you see that Paris dress? I must look at it again when it comes round; she carries it well, too—belle of Richmond. And, see there; there's one of the prettiest girls in the South—belle of Macon. And that handsome woman—Nashville?—Louisville? See, that's the new-comer from Ohio." And so the procession went on, and the enumeration—belle of Montgomery, belle of Augusta, belle of Charleston, belle of Savannah, belle of Atlanta—always the belle of some place.

"No, I don't expect you to say that these are prettier than Northern women; but just between friends, Mr. King, don't you think the North might make a little more of their beautiful women? Yes, you are right; she is handsome" (King was bowing to Irene, who was on the arm of Mr. Meigs), "and has something besides beauty. I see what you mean" (King had not intimated that he meant anything), "but don't you dare to say it."

"Oh, I'm quite subdued."

"I wouldn't trust you. I suppose you Yankees cannot help your critical spirit."

"Critical? Why, I've heard more criticism in the last half-hour from these spectators than in a year before. And—I wonder if you will let me say it?"

"Say on."

"Seems to me that the chief topic here is physical beauty—about the shape, the style, the dress, of

women, and whether this or that one is well made and handsome."

"Well, suppose beauty is worshiped in the South —we worship what we have; we haven't much money now, you know. Would you mind my saying that Mr. Meigs is a very presentable man?"

"You may say what you like about Mr. Meigs."

"That's the reason I took him away this morning."

"Thank you."

"He is full of information, and so unobtrusive—"

"I hadn't noticed that."

"And I think he ought to be encouraged. I'll tell you what you ought to do, Mr. King; you ought to give a german. If you do not, I shall put Mr. Meigs up to it—it is the thing to do here."

"Mr. Meigs give a german!"

"Why not? You see that old beau there, the one smiling and bending towards her as he walks with the belle of Macon? He does not look any older than Mr. Meigs. He has been coming here for fifty years; he owns up to sixty-five and the Mexican war; it's my firm belief that he was out in 1812. Well, he has led the german here for years. You will find Colonel Fane in the ball-room every night. Yes, I shall speak to Mr. Meigs."

The room was thinning out. King found him-

self in front of a row of dowagers, whose tongues were still going about the departing beauties. "No mercy there," he heard a lady say to her companion; "that's a jury for conviction every time." What confidential communication Mrs. Farquhar made to Mr. Meigs, King never knew, but he took advantage of the diversion in his favor to lead Miss Benson off to the ball-room.

The days went by at the White Sulphur on the wings of incessant gayety. Literally the nights were filled with music, and the only cares that infested the day appeared in the anxious faces of the mothers as the campaign became more intricate and uncertain. King watched this with the double interest of spectator and player. The artist threw himself into the *melée* with abandon, and pacified his conscience by an occasional letter to Miss Lamont, in which he confessed just as many of his conquests and defeats as he thought it would be good for her to know.

The colored people, who are a conspicuous part of the establishment, are a source of never-failing interest and amusement. Every morning the mammies and nurses with their charges were seated in a long, shining row on a part of the veranda where there was most passing and repassing, holding a sort of baby show, the social consequence of each one depending upon the rank of the family

who employed her, and the dress of the children in her charge. High-toned conversation on these topics occupied these dignified and faithful mammies, upon whom seemed to rest to a considerable extent the maintenance of the aristocratic social traditions. Forbes had heard that while the colored people of the South had suspended several of the ten commandments, the eighth was especially regarded as non-applicable in the present state of society. But he was compelled to revise this opinion as to the White Sulphur. Nobody ever locked a door or closed a window. Cottages most remote were left for hours open and without guard, miscellaneous articles of the toilet were left about, trunks were not locked, waiters, chambermaids, porters, washerwomen, were constantly coming and going, having access to the rooms at all hours, and yet no guest ever lost so much as a hairpin or a cigar. This fashion of trust and of honesty so impressed the artist that he said he should make an attempt to have it introduced elsewhere. This sort of *esprit de corps* among the colored people was unexpected, and he wondered if they are not generally misunderstood by writers who attribute to them qualities of various kinds that they do not possess. The negro is not witty, or consciously humorous, or epigrammatic. The humor of his actions and sayings lies very much in a certain

primitive simplicity. Forbes couldn't tell, for instance, why he was amused at a remark he heard one morning in the store. A colored girl sauntered in, looking about vacantly. "You ain't got no cotton, is you?" "Why, of course we have cotton." "Well" (the girl only wanted an excuse to say something), "I only ast, is you?"

Sports of a colonial and old English flavor that have fallen into disuse elsewhere varied the life at the White. One day the gentleman rode in a mule-race, the slowest mule to win, and this feat was followed by an exhibition of negro agility in climbing the greased pole and catching the greased pig; another day the cavaliers contended on the green field, surrounded by a brilliant array of beauty and costume, as two Amazon baseball nines, the one nine arrayed in yellow cambric frocks and sun-bonnets, and the other in bright red gowns—the whiskers and big boots and trousers adding nothing whatever to the illusion of the female battle.

The two tables, King's and the Bensons', united in an expedition to the Old Sweet, a drive of eighteen miles. Mrs. Farquhar arranged the affair, and assigned the seats in the carriages. It is a very picturesque drive, as are all the drives in this region, and if King did not enjoy it, it was not because Mrs. Farquhar was not even more entertaining than usual. The truth is that a young man in love is poor company for himself and for every-

body else. Even the object of his passion could not tolerate him, unless she returned it. Irene and Mr. Meigs rode in the carriage in advance of his, and King thought the scenery about the tamest he had ever seen, the roads bad, the horses slow. His ill-humor, however, was concentrated on one spot; that was Mr. Meigs' back; he thought he had never seen a more disagreeable back, a more conceited back. It ought to have been a delightful day; in his imagination it was to be an eventful day. Indeed, why shouldn't the opportunity come at the Old Sweet, at the end of the drive?—there was something promising in the name. Mrs. Farquhar was in a mocking mood all the way. She liked to go to the Old Sweet, she said, because it was so intolerably dull; it was a sensation. She thought, too, that it might please Miss Benson, there was such a fitness in the thing—the old sweet to the Old Sweet. "And he is not so very old either," she added; "just the age young girls like. I should think Miss Benson in danger—seriously, now—if she were three or four years younger."

The Old Sweet is, in fact, a delightful old-fashioned resort, respectable and dull, with a pretty park, and a crystal pond that stimulates the bather like a glass of champagne, and perhaps has the property of restoring youth. King tried the spring, which he heard Mrs. Farquhar soberly commending to Mr. Meigs; and after dinner he

maneuvered for a half-hour alone with Irene. But the fates and the women were against him. He had the mortification to see her stroll away with Mr. Meigs to a distant part of the grounds, where they remained in confidential discourse until it was time to return.

In the rearrangement of seats, Mrs. Farquhar exchanged with Irene. Mrs. Farquhar said that it was very much like going to a funeral each way. As for Irene, she was in high, even feverish, spirits, and rattled away in a manner that convinced King that she was almost too happy to contain herself.

Notwithstanding the general chaff, the singing, and the gayety of Irene, the drive seemed to him intolerably long. At the half-way house, where in the moonlight the horses drank from a shallow stream, Mr. Meigs came forward to the carriage and inquired if Miss Benson was sufficiently protected against the chilliness of the night. King had an impulse to offer to change seats with him; but no, he would not surrender in the face of the enemy. It would be more dignified to quietly leave the Springs the next day.

It was late at night when the party returned. The carriage drove to the Benson cottage; King helped Irene to alight, coolly bade her good-night, and went to his barracks. But it was not a good night to sleep. He tossed about, he counted every

step of the late night birds on his gallery; he got up and lighted a cigar, and tried dispassionately to think the matter over. But thinking was of no use. He took pen and paper; he would write a chill letter of farewell; he would make a manly avowal of his passion; he would make such an appeal that no woman could resist it. She must know, she did know—what was the use of writing? He sat staring at the blank prospect. Great heavens! what would become of his life if he lost the only woman in the world? Probably the world would go on much the same. Why, listen to it! The band was playing on the lawn at four o'clock in the morning. A party was breaking up after a night of german and a supper, and the revellers were dispersing. The lively tunes of "Dixie," "Marching Through Georgia," and "Home, Sweet Home," awoke the echoes in all the galleries and corridors, and filled the whole encampment with a sad gayety. Dawn was approaching. Good-nights and farewells and laughter were heard, and the voice of a wanderer explaining to the trees, with more or less broken melody, his fixed purpose not to go home till morning.

Stanhope King might have had a better though still a sleepless night if he had known that Mr. Meigs was packing his trunks at that hour to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," and if he had been aware of the scene at the Benson cottage after he

bade Irene good-night. Mrs. Benson had a light burning, and the noise of the carriage awakened her. Irene entered the room, saw that her mother was awake, shut the door carefully, sat down on the foot of the bed, said, "It's all over, mother," and burst into the tears of a long-repressed nervous excitement.

"What's over, child?" cried Mrs. Benson, sitting bolt-upright in bed.

"Mr. Meigs. I had to tell him that it couldn't be. And he is one of the best men I ever knew."

"You don't tell me you've gone and refused him, Irene?"

"Please don't scold me. It was no use. He ought to have seen that I did not care for him, except as a friend. I'm so sorry!"

"You are the strangest girl I ever saw." And Mrs. Benson dropped back on the pillow again, crying herself now, and muttering, "I'm sure I don't know what you *do* want."

When King came out to breakfast he encountered Mr. Benson, who told him that their friend Mr. Meigs had gone off that morning—had a sudden business call to Boston. Mr. Benson did not seem to be depressed about it. Irene did not appear, and King idled away the hours with his equally industrious companion under the trees. There was no german that morning, and the hotel band was going through its *repertoire* for the bene-

fit of a champagne party on the lawn. There was nothing melancholy about this party; and King couldn't help saying to Mrs. Farquhar that it hardly represented his idea of the destitution and depression resulting from the war; but she replied that they must do something to keep up their spirits.

"And I think," said the artist, who had been watching, from the little distance at which they sat, the table of the revellers, "that they will succeed. Twenty-six bottles of champagne, and not many more guests! What a happy people, to be able to enjoy champagne before twelve o'clock!"

"Oh, you never will understand us!" said Mrs. Farquhar; "there is nothing spontaneous in you."

"We do not begin to be spontaneous till after dinner," said King.

"And then it is all calculated. Think of Mr. Forbes counting the bottles! Such a dreadfully mercenary spirit! Oh, I have been North. Because you are not so open as we are, you set up for being more virtuous."

"And you mean," said King, "that frankness and impulse cover a multitude of——"

"I don't mean anything of the sort. I just mean that conventionality isn't virtue. You yourself confessed that you like the Southern openness right much and you like to come here, and you like the Southern people as they are at home."

"Well?"

"And now will you tell me, Mr. Prim, why it is that almost all Northern people who come South to live become more Southern than the Southerners themselves; and that almost all Southern people who go North to live remain just as Southern as ever?"

"No. Nor do I understand any more than Dr. Johnson did why the Scotch, who couldn't scratch a living at home, and came up to London, always kept on bragging about their native land and abused the metropolis."

This sort of sparring went on daily, with the result of increasing friendship between the representatives of the two geographical sections, and commonly ended with the declaration on Mrs. Farquhar's part that she should never know that King was not born in the South except for his accent; and on his part that if Mrs. Farquhar would conceal her delightful Virginia inflection she would pass everywhere at the North for a Northern woman.

"I hear," she said, later, as they sat alone, "that Mr. Meigs has beat a retreat, saving nothing but his personal baggage. I think Miss Benson is a great goose. Such a chance for an establishment and a position! You didn't half appreciate him."

"I'm afraid I did not."

"Well, it is none of my business; but I hope you

understand the responsibility of the situation. If you do not, I want to warn you about one thing: don't go strolling off before sunset in the Lovers' Walk. It is the most dangerous place. It is a fatal place. I suppose every turn in it, every tree that has a knoll at the foot where two persons can sit, has witnessed a tragedy, or, what is worse, a comedy. There are legends enough about it to fill a book. Maybe there is not a Southern woman living who has not been engaged there once at least. I'll tell you a little story for a warning. Some years ago there was a famous belle here who had the Springs at her feet, and half a dozen determined suitors. One of them, who had been unable to make the least impression on her heart, resolved to win her by a stratagem. Walking one evening on the hill with her, the two stopped just at a turn in the walk—I can show you the exact spot, with a chaperon—and he fell into earnest discourse with her. She was as cool and repellent as usual. Just then he heard a party approaching; his chance had come. The moment the party came in sight he suddenly kissed her. Everybody saw it. The witnesses discreetly turned back. The girl was indignant. But the deed was done. In half an hour the whole Springs would know it. She was compromised. No explanation could do away with the fact that she had been kissed in Lovers' Walk. But the girl was game, and that

evening the engagement was announced in the drawing-room. Isn't that a pretty story?"

However much Stanhope might have been alarmed at this recital, he betrayed nothing of his fear that evening when, after walking to the spring with Irene, the two sauntered along, and unconsciously, as it seemed, turned up the hill into that winding path which has been trodden by generations of lovers with loitering steps—steps easy to take and so hard to retrace! It is a delightful forest, the walk winding about on the edge of the hill, and giving charming prospects of intervals, stream and mountains. To one in the mood for a quiet hour with nature, no scene could be more attractive.

The couple walked on, attempting little conversation, both apparently prepossessed and constrained. The sunset was spoken of, and when Irene at length suggested turning back, that was declared to be King's object in ascending the hill to a particular point; but whether either of them saw the sunset, or would have known it from a sunrise, I cannot say. The drive to the Old Sweet was pleasant. Yes, but rather tiresome. Mr. Meigs had gone away suddenly. Yes; Irene was sorry his business should have called him away. Was she very sorry? She wouldn't lie awake at night over it, but he was a good friend. The time passed very quickly here. Yes; one couldn't tell

how it went; the days just melted away; the two weeks seemed like a day. They were going away the next day. King said he was going also.

"And," he added, as if with an effort, "when the season is over, Miss Benson, I am going to settle down to work."

"I'm glad of that," she said, turning upon him a face glowing with approval.

"Yes, I have arranged to go on with practice in my uncle's office. I remember what you said about a dilettante life."

"Why, I never said anything of the kind."

"But you looked it. It is all the same."

They had come to the crown of the hill, and stood looking over the intervals to the purple mountains. Irene was deeply occupied in tying up with grass a bunch of wild flowers. Suddenly he seized her hand.

"Irene!"

"No, no," she cried, turning away. The flowers dropped from her hand.

"You must listen, Irene. I love you—I love you."

She turned her face towards him; her lips trembled; her eyes were full of tears; there was a great look of wonder and tenderness in her face.

"Is it all true?"

She was in his arms. He kissed her hair, her eyes—ah me! it is the old story. It had always

been true. He loved her from the first, at Fortress Monroe, every minute since. And she—well, perhaps she could learn to love him in time, if he was very good; yes, maybe she had loved him a little at Fortress Monroe. How could he? what was there in her to attract him? What a wonder it was that she could tolerate him! What could she see in him?

So this impossible thing, this miracle, was explained.

No, indeed! It had to be inquired into and explained over and over again, this absolutely new experience of two people loving each other.

She could speak now of herself, of her doubt that he could know his own heart and be stronger than the social traditions, and would not mind, as she thought he did at Newport—just a little bit—the opinions of other people. I do not by any means imply that she said all this bluntly, or that she took at all the tone of apology; but she contrived, as a woman can without saying much, to let him see why she had distrusted, not the sincerity, but the perseverance of his love. There would never be any more doubt now. What a wonder it all is!

The two parted—alas! alas! till supper-time! I don't know why scoffers make so light of these partings—at the foot of the main stairs of the hotel gallery, just as Mrs. Farquhar was descending.

Irene's face was radiant as she ran away from Mrs. Farquhar.

"Bless you, my children! I see my warning was in vain, Mr. King. It is a fatal walk. It always was in our family. Oh, youth! youth!" A shade of melancholy came over her charming face as she turned alone towards the spring.

XI

"THE TREADMILL" AT THE WHITE SULPHUR

THINGS are seldom what they seem. "The Treadmill" at the White Sulphur Springs resembled not in the least the form of punishment thought best for purposes of reformation in the Victorian prison, but was an institution peculiar to the most fashionable and popular of all the watering places of the South,—an institution characteristic of this famous spa.

When did "The Treadmill" become the vogue at "The Old White," as it was known from Delaware on the north to Ohio on the west? Though we are keen to make it as old as the pedigree of an F. F. V., which extends to the sixth day of the Creation, speaking by the book, we do not believe it began on that much disputed occasion. Nor did it begin upon that golden summer's eve when the first hunter from over the Alleghanies climbed the mountain and strayed into the little green valley amid the encircling hills, where the fairy spring bubbled up, and the magic airs blew cool and

strong and sweet and laden with the scent of the pines and the Virginia wild-flowers.

No, with the most faithful desire to aggrandize "The Treadmill," we do not admit that it was the mode when that first hunter discovered our El Dorado. Nor was it the fashion when that first hunter, who belonged to the old school and believed that the medicine that smelt and tasted was the only medicine, went home and told how, having bathed his tired limbs in a wonderfully light and odoriferous water and having drunk of the same, he felt within him the flush of renewed youth,—felt as he had not felt since he shot his first squirrel. What he said reached the ears of a determined woman named Mrs. Anderson (on whom be peace), who possessed some occult power, which induced her husband to take her on a litter to the spring (for even in those primitive days husbands consented to let their wives try strange remedies that "they might get well or somethin' "), and she, having bathed her rheumatic limbs in the fountain, went back cured.

Mrs. Anderson, unlike most females, had a tongue in her head and she told of her experience. The news spread till its fame was that of the pool of Bethesda, and (this was in 1770, according to the chronicle), by the end of the Revolution, rude wagons had made a path across the mountain, and every spring they bore their load of in-

valids which, like drugs, "were shaken when taken," and were all the better for the rough journey.

And no wonder they got well, camping out on the flower-strewn turf, breathing the winey air blown straight from the scented pines, fishing in the bright streams, hunting in the deep, primeval forests, which teemed with game, sleeping under the stars, and bathing in what the old poet, Armstrong, called "the comfortable stream."

With eager lips
And trembling hands, the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you; fresh vigor fills their veins, till, serene and pleased,
Blessed with divine immunity from ills,
Long centuries they lived.

The first settlers of that region of the Commonwealth of Virginia, as every schoolboy does not know, were not all rude woodsmen. They were, in many cases, sprigs of the English nobility, come to the New World for adventure's sake, and gentlemen who quit their homes and the wealth and luxury in which they had been reared for liberty or religion's sake. Such was Gen. John Lewis; such was the brave founder of the Caldwell family, that "Kate" for whom the mountain was named, who fought the Indians, and was the ancestor of

James Caldwell, the real founder of the modern White Sulphur; such the McDowells, and many another of honored name.

But these gentlefolk, before their pilgrimage across the seas, had led other lives, not quite so rigorous. They had been beaux and gallants at the English spas, and if not in their own persons, in that of their fathers, had drunk and played high with Richard Nash, Esquire, at Bath or Tunbridge Wells, or with Beau Brummel at Epsom or Brighton and had courted the beautiful Miss Chudleigh in the Assembly rooms, and had cast sheep eyes at the sweet Miss Lowther, betrothed of Colonel Wolf, or had lost a year's rent at cards to the old Duchess of Queensbury. Or they had gone to the Continent and nursed their gout at Wiesbaden, or Ems, or one of the many German cures. And they were not content to fish and shoot and take the waters and the air, but must make in the New World a replica of the old. They must have "the parade," such an one as that where Richardson and Mrs. Carter walked, and the Ladies Churchill,—the Duke of Marlborough's handsome daughters,—the elegant Chesterfield, Lord North, and George himself, when his spleen was out of order. They must have cards and horses and bands of music and good eating, with the attendant good drinking, good talk, and the life of the *beau monde*.

Therefore, it was not long before the stage-coach replaced the rough wagon, and fine ladies and gentlemen the crippled invalids, and pleasure seekers were more in evidence than health-seekers, though the two combined; and early in June the cavalcade started from the far South, where the rumor of the magical waters of "The White" was soon bruited abroad, and seekers of a cool resort from the burning heat of Mississippi and Louisiana were eager to arrive.

By 1820 there was an inn at The White Sulphur, and around it had grown up cabins built by their owners and representing every Southern state. Here came the nabobs from the shores of the James and the Delaware, the planters of rice from South Carolina, the planters of cane and cotton from further down, the great merchants of St. Louis, the country gentlemen from Maryland, the politicians from Philadelphia and later from Washington, and the blue-grass farmer from Kentucky, bringing with him his stately daughters, his Morgan horses, and that other staple that has made his country famous the world over.

Down they poured into this little cup in the hills, all this varied company, to the little pool of Siloam, though there were other waters much more easily reached, and there they pitched their tents,—to use the ancient phraseology,—by the spring bubbling up beneath the shadow of the

great oaks and the smile of the blue mountains. It was impossible to bring with them the luxuries to which they were accustomed (pine tables, "split bottom" chairs, hard beds were their portion); but what they could bring in full measure, flowing over, was wit, culture, refinement, good manners, good humor, the "family feeling,"—characteristic of the South of ante-bellum days, which assumed that every man was a gentleman till he proved himself otherwise, and every woman a queen with proof or without it, and therefore fit associate in a society that was as free and untrammeled as the air they breathed.

By this time we began to see the first green leaf of the tree that is to grow into "The Treadmill." A White Sulphur society had been formed on the principles of the old world spas, there were hotels succeeding taverns, and drawing-rooms the "Old White" parlors. Legend says that Henry Clay offered his arm one night after supper to Mrs. John Preston, and that they marched around the big *fauteuil* that occupied the middle of the room. That Mr. Calhoun then bowed over the hand of Mrs. Rhett, of South Carolina, and joined the procession; that Gen. John Preston invited Mrs. McFarlane, of Richmond, to walk a measure, and Mr. Randolph pressed Mrs. Gen. Chestnut, of South Carolina, to imitate their good friends. The beautiful Miss Caldwell of her day, daugh-

ter of the Governor of Virginia, walked with Chief Justice Marshall, as he was to be, and after this leading, others fell in line. General Scott walked "The Treadmill" in his blue broadcloth and brass buttons, his wide collar and bulging bosom; so did President Tyler, tall and stately, marching with dignified pace and escorting the lady upon whom the honor of his society fitly sat; Henry Clay deemed "The Treadmill" a proper place to show courtesy to the wife of a doubtful supporter, and gave his arm to a country dame, who blushed under her honors and talked about the "cutting out" of garments for the hands, or maybe whispered in his ear a recipe for souse, to which he listened with flattering attention.

The books of the "White" show the names of many Presidents of the United States, including Van Buren, Fillmore, Tyler, Harrison, and Buchanan. The Springs were not too remote for Daniel Webster to come there, nor the Adamses of Massachusetts, nor the great St. Louis families, nor the New Yorkers who had intermarried with families of the South. And when the "White" became the headquarters of politicians, as it was shortly before the Civil War, there were very pretty bits of diplomacy enacted in "The Treadmill" where wary gentlemen became the obsequious knights of the wives and sisters and daughters of those whom they wished to honor or propitiate.

There is a story that at the beginning of the dreadful news of the coming strife, a prudent Virginian, whose vote in the constitutional convention was of great value, wavered. He did not want to see his "fair country disrupted," to use the historic phrase, and he had pretty much decided to say "No"; but his wife was all for separation, all for the most violent measures toward disunion. She was an old-fashioned woman and she used old-fashioned measures. First, she gave her lord a feast in imitation of the biblical diplomat, Esther; and that failing, she cut off his supplies. He ate salty ham and soda biscuits and there was no ice for his julep, and finally he capitulated. When the deed was done, he asked Madam why she was of the belligerents, and she said, "That nice South Carolina gentleman who used to walk with me in The Treadmill last summer so often when you were playing cards, Mr. Blank, explained it to me, and I decided then how you should vote."

Of course this is a legend, but it contains a truth wrapped up in fiction. "The Treadmill" was not all beer and skittles to the perspiring statesmen on an August night, nor was walking 'round and 'round without its effect upon heads apt to grow giddy with the rotary exercise; but in the end, it was worth it, for it was a place where flattery exuded as well as big drops of water on the fore-

head, and words more weighty than words of love were spoken in the maze.

After it was all over, "The Treadmill" became what it was intended to be,—a place for the exhibition of beautiful toilets, handsome figures and beautiful faces, a place where those who sat around and admired as, a few minutes before, they were admired when they took their turn, saw all the great ones of the political or social or literary world.

The social heyday of "The Treadmill" was perhaps from '75 to '95, that is, the period when society at "The White" was distinctively Southern, though it gladly welcomed Northerners and so was an important factor in reëstablishing good feeling between the warring sections. As in every resort of fashion, certain persons, certain families, set the pace, and as Southerners had suffered by the War more than had Northerners, they decreed that blood, breeding, distinguished service on what they deemed the patriot side, should overmaster money, fine apparel, and other claims to distinction. One of the most beautiful, and at the same time the wittiest belles, as they were then termed, of Virginia, the daughter of a celebrated lawyer who had suffered as one of many in a Federal prison, came to the White Sulphur, as she described it, "in one black silk dress and her grit."

And in the "one black silk and her grit" she walked into all hearts.

Many of the jewels of the women of the South had been sold for necessities and many of the laces had met the same fate, but out of unsuspected hiding-places certain rare pieces were taken; and it was not unusual in the late seventies to see a woman of South Carolina or Georgia (seat of ruthless warfare), with an historic name, seated in her arm-chair, looking at "The Treadmill,"—or herself participating in it,—dressed in a faded, almost threadbare gown, which was half covered as to neck and sleeves with a superb piece of rare Brussels or *point de Vénise,* or dressed in similar garb, having in her ears blazing solitaires, or around her throat a string of perfect pearls.

Among the men of that period were to be seen the spare grey figure of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, devoted *habitué* of the White, Governor Wade Hampton, of South Carolina; Ben Hill, of Georgia; Judge William Robertson, of Charlottesville, and Judge Moncure,—both members of the supreme court; Mayor Grace of New York; the poet and traveler, Bayard Taylor; General Beauregard, of Louisiana; Joseph Harper, of the great New York publishing house; the Longworths, of Ohio; the Chauteaux, of St. Louis; the Prestons, the Castlemans, the Browns, of Kentucky; the Desaussures, Frosts, Pinkneys, Humes, of South

Carolina; the Semmeses and Hills and Hugers, of Georgia,—the list is as long as Absalom's tresses, including Senators, Representatives, doctors of divinity,—Dr. Moses D. Hodge, Dr. Henry Alexander, Bishop Meade,—and pretty women from everywhere.

Literature, too, met with a respectful reception when its votaries marched in "The Treadmill," and for a different reason than that which made the young hero of Inkerman depreciating his lady's praise, say, "because, you see, there were so many of us." There were fewer authors in that halcyon time than in this, when *not* to have written entitles one to be stuffed as a curiosity and put in the Museum of Natural History.

Young Thomas Nelson Page had just waked to find himself famous as the author of "Mars' Chan," Armistead Gordon was pressing him hard, not then having chosen the sterner mistress, law. Christian Reid, the North Carolinian, was among the worshiped novelists, Augusta Evans, author of "Beulah" and "Infelice," was a name at which the voice was lowered and people tiptoed to see her pass on "the winding way, The Treadmill way, the way The Treadmill goes."

Like most institutions that exercise paramount influence, there was no written code as to the conduct of those who walked in "The Treadmill." But as there is no written code in the iron rule of the

great English schools, that intangible thing, which regulates the places where the aristocracy of England are taught ignorance of America, regulated behavior at "The White." True, there was discrimination. "The gentlemen," as they were still called, were allowed to pursue their industrial avocations somewhere around "Paradise Row" where the bachelors lived, every evening after "the ladies"—the term also was not yet obsolete—had sought their couches. And there were goings on, upon which piety and sometimes fortune frowned, to which it was not considered delicate to allude when the sexes met at breakfast.

But card-playing was accepted as an ancient observance, and the excellent behavior of the ladies was supposed to even up matters in summing up the traits of a family. For this reason possibly, therefore, rules of conduct for the belle were strict and unswerving.

The writer recalls certain aspects of The White during the late eighties. Supper was early, and at about half-past eight the dowagers had taken their places along the wall, or on the great fauteuil. Over in the ball-room the children were dancing, and the strains of music helped to quicken steps and pulses and make the promenade a rhythmic measure. Trains were in vogue and voluminous draperies, fans played their part in feminine attire, and the belles passed in review wielding

this fascinating weapon, while bright eyes rained influence. Coquetry, even flirtation, received the approving glance of those upon the judgment seat. The announced engagement, which cuts off every possibility of escape from the too impetuous lover, and which was considered "most indelicate," was scarcely known. But a courtship was a source of universal interest, and the discarded suitor who had been given his *congé* that afternoon at Lovers' Leap, gallantly faced his rival as they met in "The Treadmill's" tortuous wind. The belle herself lost not one brilliant hue of her plumage because she had been dubbed "coquette." Had not the Queen of all the belles of a past age, wife of the great Virginia jurist, counted her hundred slain, and had not four gentlemen of as many states invited his friends to his wedding, which should also be hers? And did she not now sit in gracious dignity enthroned among the elect, while her daughters swung around in the maze?

But there was a line, a rigid line drawn by those who arbitrated regarding "The Treadmill." "A married belle" did not long promenade among the charming girls and the stately matrons. For there was something in the atmosphere that crumpled up her delicate fripperies and paled her cheek,—a cold wind. The writer remembers the awful night when it became known to the jury that a beautiful young woman from the West had been divorced.

"She should have gone to The Warm," said a dowager from South Carolina, where legal separation is unknown. Nor was explanation of this speech necessary. "The Warm" was the place for people in sorrow or in delicate health, who wished to be elegant, but quiet.

And once there was a youngster of the wrong sex who laughed too loud, not the merry, natural laugh of youth, but the laugh of a hoyden. And something happened, and like Browning's "Last Duchess," she laughed no more.

Such was the tribunal. It had its faults and its inconsistencies, but it had the virtues of its time and it kept before it the ideal of the Old South.

Other times, other customs! With the new, all this has changed: changed the personnel of the guests, the habits of the hosts, the manner of acting and living. There are no "gentlemen" and "ladies," but "men" and "women," and as for the coquette,—poor butterfly,—she has perished in the cold wind from the North, where the true woman has one suitor and accepts him, for to have had more was to prove herself unworthy of her high calling.

They are all gone, the dinner at two, where, if you complained of tough chicken you were reproached by your boniface with being guilty of incivility. He gave you your food and only charged for the scenery. Gone the compromising

strolls by Lovers' Leap and the pretty hill paths where people plighted their troth on six hundred a year, or on the prospect of graduating next summer at the University. Gone the flirtations on the lawn. Did one go there after dark for the purpose of saying her prayers and accompanied by a spinster of fifty, the tribunal decided that she must pack her trunk and be off to "some unrestricted place like Cape May" by sunrise the next morning.

Gone the "children's hour in the ball-room, the nightly german, the wine parties under the trees, the supper given by some lover of his kind or his lady love, where toasts were drunk and poetry quoted. Even politics and cigars on the piazza are gone, and no more does the spiritual descendant of the Honorable Elijah Pogram place his feet where, had they been eyes, he might have viewed the landscape. And gone is "The Treadmill." "The Old White," the great family gathering, as the South used to know it, is the New White of another civilization. Good luck to it and its denizens! But of the Old White only a memory remains,—a memory half sad, half merry.

XII

THE WHITE AS IT IS TO-DAY

THE changes made in The White by the new control are fundamental. More than two millions of dollars have been spent to make it the most complete cure and health resort in the United States. The New Greenbrier has every feature necessitated by the luxury, convenience, comfort, and health of the twentieth century. It is a magnificent Georgian hotel, entirely fireproof, built in the most superb manner and provided with all the appliances of modern comfort that can be purchased by money or perfected by long experience. Let us describe, somewhat in detail, the great buildings and the new improvements.

From the station a broad road leads to a generous *porte-cochère,* this being the central feature of the approach, and the main entrance to the Greenbrier. A broad shallow flight of steps leads to a colonnaded, vaulted terrace, fifteen by one hundred and forty feet, from which you enter the main lounge of the hotel,—a Georgian room, eighty by sixty-five feet, paneled in putty-colored

One of the Portals of the Greenbrier

Facing page 346

The Greenbrier

Facing page 347

enameled wood, and lighted by fifteen Eighteenth Century crystal electroliers. In recesses at either side of the entrance are two imposing fireplaces, modeled after the famous Henri II fireplace in the Musée Cluny. This room is furnished, in accordance with the period, in mulberry antique velvet and dull gold. The large and luxurious lounges, of which there are twelve, are copies of the Charles I sofa of Knole Park. The same style has been followed in regard to arm chairs, fauteuils, banquettes, and so on.

Opposite the entrance, and leading from this room, is a circular room, trellised in dull green and hung profusely with wistaria. This room contains a fountain and pool, gold-fish, and pond lilies. It is furnished in French cane, bay trees, and laurel.

A fifteen-foot corridor leads from both sides of the main lounge. To the right we enter the Ladies' Reception room; this room is paneled in pale enameled wood, has a French lattice ceiling, and a large fireplace. The furniture, in Queen Anne gold and English mahogany, is covered with a French rayure, and an old French Toile de jouy is incorporated.

Elevators and a ladies' dressing room flank this reception room. To the north of this is the Spring Room. This is a unique and interesting room, finished in old English brick with a Caen Stone

vaulted ceiling, the floor of marble and Welsh tile. On the west wall recessed in a circular conservatory is the fountain from which the White Sulphur Springs water is served over a counter. Both the fountain and the counter were executed from special designs of the architect by the famous Doulton Potteries of England. On the south wall are two grottos made of stone imported from Italy for this purpose. At the base of each of these grottos is a pool, filled with lilies and gold-fish into which the water-plays fall. The east and west walls of this room are of glass, which are so arranged that they can be opened at will, making this into an al fresco lounge if desired. French wicker, greenery and marble-topped tables are used here.

The Georgian Ball-room, fifty by eighty feet, separated from the Spring room by a glazed foyer, and to the north of it, has a color scheme in three shades of French gray. The walls are medallioned as is also the ceiling. Rose pink taffetas, tasseled and trimmed in gray, curtain the thirteen windows, and the chairs and banquettes, a special eighteenth century design, are covered with a French print Toile de jouy. In the four corners of the room a subdued light is cast by four huge Torchères, painted gray, as are also the Georgian candelabra lighting the room. A promenade one

hundred feet long leads from the ball-room to the bath house.

To the left from the lounge the general writing room is first entered, directly across the corridor from the offices. This corridor leads south to the main dining room, a room finished in Caen stone, French fenestration to the east and corresponding mirrors to the west. This room is one hundred and fifty feet long, terminating on the south with a circular bay fifty feet broad, opening upon the south lawn, upon which an al fresco dining place is arranged. The chairs of this room are Queen Anne in form, black lacquer with black and silver seats. Silver sconces with candles and rose colored shades make an effective lighting for this room.

Three private dining rooms, carried out in different styles, adjoin the main dining room on the east. A cafe and gentlemen's lounge to the west is finished in Elizabethan manner, paneled oak and ornamental plaster ceiling, the windows being of leaded glass; an imposing Gothic fireplace forms an important feature. The kitchens and culinary offices are to the south of this cafe.

As the hotel is built upon a sloping site, the south part of the building has a ground floor entirely above the level of the lawn. This ground floor can be reached from the main floor by the central staircase and one leading from the Spring

room, which also goes to the gallery of the ball-room. The main entrance of the ground floor is through the generous arch of the crossway, connecting the hotel with the bath house. It leads into a billiard room fifty by eighty feet, and thence by a fifteen-foot corridor into a gentlemen's writing room, and a card room on the east, and a number of stores for fancy and useful articles on the west. A central lounge is provided on this floor with news and book-stand, flowers, telephone and telegraph rooms, and barber shop. The remainder of this floor contains dining rooms for children and nurses, staff, chauffeurs, etc., and culinary and other apartments of the building.

Above the main floor, and connected with it by three stair-cases, three elevators and a freight elevator, are five bed-room floors, each containing fifty rooms, with sitting rooms, baths, etc. These are furnished in the delightful home-like style which is generally known as English. The furniture and wood-work of the rooms are painted in soft tones of French gray, Queen Anne green and Italian yellow. Chintzes and printed linens are profusely used for hangings, bed-spreads, and bureau tops, and great attention has been paid to the conveniences, which are indispensable to the modern hostelry, such as proper lighting, heating, ventilating, and telephone service. No room in the

entire hotel is without its private toilet and lavatory, and in most cases a private bath adjoins.

The hotel, which is absolutely fireproof, was designed by Mr. Frederick Junius Sterner, of New York City, who, in connection with Miss Maude Sterner, also carried out the furnishings.

In addition to this splendid hotel, a great bathing establishment has been completed upon a scale unsurpassed in either the United States or Europe. The bath house is a splendid architectural feature worthy of the Greenbrier Hotel, its nearby companion, and was constructed with every possible attention to make it one of the great cures of the world. The most advanced specialists in America have investigated all the cures and spas of the world, have learned from them their best and latest appliances for the cure of mankind, and planted these appliances in the heart of the Alleghanies surrounded by its pure air and life-giving properties.

While The White has been a great resort for pleasure and for business, first and foremost has been the fact that its waters were specifics for the cure of many of the worst diseases that touch mankind. Men come here debilitated, broken in health, with nerves tingling, stomachs destroyed, and limbs dragging; they return to their homes erect, vigorous, full of life and strength. The natural powers of the waters have been accentua-

ted by the most scientific appliances, gathered from all parts of the world, and by utilizing the experience of the world for the purpose of most efficiently using the waters for cures. Every attribute of these mountains,—air, splendid location, and waters filled with life-giving radium,—is used here in its highest efficiency and with every latest means to make its use effective. The great bath establishment has every modern appliance for all of the approved forms of hydropathy. All the special baths at Baden Baden, Vichy, Nauheim and Aix les Bains are given in their most approved manner by the most experienced attendants from those resorts. Every form of douche, every sort of cold and hot water treatment, is here given at their best.

This European cure without going to Europe is not a new discovery at The White Sulphur; for with its almost rude appliances, where the waters were merely heated by fire, for a hundred years men's lives have here been revitalized. Now, however, this is the most complete establishment of its kind in America, and far-reaching success has attended the treatment of patients by the processes here in use.

A golf course has been planned and created by the best artists procurable in this country, or in Europe; and in its scenic beauty and artful con-

struction it is unsurpassed by few courses, if any, in the world.

The magnificent lawns, upon which nature has lavished her best efforts, have been improved and beautified, and great masses of flowers, beautiful walks, and wonderful drives are everywhere commingled in this historic old place. Through the splendid estate of seven thousand acres, romantic and picturesque drives and paths have been constructed, and from them the visitor may behold an enchanting view of splendid mountains, charming vales, winding streams, and beautiful meadows. Immense sums have been expended in improving the roadways, so that there are drives that wind their way through a picturesque wilderness, or past beautiful farms or over lordly mountains.

The old White Sulphur Hotel, filled with the sweetness of other days, has been renovated and revived. New luxuries have been added, new features have been made part of its life, and all this has been effected without destroying the old-day beauty of its splendid rooms, or altering its dignified exterior. Everywhere has the hand of taste and practical utility touched the old place with new life, giving it renewed ability to lay its sojourners under the thrall of its beauty and health-giving influence.

The White has been connected by perfect travel arrangements with all the important points east,

west and south. Through trains from New York make the Springs in thirteen hours; from Philadelphia in eleven hours; from Baltimore in nine hours; from Washington in eight hours; from Richmond in ten hours; from Cincinnati in nine hours; from Louisville in fourteen hours, and from Chicago and St. Louis in twenty hours. Special sleeping cars will allow you to leave your office at five o'clock in the afternoon and to be the next morning in the balm-laden air of the Alleghanies.

This great institution, with all of its splendid equipment and marvelous beauty of scenery and perfect appliances for restoring man to health and giving pleasure to others, is under the control of Fred Sterry, who, by sheer ability and genius, has made himself the unquestioned premier landlord of America.

Under the new régime The Old White is surpassing the glories of the olden days, and whereas it once used to give pleasure to fifties and the restoration of health to hundreds, it is now furnishing life, health, and pleasure to thousands. Under the old system the visitors at The White came only during the summer season. Now, under the far-reaching plans of the day, and by reason of the splendid equipment that has been installed, the summer season has been extended into a season that endures the whole year; and the lovers of The

White may view its life in the opening of the splendor of the spring in March and April and, in the soft Indian summer of our splendid autumn, wander amid its mountains, which are glorified with the brown, the yellow, and the gold, or live, comfortable and happy, in the life-giving air of mid-winter. The salubrity of the climate and the high altitude of The White combine to make it a place where spring, autumn, summer, and winter are alike helpful and delightful to those that sojourn within its hospitable bounds.

XIII

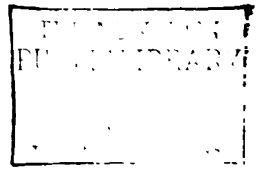
GOLF AT THE WHITE

AT the White Sulphur Springs every natural requisite exists for one of the great golf courses of America; for the place possesses the three essentials necessary for a successful golf course: character of the soil, pleasant scenery, and the topography of the ground. The golf course here is a jewel in the midst of the most exquisite setting. All around it rise the Alleghanies. Here are Kate's Mountain, the Greenbrier Mountain, the White Rock and the Old Titan, or the "Giant of the White Sulphur," —all seemingly within reaching distance, with their splendid shoulders, undulating with green and sky-touching, covered with the oak, the pine, the cedar, the birch, and the rhododendron. Around their splendid tops nestle oftentimes the clouds; and a sunset on the golf course is one of the most exquisite sights to be looked upon in America.

The course is a beautiful, undulating meadow dotted with splendid oaks and elms, with a bright lake mirroring its surface, and Howard's Creek,—

The Golf House

Facing page 356



almost a river,—offering splendid water hazards as it meanders its way along the beautiful valley. The links remind one of the golf links at Pau, France, which has been celebrated as one of the most beautiful courses in Europe.

The character of the earth is all that can be desired, since the alluvial soil of the meadows, mingled with the clay of the mountains, presents the perfect compound for a golfing course. By reason of the character of the limestone and alluvial soil, the course is one where from June until October, and from October until June again, you can play the game without being inconvenienced by the dampness. It is practically a year around course, with cooling winds in the summer, glorious and bright sunshine in the winter, and in the autumn a marvel of green land framed by the golden, the brown, and the yellow of the mountain; for here the early frosts play marvelous tricks with the green and brown of the Alleghanies.

H. J. Whigham, the great authority, says in *Town and Country,* that "the new golf links at the White Sulphur Springs is beyond a doubt one of the finest courses in the country, and probably the very best south of Philadelphia."

No expense has been spared to make it a perfect golf course. The work already has cost more than forty thousand dollars, and the intention of the White Sulphur Company is to make it as per-

fect as the marvelous location and the expenditure of money will allow.

The distance for the eighteen holes is six thousand two hundred and fifty yards. The holes embrace most of the features of the national golf links of Southampton, Long Island.

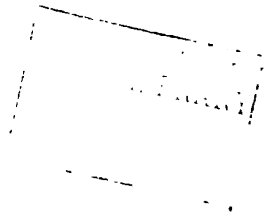
Mr. C. B. McDonald, the greatest authority on golf architecture in America, assisted by Mr. Seth Raynor, who did much of the work on the new Piping Rock course on Long Island, practically carried to completion this splendid work. The short holes include a "Redan" and an "Eden" hole and, says Mr. Whigham, "A full-drive hole, taken from Biarritz in France, which has also been used at Piping Rock." The longer holes are worked out along the same high conception, and they include three of the "dog's hind leg" variety, without which no modern course is perfect. A nine-hole course for beginners and for those not desiring the full course is part of the system.

The turf is as fine as any in the world. The grass indigenous to the White Sulphur region is the blue grass, which mats quickly, becomes level and solid, and is ideal for putting. The putting greens are of grass.

It is not generally known that the White Sulphur was one of the earliest places in America at which golf was played. The account, so beautifully related by Miss Florence Flynn, the accom-

The Lake, One of the Hazards of the Golf Course

Facing page 358



plished correspondent, is most interesting to the lovers of the game. She says:

Back in the Alleghany Mountains, a couple of miles from the famous resort of the White Sulphur, nearly three thousand feet above sea-level, on Dry Creek, there nestles between two commanding ranges a valley that is more Scotch in the characteristics of its scenery than anything to be found in the South. Here, at "Oakhurst," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Russell W. Montague, of Boston, was the first golf organization in the country. It was informal, and there were half a dozen members only, but regular medal plays were a feature, and for six successive Christmas days the players met in what might be termed the first series of annual tournaments in the United States.

In the '60's, '70's, and '80's a small coterie of Scotchmen and Englishmen with varied interests settled in Greenbrier County. They were all gentlefolk; one was a hardwood lumber exporter, another had vast fruit orchards, a third tarried and settled because the climate was ideal, the scenery grand, and his neighbors congenial.

It was in the early days of the first Cleveland administration, in 1884, that Lionel Torrin, a young Scotch tea-planter, arrived from Ceylon, India, with several sets of clubs and a quantity of balls, to visit his uncle, George Grant, of London, whose place, Greycliffe, was one of the magnificent estates in Greenbrier County. In India, England, and Scotland Torrin was noted as a crack golfer, and when he

wrote George Grant that he was coming for a visit to the States, the latter knew that time would hang heavily for his nephew if there were no links.

At an adjoining estate were Alexander and Roderick McIntosh McLeod of Dalvey, near Forres, Morayshire, Scotland. When Grant suggested a golf links, the two McLeods were enthusiastic, as was Mr. Montague, a Harvard '74 man, who had played at St. Andrews and was a member of the other clubs in the old country.

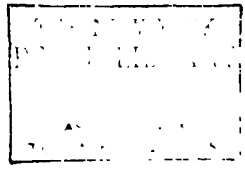
They hadn't thought of it before. But why not? The country was like a bit of the bonnie heather hills of Scotland set like a jewel in the heart of the Alleghanies.

Mr. Montague offered his place as the most convenient and centrally located for the proposed course. The two young Scotchmen from Dalvey were assisted by Grant and Montague. They all set to work, and, with the assistance of their farm hands and negroes, the course was ideally laid out. It stands to-day a monument worthy of the most famous and ambitious of professionals who have laid out and developed well-known courses throughout the world. The Montague place was admirable for golf links, and, first in the States, was the sportiest to be had.

Conditions were entirely different then. The cups still in the ground are cumbersome, thick, and heavier than those used to-day. Clubs, too, have changed somewhat, when the latest are compared with those first used in the United States, and still in Mr. Montague's possession. Solid brass was used in the con-

A View of the Upper End of the Golf Course

Facing page 360



struction of all the heads in the iron clubs, and the wooden heads of the drivers and brassies were longer and narrower than those now used.

The balls brought over from Edinburgh were gutty, larger, and much heavier than ours and always sank in water. They had little or none of the bounce of the present-day ball. However, the Oakhurst players have always insisted that they never got as much pleasure out of the game anywhere as at their own links with their old clubs and balls.

Many and amusing were their experiences. They were looked upon by their neighbors and friends as victims of an insane fad or hobby. They were the subjects of great curiosity. One afternoon a tally-ho party drove over from the hotel to call on the Montague family. They alighted to find a game on. They watched the progress of the players over several holes without comment. Finally, one of the men expressed the disgust of the others when he remarked: "Well, I *did* play *marbles* when I was a kid, but, *by gad!* this is the *first* time I've seen *men* play! It may be a fine game for a canny Scotchman, but no American will ever play it except Montague."

Rev. R. H. Mason, a well-known Virginia clergyman of the time, who had heard much of the odd game that was being played back in the mountains, went over one afternoon in time to see the golfers drive off from the first tee. As the last player, Mr. Montague, in no uncertain terms, expressed his disgust when he slived a drive which took him into the ditch. Dr. Mason remarked that it was easy, and

insisted that any baby could play. Montague handed him his driver and told him to see what he could do. Mason missed and topped the ball several times before a sliced drive landed him in the ditch. After he had played over a hundred strokes he made the hole. He closed the incident by remarking that it was a "science," not a game.

From time to time various members of the organization, which called itself from the beginning the "Oakhurst Medal," went abroad to their homes in the British Isles and brought back the latest in clubs and balls, as well as Scotch tweeds and other golfing clothes.

The fact that the clubs and balls were passed by the Customs House at New York without any question was extremely interesting in the light of an experience had several years later by George M. Donaldson, another Scotchman, who joined the Oakhurst coterie.

He arrived from his native heather, and after all his luggage had been stamped with the official seal passing them into this country, the inspector noticed his bag of golf sticks.

"What's this you have here?" he asked.

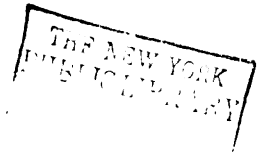
"My golf sticks," laconically replied Donaldson.

"Your what?" demanded the minion of Uncle Sam.

"My golf clubs, my sticks."

Then noting the blank amazement of the man, who by that time was deeply engrossed in a minute examination of one of the clubs he had taken from the bag, Donaldson asked:

"Surely, my man, you play golf?"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Another View of Golf Course

Facing page 363

"Play what?"

"Golf," almost screamed the then irate Scotchman.

"You don't mean to tell me you play a game with this—this——," stammered the inspector. "Well, it may be a stick that you play a game with, but I don't pass these until I know more about them. I never saw anything like them before. I shall have to get an official ruling about them."

He called in another inspector. It was finally decided to hold the bag up, after Mr. Donaldson considered he had been grossly insulted by one of the inspectors remarking that "they were more like elongated blackjacks or implements of murder."

Three weeks later, after an official ruling had been sent on by the Treasury Department at Washington, the clubs were forwarded without further ado to Donaldson at Oakhurst.

Ten years or more ago the club disbanded. The coterie of golfers broke up with the departure for various parts of the world of the players.

Mr. and Mrs. Montague still spend the greater part of the year at their charming mountain estate, the scene of the original links in the United States. The same charming hospitable atmosphere, which prompted the offering years ago of the estate for the links, still pervades Oakhurst, which from early May to November, is kept as open house for all who tarry.

Young Torrin, the inspiration of the Oakhurst Medal, has interests in India, though, since his marriage several years ago, he makes his permanent home in England.

The McLeod brothers, dashing, handsome chaps, now live at their ancestral home at Dalvey, and George Grant, though he retains his interests in Greenbrier County, and owns thousands of acres, is living in London at present.

Grant was one of the most popular residents ever known in the West Virginia country. He was a crack shot, had hunted big game in India and, among the best of hunters in the state, sustained a reputation made in England when he was a member of the Cambridge team that defeated Oxford in the first English inter-university shoot in the '60's.

George Donaldson, the remaining member of the Oakhurst Club, this year departed this life.

Our genial friend, R. W. Montague, is still with us, and his golf links are still extant; but from the small beginning great things have grown and the old-fashioned, sporty links of our delighted friend have now as their neighbor and successor the most magnificently laid out and expensively constructed golf links in the South, the equal of any in America.

Oakhurst is gathering fame even more far-reaching than that of being one of the first places for the playing of golf in the United States, for this is the home of Margaret Prescott Montague, whose swiftly growing reputation as a charming and versatile writer is being won by work that is a delight to thousands of readers.

XIV

THE GEOLOGICAL CONDITIONS OF THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

FROM this wonderful region of the White Sulphur Nature beckons with inviting hand to the tired, the worn and the sick; for here she has placed the cure for the diseases brought to mankind by the very many phases of ill-health and by the stress of our serious life. Surrounded by pellucid air, covered by the azure sky, and situated on the mountains, verdure-covered from their base to their top, where clear streams flow, and where the days are never too hot nor the nights too cold,—it seems that every attraction has been placed here by the Mighty Hand for the good of those who tread the strenuous road of life of this the twentieth century.

Here you can renew life. In other places you have the pure air and attractive surroundings; here you have all those advantages, joined with Nature's most health-restoring water, all mixed by the matchless hand of creation; here the alchemy of nature has strangely blended all the waters that cure, and has poured them out amidst

attractive surroundings with the most bounteous copiousness.

This district, in the midst of which is situated the White Sulphur, has a greater variety, and a more wonderful plenty of health-giving waters than all the other mineral spring sections of the world. When you begin to ascend the foot-hills of the Alleghanies you are above the vast laboratory in which phenomena of nature are being worked out, and where the mighty influences underneath the crust of this earth are compounding and forcing to the surface waters more healing to the ills of flesh than anything produced in pharmacopœia by three thousand years of human skill.

We know not why one mountain pours from its exhaustless fountains the hot water on one side, and over on its other slope the cold, and from another surges the warm, nor do we know why from the deep caverns come the chalybeate waters, and in the valley below, the alum, the magnesium, the salt, and the sulphur. Yet, we do know that bubbling up from the depths of the earth, all within two hours' ride of the White Sulphur, is every variety of spring known to the medical world. The chalybeate, the alum, the sulphur, the alkaline, the salt, the magnesium, the radium, the hot, the cold, and the warm,—all in their greatest profusion and perfection,—are found within a radius of seventy-five miles. Within a morning's ride are

the Rockbridge Alum, famous for the cure of all blood, skin, and stomatic diseases; the Cold Sulphur; Wilson's Springs, and the Rockbridge Baths; the Salt Sulphur, the Green Sulphur and the Blue Sulphur, noted for their cure of intestinal and stomachic troubles, rheumatism, and dyspepsia; the Red Sulphur, almost a specific for tuberculosis and all bronchial troubles; the Bath Alum, a cure for all blood, skin, and diuretic troubles; the Hot, the Healing, and the Warm Springs, almost specifics for rheumatism and nervous troubles and for the rebuilding of worn-out mankind; the Sweet Chalybeate Springs, where quickly revives the jaded appetite; Pence Springs before whose assault fierce dyspepsia retires in defeat, as well as the Millboro Springs and the Walla Walla Whatoola, the Daggers, and the Old Sweet Springs, in whose limpid waters you may wash away every nervous or rheumatic trouble, and where you may quaff the precious waters that regenerate and revive the worn body.

The sandstone at the White Sulphur Springs is the Oriskany Sandstone. The Oriskany Sandstone belongs to the Devonian Age in Geological Columns, and is the basal member of that period. Over this sandstone occurs a black fossiliferous shale that has been named the Marcellus Shale. It is very black and very nearly resembles coal. The shale contains sulphide of iron, and it is

generally believed that where deposits of iron are found along the Alleghany Mountains it originated from the decomposition of this shale.

Springs are always influenced by the character of the rock, or material, through which the water flows. Thus, when water flows through the coarse, conglomerate, hard sandstone of the Pottsville series, a splendid soft drinking water is found; and when it flows through limestone, or limy shale, the water becomes hard, since it takes up the salts of lime.

The temperature of the water from the White Sulphur Springs is from five to six degrees warmer than ordinary spring water. When here, it is most interesting to thoughtful persons to know where they are geologically, and to understand the theories as to the causes that produce these wonderful health-giving springs. Therefore, we give here as most satisfying the deductions of the late Prof. W. B. Rogers, one of the great geologists of the world, whose theories and investigations we accept as the safest of any at hand.

(No. 8)[1]—Resting in contact with the sandstones, and usually forming the lower hilly slope of the mountains in which they occur in arched or anticlinal form, we meet with a dark colored and very fissile slate,

[1] In ascending order from No. 1, No. 8 is the eighth member of the geological series.

which constitutes the lowest bed of the group of slaty rocks forming the eighth member of the series. These strata, which occupy a large extent of surface in our mountain region, are not less conspicuously characterized by the topographical features to which they give rise, than by their marked peculiarities of hue and structure. Sharp, irregular hills, deeply furrowed on their sides, and succeeding each other with but little order or arrangement, mark the topography of the regions in which these rocks occur. A further, and equally conspicuous characteristic of the rocks in question, consists in their frequent and remarkable contortions, a phenomenon well calculated to awaken curiosity and surprise wherever they are extensively exposed. Very obvious differences of structure and external characters are presented in different portions of this series of slates, and have suggested the propriety of a triple subdivision of the strata. The lowest of these rocks, or that which rests upon the sandstone No. 7, distinguished by its bluish black color, and by its scaly and fissile texture, causing it to fall into thin wafer-like fragments, or to crumble in slender fiber-like pieces, resembling portions of decaying wood, I have designated as the black fissile slate of No. 8. The second variety, presenting various dark shades of green, but more especially remarkable for a deep olive tinge which is most pleasingly displayed in the weathered and fragmentary condition of the rock as it occurs along some of the highways of the state, I have denominated the olive slate of No. 8. The third, which is much less uniform in appearance,

or homogeneous in composition, than either of the preceding, embraces many beds of more massive structure, exhibiting, especially in its lower and middle portions, a yellowish green and a deep brown coloring, and always distinguished by the rust or ocherous staining of its weathered surfaces. Becoming more siliceous as we approach its upper boundary, it terminates in thick beds of sandstone of a dirty gray color, frequently mottled with purple or greenish spots. This I have named the ocherous portion of No. 8.

The presence of iron pyrites in nodules, generally of a spheroidal form, or in a disseminated state, especially in the lower of the subdivisions above described, favors the disintegration of the rock, gives rise to the incrustations of alum, copperas and gypsum, with which its exposed surface is usually overspread, and imparts to the springs arising in it that sulphureous and chalybeate impregnation for which they are generally remarked. Though not in general rich in organic remains, these slates contain many bands or thick beds abounding in them in a very high degree. These organic layers are, or evidently have been, more or less calcareous. A stratum of limestone of pretty good quality, and two or three feet in thickness, is frequently found interpolated among the upper beds of these slates, and is remarkable for the number and beauty of the impressions it contains.

The exposures of this member of the series are so numerous and extensive, that it is almost unnecessary to refer to particular districts for exemplification. I

may, however, be allowed to remark upon some of its most important localities, as illustrating its geological position and characters. The Cowpasture Hills, of which an interesting section may be observed along the turnpike road leading through Jenning's Gap, together with much of the comparatively level region, extending to near the base of the Warm Spring Mountain, present admirable exposures of all the subdivisions of these slates, and strikingly exemplify their tendency to contorted arrangement. Similar and equally instrictive exposures are exhibited through a large part of the route from the Warm Spring Valley, by Cedar Creek and Callahan's, to the White Sulphur Springs. Occasionally the subjacent sandstone, No. 7, rises into view, and sometimes even the limestone, No. 6, still lower in the series, is brought up as at Callahan's Rock; but for the most part, the road winds among the steep and broken hills of No. 8, occasionally exposing portions of the next superior member of the series. The ridges usually designated as the Alleghany in this portion of the state, forming the eastern boundary of Pocahontas county, and lying west and north of the Warm and Sweet Spring valleys, are for the most part made up of the rocks of No. 8, capped in some places by the lower rocks of No. 9. In the structure of the Branch, or Great Shenandoah Mountain, the relations of these slates are well exposed. The basin-shaped or synclinal arrangement of the rocks of this lofty and rugged range, exhibits these strata dipping under the mountain, on both its eastern and western flanks, and forming the

wildly broken, and strongly shaded hills, which are crowded along its sides.

The hills whose diversified and picturesque outlines impart such interest to the scenery around the White Sulphur Springs, are chiefly composed of these slates, the lowermost division of which may be seen in various points, resting on the flanks of the sandstone hill (No. 7), from the bosom of which the waters of the spring make their escape. These rocks accompany us for some distance towards the Greenbrier River, and then give place, successively, to the higher members of the series, until we find ourselves surrounded by the strata of No. 11, in the vicinity of that stream.

In Hampshire, Hardy, and Pendleton counties, the strata of No. 8 are extensively exposed along the sides of the anticlinal ridges, such as the Capon, Sandy, Patterson's Creek, South Branch, Knobly, North Fork, and Bullpasture mountains, and occupy most of the intervening valleys. In Bath, Alleghany, parts of Greenbrier and Monroe, Rockbridge and Botetourt, as well as some of the more southern counties, their topographical relations are much the same; though in proceeding far south, important modifications arise, both in the material and structure of these slates.

Sulphuretted waters are of very common occurrence in No. 8. In general, the impregnation, gaseous as well as solid, is not great; but in many instances, it is fully competent to the production of striking remedial effects, and justifies the repute in which several of these waters are held.

(No. 9)—This member of the series exhibits less constancy of character than the preceding. In the northern district, it consists of shales and slaty sandstones, generally of an argillaceous composition, and presenting an alternation of beds of brown, red, green, yellow and dark gray coloring. Proceeding south, the argillaceous composition and the variegated hues of these strata become less striking, until in the middle district a dark brown micaceous, and somewhat argillaceous sandstone, and slate, is found to occupy the principal share of this division of the series.

The synclinal structure of the Shenandoah, or Branch Mountain, of which mention has already been made, beautifully exposes these variegated shales along the higher portions of both the eastern and western slopes, first appearing immediately above the grayish sandstone of No. 8, and terminating in the most elevated parts of the range at a small distance below the summit, which here is formed of the strata of the next superior member of the series. Further south, along the same ridge, as at Dry River Gap, and towards Shaw's ridge, the monotonous brown or dark reddish slate becomes predominant; and under the same modifications, these shales appear on the eastern declivity of the front ridge of the Alleghany near its base. In the neighborhood of the White Sulphur, as before stated, between Huntersville and the Greenbrier river, in Pocahontas county, and in numerous other districts, these red-slates of No. 9 are extensively exposed, but perhaps in no district do they present more satisfactory or striking developments, than

in the wild gorges which lead from the limestone region of Rockingham, through a succession of precipitous and lofty hills, to the eastern base of the Shenandoah mountain.

(No. 10)—This consists of rocks of very heterogeneous character, though arranged in general with remarkable uniformity. A red sandstone containing white siliceous pebbles, usually about a half inch in diameter—a gray, rather open grained sandstone, and a beautiful white conglomerate—a coarse conglomerate, consisting of very large pebbles, embedded in a light olive or dingy green paste—yellowish, olive and dull red micaceous soft sandstone—having something of a shaly structure, constitute the principal rocks forming this curious group. Beautiful ripple markings are often met with on the surfaces of the large slabs of the finer of these sandstones. Many of the strata of this, as well as the preceding member of the series, are remarkable for the facility with which they may be divided into thin slabs of uniform thickness and great extent, and in virtue of this property, as well as the durable character of the rock, present an admirable material for building. The finer and harder variety, of a gray or light yellowish green color, is often used for grindstones, for which it would appear to be admirably suited. When thus cleft, the surfaces of the slabs occasionally reveal superb collections of organic markings, among which fucoides and calamites deserve to be particularly mentioned. Laminæ of coal less than a quarter of an inch in thickness, have been remarked at several points in

the more shaly strata of this group, but there is no reason to look for an important vein of this mineral among them. These rocks may be well seen near the bridge over Howard's Creek, on the road from the White Sulphur to the Greenbrier River, and again a little east of that river, on the road from Huntersville to the base of the Greenbrier mountain. In the latter locality the coarse conglomerates are very extensively exhibited.

ON THE CONNECTION OF THERMAL SPRINGS IN VIRGINIA, WITH ANTICLINAL AXES AND FAULTS

The proximity of some of the noted Thermal Springs of Europe to lines of remarkable disturbance in the stratification, appears to have been early noted. In recent times similar observations have been greatly multiplied.

With the exception of brief and rather incidental notices published by myself and others, and the communication of Dr. Daubeny to *Silliman's Journal* and the Ashmolean Society, no account has yet been given of the peculiarities of geological structure, associated with the thermal springs of the United States. Indeed, the supposed rareness of their occurrence in this country, compared with many parts of Europe, and their comparatively slight excess of temperature in most instances over the ordinary springs, have naturally rendered them less inviting as subjects of observation.

My objects in the present communication are *first*, to call attention to the very *frequent* occurrence in thermal springs among the axes of the Appalachian chain in Virginia; *secondly*, to indicate certain *laws of position*, by which I have found them to be governed, and *thirdly*, to point out the important bearings of those facts when connected with the peculiar geology of the region, upon the theory of a generally diffused internal heat.

According to the views of Professors Daubeny and Bischoff, every spring is to be regarded as *Thermal* whose temperature exceeds the atmospheric mean of the region in which it is situated: and in conformity with this definition, the former of these philosophers has proposed, "in constructing a scale of temperature in regard to them, to calculate it not by their actual warmth, but by the degree of their excess above the mean of the climate." Thus we know, that the ordinary superficial springs under the equator have a temperature as high as some of the celebrated thermal waters of Europe and America. In Mexico the temperature of seventy-two degrees, corresponding with the mean of the climate, belongs to the common springs, while in Virginia the same temperature renders decidedly thermal the well known fountains of the Sweet Springs Valley, which rise in a region whose average is about fifty-one degrees.

Admitting that the elevated temperature, observed in mines and artesian wells, is dependent upon a generally diffused internal heat, increasing with the depth, and not upon chemical or volcanic agencies of

local operation, the class of thermal waters, as above described, ought to include a large proportion of such springs as are not of superficial origin. Indeed, under any view of the sources of their temperature, all springs ought to be included in this class whose heat is invariable, or when liable to change never sinks below the atmospheric mean of the place. Some decidedly thermal springs, as, for example, the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, display considerable variations of temperature with the change of seasons or of weather. It would, therefore, not be correct to assume *permanency* of heat as the criterion of thermal character, however completed in the ordinary circumstances of springs, such permanency would seem to prove that the waters in which it is observed belong to the thermal class. It may be fairly assumed in general that a spring presenting a uniform temperature, or one which, in its fluctuations, never descends below the atmospheric mean, cannot be dependent for its heat upon the atmosphere and superficial strata. Hence the general dissemination of such springs over a widely extended region, *furnishes the strongest evidence for the existence of a perennial source of heat within the earth.*

As remarked by Bischoff, the coldest springs of uniform temperature, provided they do not derive their waters from a neighboring mountain, will exhibit the nearest approximation to the average temperature of the country; but will always be a little, though it may be a very little, higher. Guided by these views, he has shown, from extensive observations in Germany

and other parts of Europe, that thermal springs are of far more frequent occurrence than had been supposed, and indeed, that nearly all the copious mineral springs there, and probably, by inference in other parts of the continent, are of this denomination.

Observations of these *slightly thermal,* as well as of warmer springs, though thus numerous in some parts of Europe, have perhaps been too much confined to such regions as are known or may be supposed to have been at one time the theater of local volcanic activity, to admit of our inferring, with confidence, that the elevation of temperature thus observed is the result of a generally pervasive heat within the earth. Indeed, the very frequent occurrence of intrusive igneous masses, among the rocks of a large part of Europe, is calculated to weaken the force of such an inference gradually, as applied to that portion of the earth's crust.

In this country, the vast belt of mountains occupied by the Appalachian strata presents, as I conceive, a region peculiarly favorable for *unambiguous* observations of this class, in consequence of the absence, excepting along its eastern border, of trappean or other erupted rocks. From my own observations, made from time to time during the last eight years, chiefly in Virginia, I am led to conclude that a great proportion of the copious and constant springs of this belt, and more especially those of our great limestone valley, are truly though slightly thermal, and that they owe to a deep subterranean source the remarkable uniformity of temperature they exhibit.

The details embraced in the tables of our thermal springs, will, I think, justify the assertion, that in no region hitherto described is the connection of springs of this class with the structural features of the district in which they occur, so uniformly and extensively displayed as in our Appalachian belt. The *fifty-six* springs enumerated embrace *twenty-five* distinct lines and individual localities, situated in various and remote parts of the Valley, and the mountainous belt adjoining it on the northwest, making in all an area of about fifteen thousand square miles. *Forty-six* of these springs are situated on or adjacent to anticlinal axes, *seven* on or near lines of fault and inversion, and *three*, the only group of this kind yet known in Virginia, close to the point of junction of the Appalachian with the Hypogene rocks.

It may therefore be announced as the prevailing *law*, as regards the more decided thermals of Virginia, and I have reason to believe of other parts of the Appalachian belt, that *they issue from the lines of anticlinal axes, or from points very near such lines.*

A brief illustration of the section is instructive and interesting.

SECTION V

ACROSS THE SWEET SPRINGS VALLEY

The structure of this valley, like that of the Warm Springs, is due to a great anticlinal axis. Commencing at a point southwestward of the termination of

the latter, this valley extends for about fifteen miles in a nearly west-southwest direction, bounded by the Sweet Spring or Peter's Mountain on the southeast, and by the Snake Run or Little Mountain on the opposite side. Where the limestone, For. II, begins to be exposed by the opening of a great anticlinal range of For. III and IV, and for a short distance towards the southwest, the strata have a *normal flexure*, those on the northwest side of the axis dipping steeply towards the northwest. But as we proceed towards the southwest, the flexure increasing, causes an inversion of the strata on the northwest side, accompanied by an occasional crushing and partial concealment of the slate rocks of For. III. These conditions, first seen at the group of thermals on Snake Run, continue, with some fluctuations, to near the southwest end of the valley, the amount of dislocation gradually but irregularly augmenting as we trace the Little Mountain in that direction. Beyond this point the fault rapidly increases, so that in the distance of a few miles not only the rocks of the Little Mountain, but all the strata intervening between For. II and For. XI, (carboniferous limestone) have been swallowed up. In this condition, occasionally varied by the intrusion of inwedged knobs or masses of the ingulfed strata, we may trace this extraordinary dislocation along the northwest base of the Peter's and East River Mountains for more than fifty miles, after which it is still further continued with a new topography.

The *Sweet Springs* flow out from the steep-dipping and inverted limestone near the center of the valley;

the *Red Springs* and *Snake Run group* from points nearer the junction of this rock with For. III, of the Little Mountain. The streams fed by these copious fountains, flowing towards the northwest by narrow transverse valleys through the Little and Snake Run mountains, have accumulated a great thickness of tufaceous deposit, forming in the neighborhood of the Red Springs a succession of picturesque cascades.

Gas, consisting of nitrogen with a considerable amount of carbonic acid, escapes freely from all these springs, rising from the Sweet Springs in copious streams. Much dissolved carbonic acid is also present, rendering most of these waters decidedly acidulous, and enabling them to retain in solution a marked proportion of carbonate of iron, as well as the more usual ingredients, carbonates of lime and magnesia.

SECTION VI

THROUGH THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS

The axis in which the White Sulphur Springs arise, and that of the thermal of Brown's mountain, are nearly, though not exactly, in the same line. They are further from the southeastern margin of the Appalachian belt than any others referred to in the tables, their distance from the Blue Ridge, in a direct transverse line, being about forty miles. The White Sulphur axis, exposing For. VII, at the springs, dies out in a short distance towards the southwest; but, traced in the opposite direction, expands into a considerable

ridge, bringing into view the upper part of For. VII, here of considerable thickness, and eventually terminates in a roll or slate of For. VIII, near Anthony's Creek. In the neighborhood of the springs the flexure of the strata is remarkably abrupt, the gentle slope on the southeastern passing into a vertical or slightly inverted dip on the opposite side of the axis. With the exception of this and another adjacent but very inconsiderable line of exposures, the surface of many miles on either side is occupied by the slates and sandstones of Fors. VIII and IX, bent and contorted by numerous lesser axes, and in the Alleghany Mountains and the numerous adjoining hills, carved by denudation into a variety of picturesque forms.

The waters of the White Sulphur are copious, but accompanied by very little evolved gas. The few bubbles I have succeeded in entrapping, proved to be nearly all nitrogen, but it is uncertain whether they arose with the water from the depths below, or were developed in the basin of the spring.

Though decidedly thermal, these waters have a fluctuating temperature, never, however, as I think, approaching nearer than ten degrees to the atmospheric mean.[1]

They form the only instance within my knowledge of a strongly sulphureous and at the same time thermal water in the United States; and in these respects bear a close analogy to certain thermals of the Pyrenees.

[1] Dr. Daubuny, who visited the White Sulphur Springs when in this country, did not advert to their being thermal.

The *plumose, filamentous* growth, involving a large amount of hydrated sulphur, which lines the basin and outlet of these waters, and which from its color has given rise to the name of White Sulphur, is also found in other sulphureous springs in the State, and has caused the adoption of this name as descriptive of such springs as a class, notwithstanding their want of agreement in other and far more important particulars. Organic products of another kind, developed in the enclosures of the Red, Blue, Gray, Crimson and Green Sulphur Springs, and whose true nature was also first suggested by myself, have by a little connection originated the names by which these springs are respectively known. Observations beyond, as well as in the State, have satisfied me that similar organic products are to be met with, in some one or more forms, in *all the sulphureous waters* of the Appalachian belt, and that they are *peculiar* to waters of this class. Having read with great interest Dr. Lankester's "notice of the plants and animals found in the sulphureous waters in Yorkshire," as given in the report of the British Association for 1840, I have been much gratified at finding these opinions corroborated by the observations of that gentleman in regard to the sulphureous waters of Harrowgate, Askerna, and the neighboring district, and I enjoyed no little surprise in recognizing in the conferva which at those places "collects in large quantities around the sides of the wall," and in the animal deposit, "varying from a light pink to a rose color," the objects which impart such beauty to some of our celebrated sulphureous

springs, and which six years ago I pronounced to be of "vegeto-animal" origin. I may here add, by an experiment made at that time on the water of the White Sulphur, which in its basin and outlet produces little or none of the rose-colored deposit, I found that I could at will give rise to it by collecting the liquid in an adjoining cavity in the dark sulphureous mud—and I remarked that *before* the material of the rosy film collected on the surface beneath, it continued diffused in the liquid for some time like a faint pink cloud, changing its position and density. This, with other observations, suggested the idea of its being due to animalculæ, which under certain favorable conditions as to light, and perhaps temperature, quiescence, and the contact of particular substances, would always display themselves in our sulphureous waters. For the distinct determination of the forms and relations of these organic objects by the microscope we owe our thanks to Dr. Lankester.

Of the *mechanical and chemical agencies* concerned in the production of some of these thermal springs, I have already briefly expressed my views, while describing the structure of the Warm Springs Valley, and its enclosing mountains; and I need hardly add, that the same general explanation is equally applicable to the other thermals, situated in anticlinal valleys. In carrying out this view more in detail, and especially in applying it to cases like that of the Sweet Springs Valley, where the anticlinal axis passes into a prolonged line of fault, it has appeared to me to be necessary as well as reasonable to admit, *first*, that the subter-

ranean channels which operate both in furnishing the requisite supplies of water and air to the depths below, and in forwarding the thermal stream under hydrostatic pressure, must have a direction conforming in general to the strike of the rocks; and *secondly*, that the direction of the downward flow of the meteoric waters, is in a great degree determined by the natural partings of the strata, or, in other words, by the plane of dip.

These conditions granted, it will at once appear, that in a *closed* anticlinal valley, like that of the Warm and Hot Springs, thermals, if occurring at all, might be expected to appear along its whole length, in a linear arrangement, and near its western boundary. It would also seem, in this case, that the height of the comparatively elevated ground at the two ends of the valley would determine the hydrostatic column employed in bringing the water to the surface.

Where, however, the valley is *closed only at one end*, as in that of the Sweet Springs, the case is, I think, different. Thermals may of course be looked for towards the closed end, and in this position they are found; but it is a remarkable fact, that the line of fault constituting the prolongation of the axis of the Sweet Springs, though continued to a distance of more than fifty miles, *does not disclose a single thermal* throughout its whole extent, nor have I yet succeeded in discovering more than one spring of the kind, in other parts of the Appalachian chain, where similar geological conditions prevail. On the other hand, in the prolonged line of fault running along the southeastern

base of the Little North Mountain, close to the northwestern margin of our great Limestone Valley, and at other points, where the same structure exists, many thermals have been detected, several of which, from their marked elevation of temperature, are included in the preceding catalogue.

These results are, I think, sufficiently explained by reverting to the two conditions above specified, in connection with the form of the surface, and the position of the strata in the vicinity of these faults. In the *first* case, where For. XI, the strata composing the narrow belt of the former, along the northwest base of the great range of Peter's and East River Mountain, and southeast of the line of fault, as well as the rocks of these ridges, dip at a moderate angle towards the southeast, and therefore *away from the fault.* On the opposite, or northwestern side of the fault, the country is comparatively *level,* the Little Mountain which formed the western boundary of the Sweet Springs Valley having been ingulfed in the vast hiatus. Hence, though the rocks of XI, for a short distance northwest of the dislocation (through the breadth over which the formation continues inverted), actually dip towards the fault, the flat topography on the northwest is not such as naturally affords a hydrostatic column sufficient to raise the water from a great depth to the surface, along the line of fracture. Nor could we expect the heights of Peter's Mountain on the southeast to furnish such a column, since the *southeast dip* of the strata there would rather *oppose* than facilitate the passage of the liquid towards the fault, and

would most probably convey it to subterranean tracts lying towards the southeast. There is also another feature, to which, as I conceive, some influence is to be ascribed in preventing the occurrence of thermals along this line. The strata of For. XI, although overturned where they are in contact with For. II, continue in this position across but a *narrow belt* towards the northwest, and by a rapid curvature below are soon brought into a very gentle northwest dip, or into a horizontal attitude. Their upturned edges could receive directly from the atmosphere but small supplies, and these, most probably, in part at least, would be conveyed away towards the gradually declining level on the northwest.

Turning now to the *second case,* of which we have an example in the fault adjacent to the southeastern base of the Little North Mountain, we at once discern this important difference, that while the direction of the dip and inversion is the same as in the preceding, the *high grounds* of the Little North Mountain lie to the *northwest.* Hence the downward drainage between the strata on the flank of this ridge, conforming to the southeastern dip of the rocks, must be *towards the fault,* and the hydrostatic columns communicating with the heights, and following the plane of dip, will in many cases have sufficient power to force up the heated water to the surface, at certain points along or near this line.

The numerous class of thermals whose point of issue is *exterior* to the bounding ridges of an anticlinal valley, owe their origin, as I conceive, to the same general

agencies as have been above considered. Bearing in mind that in the great majority of cases they flow out from the *northwestern* boundary, the vertical or inverted rocks of which are greatly shattered, and that their point of exit is generally below the *level* of the valley, it is reasonable to suppose that, in many instances, they have been conveyed away from beneath the surface of the valley, when, in a less fissured condition of the strata towards the northwest, they would have been forced to rise at some point within its confines. In many cases, too, the downward drainage of the northwestern ridge itself is fully adequate to carry the requisite amount of fluid to the seat of heating and chemical action, and by hydrostatic power, to raise it again to the surface at a much lower level.

In speculating with regard to those thermals which issue at or near the base of a continuous anticlinal mountain, it is important to bear in mind, that while cracks and partings are found generally attendant upon flexures of the strata, these openings are by far the most numerous and extensive in that part of the curve where the change of direction is most abrupt. Hence they will be found descending in the interior of the mountain much in the direction of the *axis-plane,* and will lie nearer to the northwestern than the southwestern side. The meteoric waters supplied through these channels will find an exit whether by the natural slope of the gently dipping rocks on the southeast of the anticlinal, or through the fissures of the shattered and steeply inclined or inverted strata on the northwest. Where but little of this fissuring occurs on the north-

west side, they would meet with least obstruction by flowing in the opposite course, and might, therefore, be looked for on the southeast. Such would seem to be the case with the thermals of the Mill Mountain and Kayser's (Sections I and IV), where the steeply inclined strata are comparatively entire. But, as formerly remarked, the usual position of thermals is on the opposite side of the anticlinal axes.

It may here be added, that where such springs present a temperature but little above the atmospheric mean, it is unnecessary, in accounting for their heat, to suppose that the water has been conveyed to any very considerable depth below the base of the mountain, as the subterranean line of equal temperature (cathodisothermal line), deflected *upwards* by a massive and steep anticlinal range, would come nearer to the general surface.

Such is a sketch of the views to which I have been led in considering the positions occupied by our thermals, in connection with the probable mechanical agencies by which their waters are accumulated and brought to the surface. Though in some degree hypothetical, as must be all attempts at explaining the unseen mechanism of nature, they are, I think, in harmony with observation, and at all events possess the merit of agreeing in general principles with doctrines sanctioned by the authority of such names as Arago and Bischoff.

As regards the *evolved gases* and the *chemical ingredients* of these springs, my opinions, like those of others who have speculated on this subject, are, confessedly, far from satisfactory. While I am inclined,

in some respects, to agree with the views which have been so ably advocated by Dr. Daubuny, in relation to the origin of the gases and other matters associated with thermal waters, I am by no means prepared to adopt the hypothesis that such impregnations are chiefly due to the *chemical action of the metallic bases of the alkalies and earths;* much less can I accede to the opinion, that the *heat* of our thermals, as well as that of the rocks from which it is directly derived, is due to what is usually termed *volcanic action.*

Deferring my objections to these views to a later head, I would venture to throw out a suggestion as regards the evolution of *nitrogen* from these and other thermals, which appears to me not unworthy of consideration. Admitting, with Dr. Daubuny, what I think extremely probable, that this gas, as it appears in thermals, is but a *residuum* of the atmospheric air which, conveyed from the surface to the source of heat below, has there been partially or entirely deprived of its oxygen, I would inquire whether the composition of the rocky beds through which the atmosphere is thus conducted is not itself capable of explaining the result.

The limestone For. II, and the slates forming a part of For. I, always contain more or less protoxide of iron and carbonaceous matter, even after long exposure to the action of the weather. Where freshly taken from a new excavation at some depths, the latter rocks abound in the protoxide, and the limestone exhibits nearly all its iron in that stage of oxidation. It would therefore seem probable, that these and the other

strata deposited beneath the Appalachian sea, contain, at great depths, this oxide to the exclusion of the sesquioxide. Looking to the large accumulation of the latter in a hydrated state, segregated in various parts of these several formations, it is not unreasonable to infer an even greater proportion of the protoxide in the deeply buried strata than would correspond to the whole quantity of iron combined in the rock above. That the presence of diffused organic matter, such as we know to have been deposited with the other materials of the strata, would secure the protoxide from further oxidation, while still in contact with the waters of our great Appalachian ocean, is a result in harmony with what we witness in our present seas, and with the known chemical relations of the substances concerned. Conceding, then, the existence of the protoxide in due proportion to these older formations, and imagining the air to obtain access to these strata at a depth at which the temperature is sufficiently high to cause a rapid absorption of the oxygen by the protoxide, we should have a large amount of the residuary nitrogen evolved. The carbonaceous matter also would help to rob the air and aid in the production of the carbonic acid, by which the nitrogen is uniformly accompanied, although it is to the calcination of calcareous rocks that, in common with others, I would refer most of the carbonic acid which our thermal waters contain.

These conjectures thus thrown out, though, as I think, not entirely useless, are offered with that distrust which must always attach to speculations that

cannot be brought to the touchstone of actual observation, and more especially, too, from the fact that they do not appear to have suggested themselves with any force to the able philosophers who have investigated this subject. That I may not be misconceived, I here beg to remark, that I have no disposition to *deny* the hypothesis of the metallic bases, as applied to volcanoes, or even to some thermal springs. On the other hand, I would adopt it, as a *part* of the general theory of the causes concerned in the formation of the early crust of the globe from a molten, and chiefly metallic mass. But, in *this later stage* in the history of our earth, I would venture to doubt the propriety of resorting to it in explaining the phenomena of thermal waters in general, and more particularly of those to which my own observations have been directed, and I would give a hearty welcome to any theory which, dispensing with the necessity of penetrating to such enormous depths in search of waters by the *known properties of the rocks,* in connection with *a generally diffused internal heat.*

In considering the bearing of the preceding details respecting the thermals of Virginia upon the doctrine of a general subterranean heat, as compared with that of local foci of volcanic action, there is one fact in geology of our Appalachian region particularly deserving of attention. I mean, the *almost entire absence, over its vast surface, of igneous or volcanic rocks.* These occur at only four or five points, without any observable relation to axes, and away from the neighborhood of any known thermals, and are in such

small amount as together not to cover an area of more than ten acres. Add to the preceding this further fact, that our thermals are not confined to particular lines of axes, but are *scattered at remote points over the whole region,* and it will at once appear, with how much more reason they may be referred to a pervasive subterranean heat, than to points or lines of volcanic action. To apply the latter explanation, we must give to these local foci a diffusion beneath the surface, which would, in fact, amount to abandoning the doctrine of merely local heating action, and admitting that of a general internal heat; while, in adopting this latter, we see in the peculiar positions of our thermals in reference to axes, *simply those mechanical conditions which favor the access of air and water to the deep-seated, and therefore hot strata in the interior, and their expulsion at the surface.*

Adopting the language used by the eminently philosophic Phillips, when referring to arguments urged in favor of the hypothesis of local volcanic action, as the cause of thermal springs in general, I would say, "These arguments, when taken in connection, appear to us to prove that the heat of the springs is derived from the *depths of the channels* in which they flow below the surface," and "it seems unnecessary to appeal to local volcanic excitement for an effect which spreads, both in time and area, far beyond the traces of purely volcanic phenomena." Such being the inferences of one of the ablest of geologists, from a comparison of the chemical and geological relations of the thermals of the old world, with what *augmented*

force may they not be reiterated, after the preceding development of these relations in a region which, like our Appalachian chain, is almost destitute of even a trace of proper volcanic action!

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The White Sulphur in 1853. From an Oil Painting by E. Byers in 1853

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XV

THE WHITE SULPHUR AND THE SOUTH

IT is difficult for one not a part of the old South to understand the relation that the White Sulphur held to the people on the lower side of Mason and Dixon's line. The Southern people did not live in great cities, as did the people of the North, but were a country people who generally inherited ancestral homes. The life of the Southerner in the majority of instances was modeled after that of the English aristocracy. With the conditions surrounding them and the institution of slavery about them, a great meeting-place became almost a necessity to their life. From the social system of the South, then, irrespective of the great healing and curative properties of the waters of the White Sulphur, grew largely the character and life of this place.

Apart from the question of slavery, the South differed from the North in several essential particulars. The members of the governing families of the South had intermarried and were largely inter-related throughout the Southern country. I would say that the ruling families of the South did

not number more than four hundred, and these were bound together in many instances by ties of close relationship, by blood, and by marriage. Hence a member of a well-known family in the South, whether or not personally known to the members of that family outside of the State, was welcome where there was one member of the family. So, if a member of that family came from under the shade of the hanging moss of South Carolina, from the cotton fields of middle Georgia, from the hemp lands of Missouri, or the corn and wheat plantations of Virginia, he was not a stranger, but was known and taken in to one or another of the circles of this great resort. This assisted in making the White Sulphur one great family gathering-place for the whole of the Southern people.

The institution of slavery necessarily brought with it in the South the aristocratic, and, practically, the baronial life; and that life was more nearly allied to the English country life than any system that has ever existed outside of Great Britain. In addition to this, by reason of the warm climate of the South, the people necessarily were compelled, for a great part of the summer season, to leave their homes. To this place, with its fountain of healing waters, its congregation of those of similar thought and blood, its cooling breezes and

its pure air, the people of the South turned as the Mohammedan does to Mecca.

Many things in the life of this people brought about the peculiar social conditions at the White Sulphur Springs. Living in the country, far from the cities,—an agricultural people,—the only form of social intercourse was the visit of one family to the home of another. This was the genesis of the unbounded lavish hospitality of the Southern family.

The civilization of the South, while touched with all the elegancies of life, was in its way a provincial civilization; yet it was attended with the utmost decorum, the most rigid etiquette, and for the reasons I have just given, environed by the broadest and most lavish hospitality. It was a civilization unique in the history of this country, and possibly of the world; a system where those who ruled its destiny were members of a free government, yet were served by generations of people whose whole duty it was to attend to the comfort of their masters. Having its home in the country, it naturally assembled around this great center where all could meet as a large family.

The White Sulphur was practically the clearing house of the South. It was in its character similar to the old county court of the Southern states, where at some stated time every one of importance assembled. The White Sulphur for these reasons

was far-reaching in its influence upon the people of the South. Were a settlement to be made by people living far apart, a political convention to be held, or a financial development to be inaugurated, it was at the White Sulphur, where all assembled at one season under the oaks and the pines, that the discussion was held and the plans matured. This was particularly the case in regard to political matters, for if a convention of the South were to be held in the early days of the republic, when the South for two generations held its firm hand on the reins of the government, it was to the White Sulphur that its delegates bent their steps, and from here many times the destiny of this country was directed and its policy settled.

The old slaveholders of the South, bringing with them their personal servants and equipages, their home surroundings, their children, their rigid etiquette, made it their abiding-place from early spring until the frost whitened the Alleghanies. For these reasons it was the greatest public meeting-place and the most potent social assemblage that America has ever seen.

Says a writer, in 1837:

> The greatest charm of this place, is the delightful society which is drawn together in every agreeable variety, by its health-restoring spring. From the east you have consolidationists, tariffites, and philanthro-

pists; from the middle, professors, chemical analysts, and letter writers; from the west, orators, and gentlemen who can stoop lower, jump higher, dive deeper, and come out drier, than all creation beside; and from the south, nullifiers, union men, political economists, and statesmen; and from all quarters, functionaries of all ranks, ex-candidates for all functions, and the gay, young, agreeable and handsome of both sexes, who come to the White Sulphur to see and be seen, to chat, and laugh and dance, and each to throw his pebble on the great heap of the general enjoyment.

The social life here was in full play, as it was under the broad portals of the homes of the people of the South. The home life of the Southern people, in its way, was a simple existence. Living far apart from each other on their great plantations, their life at home was a healthy, outdoor life; and so it continues at the White Sulphur. From 1830 up to 1857 a large number of those coming to the Springs owned their own cottages, and their life here was the same as it existed at their own homes. The summer under the great oaks and the shade of the mountains of Greenbrier was the event in the life of our people. They came here, not as we of the twentieth century come to our short holiday; for their sojourn here was one of the essentials of their lives. In many instances the journey from their homes to the White Sulphur occupied more than three weeks. The trip was a series of visits

to friends and relatives, of resting-places on the way, of hospitable meetings and gatherings, as the journey progressed.

The journey was organized in a far more elaborate manner than are the journeys of our day, with the Pullman, the telephone, the telegraph, and the automobile. It was the event of the year; for the master (whose word was law to possibly half a thousand dependents) and the mistress (who cared for the sick and looked after the great domestic affairs of the plantation) were turning their duties over to other hands, and giving up for the time being the control of a great estate. The trip was characteristic of the society and the times.

The procession was long and imposing. First came the outriders of ebon hue, each on a horse and leading another animal; then the master on his thoroughbred with one of the sons riding beside him; then the heavy traveling carriage, with its splendid horses driven by the greatest dignitary of the plantation, "the carriage driver," carrying the mother, the wife, the children, and the "mammy." Then came the lighter equipages bearing bright-eyed girls filled with the joyous anticipation of the pleasures of a summer at The White, and behind these came the other conveyances, containing the belongings of the family and the "house girls" of the olden days,—the maids of the present,—whose duty it was to assist in bright-

ening and adorning the young lives of the fair girlhood on their way to a summer at The White.

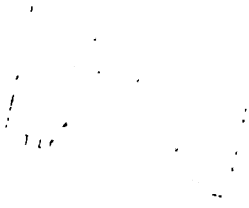
These people did not come sporadically; they came every summer; and Alabama Row, Virginia Row, Baltimore Row, Florida Row, South Carolina Row, Paradise Row, and Louisiana Row were their homes for four or five months in the year. The master brought with him his butler, body servant, carriage driver, hostlers, house men, the house girls, and here, with practically all the paraphernalia of his home about him, he entered upon the daily life at the Springs.

In the early morning was the drinking of the water, for this place at all times, while of course the social life controlled, was essentially a health resort. After breakfast was the splendid gallop of the young people on their thoroughbreds, or a morning dance, or cards, or a picnic; the discussion of political and business matters by the older people over a Virginia toddy or a White Sulphur mint julep. The great event of the day was the dinner. This was a midday repast and took place at from one to two o'clock, and the dining-room, at this hour, was the great social meeting-place of the day. Friends were invited, relatives were at the table, lovers sat at the board by the side of the blushing maidens. This, under Southern social conditions, was an hour of supreme enjoyment.

In the afternoon there was the ceremonious call

and the thousand duties that attended a social life so intertwined as was that of the White Sulphur before the War. Then came the tea or supper in the evening. It was not the elaborate dinner of to-day. After this, all would assemble on the great verandas until the time of the dance and discuss the affairs of the day or the ball of the night, and look over the register, which was religiously placed in the great drawing-room for the inspection of the guests. At this time was the relaxation hour of the day, and the meeting of the women, who were in supreme control of the social etiquette of the place. Then came "The Treadmill," in which all the guests joined until the time of the White Sulphur Reily, a unique dance known nowhere else in the land, or in any other place.

After this was the ball, which was stately and ceremonious, and where the life of the South was in full play, because they, of all people in the world, were a people who loved the dance. Although this was an hour of supreme enjoyment, etiquette was absolutely rigid. It was an assemblage peculiar to this old place and to the unique civilization that controlled and governed its life; and while master and mistress danced, around the cottages and the quarters was heard the ringing of the banjo, or the laugh of the negro, who counted it his delight to be chosen one of the servants who were to spend the summer at The White.



Account of Henry Clay

Facing page 403

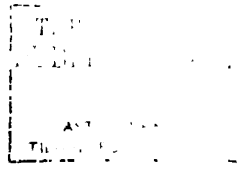
Here, myself a slaveowner when a child,—the son of five generations of slaveowners,—let me kindly but firmly correct the impression that, because the Southern people were slaveowners they were a hard people, and that the joyousness of their life was a veneer, thin and deceptive. This is said here so that the people coming after us and spending their time under these shady oaks and on these broad lawns and beneath the shadow of the mountains, will understand that the people of the South were a kindly people, notwithstanding the institution that, with the approbation of every sensible man in the South, has forever perished. This statement is surely not out of place, because from the vast changes in this old resort and the wonderful transformation that has occurred here in the last few years, it is becoming national in its character and no longer represents the life and home of merely one section of our country. These old Southern people were a gentle people. As a matter of fact, the institution of slavery gave them time and leisure from personal toil to cultivate their lives in accordance with the elegancies of existence and never in the slave-owning community, among the people with whom I lived, did I ever know of an instance of cruelty to the people whom, under the system of the day, they owned. Cruelty did exist, of course, in isolated instances, and such cases,—leaving out of consideration the want of

place for this institution in the customs and life of a free government, would utterly condemn slavery.

From the time of Washington until the War, nearly every President of the United States made the White Sulphur his vacation place, and the statesmen of the whole country frequently assembled here to discuss the condition of the Union. The President's Cottage, with its colonial portico, still exists as it did during the time when it was a practical seat of the executive government of the United States.

In the old account books we find in one day registered Rufus Choate, Massachusetts; Thomas Corwin, Ohio; William C. Rives, Virginia, and Millard Fillmore, New York. Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Audubon, and Lewis and Clark were visitors. President John Tyler married Miss Julia Gardner, a great beauty of Virginia and a belle of The White, and they spent their honeymoon at the President's Cottage.

What a marvelous list the old registers show! Clay, Marshall, Calhoun, Crittendon, Lindsey, Breckinridge, Carlisle and Meany of Kentucky; Stephen Decatur, Webster, Adams, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Leigh, Monroe, Madison, Pierce, Floyd, Barber, Carroll, Calvert, Fairfax, Hampton, Thurman, Benton, Cass, Douglas, Rives, Preston, Grant, Arthur, Carlisle, and hundreds of



Account of Commodore Decatur

Facing page 405

other names bright as the stars of heaven, but too numerous to mention within the limit of these pages. Here came King Edward, then Prince of Wales, and here, too, Madame Jerome Bonaparte. The books of the place abound in the names of poets, divines, travelers, and warriors, but above all is the aroma of the romance of the Old South.

The sparkling days of the White Sulphur were the days of the romanticism and the chivalry of the South. Filled with the old time splendor, touched with the chivalry of a day that the conditions of the South brought about and accentuated, this section assembled at the White Sulphur its bravest and best. The corridors are redolent with the witchery of the old days where the smile of the Belle of Mobile, or of the Queen of the Blue Grass of Kentucky, brought to that maiden's feet the gallant cavaliers of the south, to worship with the old-time courtesy, sweetness, and chivalry. Here reigned the Creole of Louisiana and the winsome girl from the hanging moss of South Carolina. It was a day where the conditions of the South, its wealth, and its prosperity, brought about a state of social existence unparalleled on this continent.

Old Virginia, then in practical control of the political affairs of this country, assembled here her masters and mistresses, and with them came the maiden who held the hearts of the gay cava-

liers of the Valley, the Piedmont, the Tidewater country. The dance went merrily on, with no premonition save in the bosom of a few, as to what was to come. Along these shady paths the thralldom of the bright sunshine, the azure sky, the green trees, the bright smile, the courteous bow, and the deep heart-throb held firmly its victims, and many a marriage, fateful in its destiny to the South, was here consummated.

These days, filled with their life, their brightness, and with the romanticism of the Old South, shed their sweetness around the old corridors, and the whole place is redolent of the smile of the maiden,—yet resonant with the merry laugh of her devoted cavalier.

After the War, clothed in cotton and calico, instead of in silk and satin, these bright maidens and splendid cavaliers laid their hand to the work that Providence had set them to perform, and turned bravely to another day and another system. And after the storm had passed over, at this place they again assembled; and recognizing that the old days had gone forever, they did their best, men and women, for the rehabilitation of the South. Here General Robert E. Lee, Generals Beauregard, Joseph E. Johnston, and Pegram, and ex-President Davis met to discuss the conditions of the South and to attempt to bring back life to the desolated land. With the collabo-

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS COMPANY

White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier Co., Va.

No. 24

The White Sulphur Springs Company is indebted to

in the just sum of

Dollars

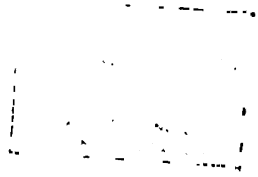
to be paid to the said

representatives or assigns, on or before the 15th of October, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, bearing interest from the date hereof, payable as by the annexed coupons appears, when the same are presented at the Office of the Company pursuant to the tenor thereof. Now the said Company will duly pay said principal and interest as above, whereunto it is firmly bound by these presents.

Witness the seal of the Company and the signatures of their President and Treasurer, the day and year above written.

Bond of the Old White Sulphur Springs Company.
Part of the Wreck of the War

Facing page 406



ration of our brethren of the North, the work has been grandly accomplished, and here, on these broad lawns and under the shade of these corridors, were worked out many of the plans for the rehabilitation of the South after the War.

The life of the White Sulphur had a potent effect upon the life of the people when dispersed to their homes. The place was in its way an ideal of the people,—and with the passing of this old civilization,—joyous and splendid, happy and romantic as it was, full of defects, it is true, there is the hope and the belief that a greater and more splendid life will crown The White, and that it will affect for good the whole country as it did the civilization of the Old South.

This is the parting word of the Old South to the Old White, and the prayer of every true man and woman of the New South is that the sweet shades and pleasant places of the Old White may bring joy, happiness, gladness, laughter, and health to the people of the coming day, and usher in, without stint or distinction, a social system that will affect for good all the people of our republic.

THE END

INDEX

A

Alexandria, Va., 15.
Alleghany Mountains, 15, 21, 22, 24, 33.
Anderson, Mrs., first user of waters, 51.
Averell, Gen. W. W., commanded Union forces Battle of White Sulphur Springs, 263; report of Battle of White Sulphur Springs, 275-290.

B

Bailey, Anne, 29-32.
Bath House, 76-81, 351.
Baths, 51, 75-77, 79-81.
Battle of White Sulphur Springs, 263-295; report of Gen. Jones of, 273, 274; report of Gen. Averell of, 275-290.
Battle of Lewisburg, 201-295.
Battle of Point Pleasant, 29, 44.
Beaver Dam Falls, 204.
Blue Ridge Mountains, 20.
Bowyer, Michael, 52.
Buffalo, 27, 28, 49, 50.

C

Caldwell, James, father of White Sulphur, 52, 53.
Carpenter, Kate, 51.
Carpenter, Nathan, first patentee, 50.
Chesapeake & Ohio Railway map, 15.
Clendenin, Archbl., and wife, 43.
Clendennin, George, 30.
Clendennin, Fort, 30.
Climate, 72.
Colonel's Story, The, 209-262.

D

Donnally's Fort, 45.
Dry Creek, 56, 263-265.
Dupont, Sen. Henry, saved buildings, 58, 59.

G

Golf Course, 356-358.
Golf, history of, at the White, 359-364.
Greenbrier, The, 346-352.
Greenbrier Country, 27, 40-46.
Greenbrier County, when formed, 45.
Greenbrier River, origin of name, 26.

H

Howard's Creek, 26.

I

Indians, 42-44, 49.

J

James River and Kanawha Turnpike, 33; beginning of, 47; first location, 56; monument, 36; part in War, 35; stage houses on, 34.
Journal of a Lady, Season of 1837, 131-171.

K

Kanawha River, 22.
Kanawha Valley, 23.
Kate's Mountain 51, 214.

L

Lewis, Gen. Andrew, 28, 29; at Battle of Point Pleasant, 44.
Lewis, Col. Charles, 29.
Lewis, Col. John, 26, 39; grant to, and others, 41.
Lewis Trail, 27.
Lewisburg, 30; Battle of, 291; first settled, 48; old church at, 37; report of Gen. Cox, 291; report of Gen. Heth, 291, 292.
Lovers' Walk, 214.

M

Map of Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, 15.
Map of grounds, 94.
Map of trails and golf course, 89.
Mason, Miss Emily, saved buildings, 58, 60.
Montague, Russell W., gave land for one of first golf courses in the country, 359.
Montague, Margaret Prescott, 364.

N

New River, 24, 33.

O

Old Sweet Springs, 191-195, 320; geological formation, 38, 379.

P

Patton, Col. George H., commanded at Battle of White Sulphur Springs, 264-273.
Point Pleasant, Battle of, 29.
Pryor, Mrs. Roger A., 209.

R

Richmond, Va., 18, 19.

S

Schoonmaker, Col. J. M., 60-64, 286.
Scotch-Irish, 39.
Shawnees and Pawnees, 21, 29, 50.
Stage houses, 34.
Stuart, Col. John, 37; memorandum of, 41-48.

T

Their Pilgrimage, 295-332.
Treadmill, The, 331-345.

V

Valley of Virginia, 20, 21.

W

War, Indian, 29, 30, 33, 35, 41-45.
War, 1861-1865, 16-22, 35, 57, 263-295.
Warner, Charles Dudley, 295.
Washington, Gen. George, 23.
White Sulphur Springs; analysis of water, 92-94, 178-180; buildings, 53-68; baths, 51, 75-77, 79-81; bath house, 76, 78-81, 351; climate, 72; Colonel's Story, The, 209; country of, 27-39; diseases affected by waters, 69-92, 179, 180; first settlers, 41; geological conditions, 365-369; inhabitants, 39; Journal of a Lady in 1837, 130; in 1838, 96-129; in 1839, 174-208; legend of creation of, 222; origin of name, 383; radium influence, 75; relation to the South, 395-407; social conditions of, 397-407; temperature of water, 73; title to, 50-68; Treadmill, The, 331; Their Pilgrimage, 295.

SEP 22 1931